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MARY IN THE GARDEN. *JOHN XX 17*

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THE

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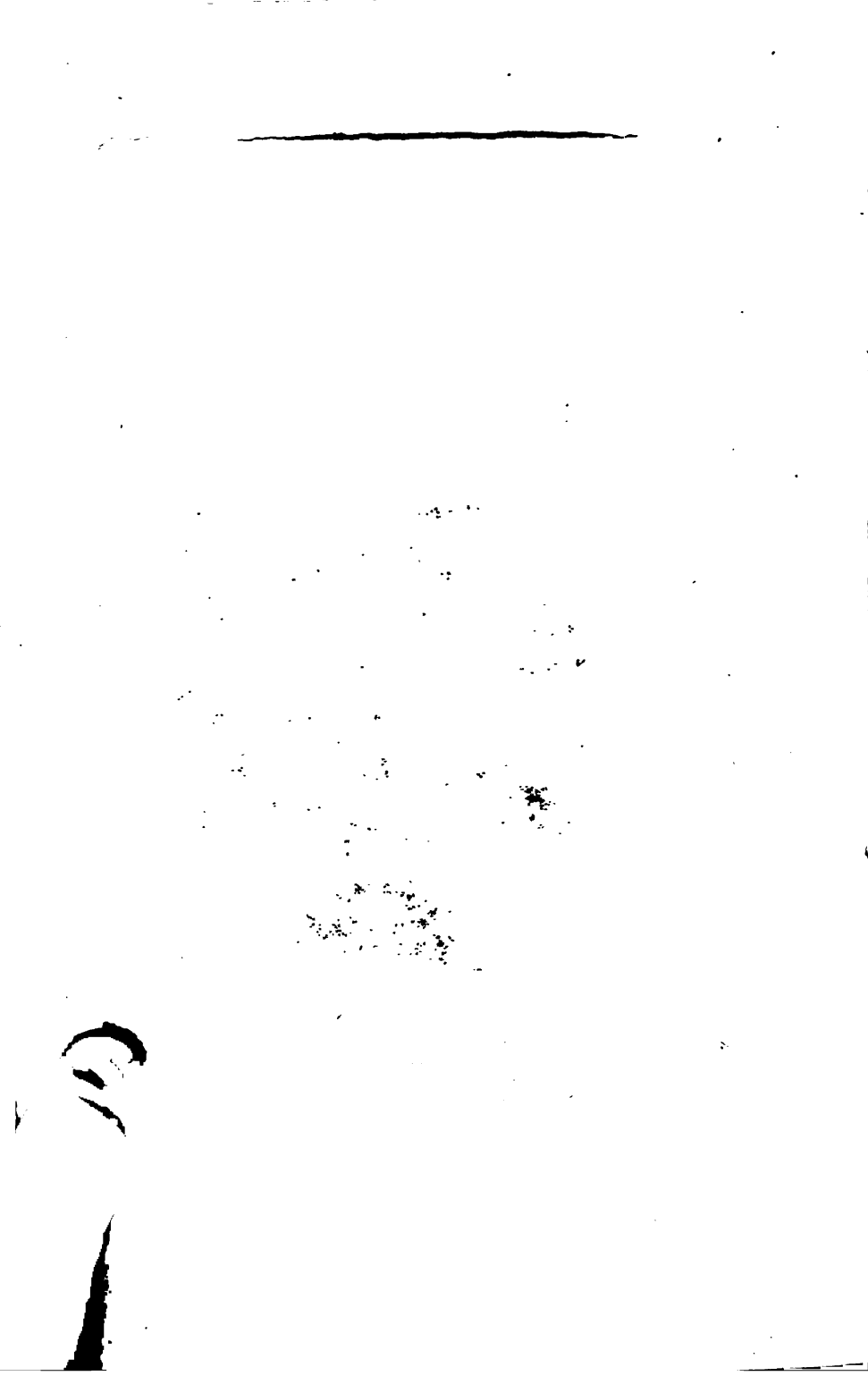

XX 43

THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT

AND

# YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

WILLIAM C. BROWN, EDITOR.

'Her house
Was ordered well; her children taught the way
Of life; who, rising up in honor, called
Her blessed. Best pleased to be admired at home,
And hear reflected from her husband's praise
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye;
His praise alone, and faithful love and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her.' — POLLOK.

JANUARY, 1846, TO JULY, 1846.

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BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM C. BROWN.
1846.

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THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. VIII. JANUARY, 1846. No. 1.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## HOW TO TRAIN YOUR CHILDREN ARIGHT.

BY MRS. L. PILLSBURY.

DEEPLY interesting and soul-absorbing as the formation of your children's characters is to you, you are in danger of feeling an excess of anxiety, which, by making you really unhappy, may do much to defeat its own object. We wish to see our children good and happy. We tell them that to be good, is the way to be happy. But will they be likely to be impressed with this truth if they see our brow contracted by care, or our cheeks frequently suffused with tears? Far be it from a mother to feel that spirit of indifference, which would enable her to look with 'equal eye' on virtue and vice in her children. But let her trust them in his hand who is Love itself, and endeavor to acquire that peaceful state of mind, which will always be accompanied by serenity of countenance and kindness of manner. Were we to inquire what makes home most happy, we should unhesitatingly answer, the good and amiable dispositions cherished there; and so great is the influence of example, that where parents are exemplary in these respects, the same spirit will, in a greater or less degree, diffuse itself through the family circle. And let not a father, who meets the storms of life, and the many vexations incident to business, think his home the place where to vent the irritable feelings which politeness obliges him to restrain when abroad. If possible, let him 'forget his cares awhile,' join in cheerful conversation, and endeavor both to receive and to commu-

nicate pleasure. Would he know the secret of being calm amid all the sad reverses to which men of business are liable? Let him first learn not to set too high a value on riches; or once indulge the thought that true happiness may not be enjoyed without them. Let him trust with unshaken confidence in the care of our heavenly Father. The repose and peace of mind inspired by these sentiments, will light up the good man's face with a smile, and give an air of benignity to his whole behavior.

That home should be the seat of happiness, it is by no means necessary that it be the abode of luxury and indulgence; but the abode of virtue and piety it must be. Early teach your children those principles of justice, which will secure them from all temptation to dishonesty in future life. In all their intercourse with each other, see that the strictest honesty is observed, and do not fail to notice with pointed severity the slightest deviations from rectitude.

Teach them self-government. Show them the elevation, the purity, the true enjoyment of a mind governed by principle, contrasted with the degradation, self-reproach and misery of the slave of appetite.

Teach them to bear the ills of life with fortitude. Daughters as well as sons should be taught to bear with composure those evils, which may be allotted them in their progress through life. A person of elevated principles and enlarged views, will preserve his mind in composure, amid a thousand perplexing incidents which agitate minds less wisely balanced. Still, many things will occur in the lives of most of us, calculated to excite, even to agony, the tenderest and best feelings our nature. Some sudden bereavement, or appalling accident, may bring down all our wordly hopes at a blow, and make us feel as nothing else can, our utter impotence and helplessness. Desolate in ourselves, at such a moment, we fly to the arm of Omnipotence to save. Happy, indeed, if an approving conscience and inward peace, tell us that that Arm will be exerted in our favor; but most wretched if a sense of unrepented sin destroy our confidence and fill us with consternation. Pious resignation to the will of God, and humble hope of pardon through Jesus Christ, can alone prepare the mind for every event, however painful. Here human fortitude fails. Let us own our weakness and trust in divine strength.

In proportion as we believe Christianity to be the only remedy

for all the ills of life, in that proportion shall we desire it for our children. Whatever else we may wish them to possess, or rejoice to see them acquire, we shall never rest satisfied till we see them Christians; not in name only but in heart. That parent who is so happy as to see his children obeying the pure precepts of Christ, whatever may be his station, is more an object of envy, and far happier than a king, surrounded with all earthly splendor, yet for himself, and those most dear to him, looking forward with dim and dark uncertainty to a future life. Let no one suppose that the enjoyment of the holy and elevated hopes of religion unfits the mind for the innocent pleasures of this life; on the contrary, the peace of conscience and purity of heart which they produce, render the soul more highly susceptible to every rational and innocent enjoyment.

And how wide has the circle of these enjoyments been made by the hand of infinite beneficence. Every bodily sense and every mental capacity, is the source or the inlet of pleasure. Early, therefore, should the perceptions of children be awakened to the numerous objects of interest and beauty around them. Open to them the sources of intellectual improvement. Lead them in the paths of knowledge. Remove the obstructions, and, as far as possible, strew with flowers the way up the hill of science. Who can so patiently, so pleasantly, bear with the weakness and inaptness and even perverseness of children as their parents? Let the recollection of what your parents bore for you, influence you to bear with untiring condescension and kindness, all that a determined teacher must bear, who will never rest satisfied with anything short of his pupil's advancement. When once the love of knowledge has become deeply rooted in the minds of youth, an inexhaustible fund of entertainment and instruction is opened to them, which they will feel little desire to leave, in search of the low pleasures of vicious indulgence. Imbue, then, the minds of your children with knowledge, and let subjects of science be familiarly and naturally introduced at your table and your fire-side.

Next to the acquisition of knowledge, the cultivation of taste may claim the attention of a wise parent. The perception of the beautiful, the grand, the harmonious, is the gift of the Creator, in a greater or less degree, perhaps, to every individual of the human family; but it is as much increased by cultivation as any other faculty of the mind. That the savages who roam the Western for-

ests have a lively perception of the grand and awful, we cannot doubt. The speeches made by their chiefs and warriors establish the fact. There seems to be a sort of sympathy between the wild scenery, the mighty rivers, the vast lakes, and gloomy forests, and the bold and dauntless spirits of their untutored inhabitants. But we cannot easily believe them to be equally alive to what is beautiful. That implies a delicacy and refinement incompatible with their mode of life. To polish and refine the taste, to render your son or daughter capable with the same means of a tenfold enjoyment of all that is lovely and beautiful, is certainly no unworthy object; and the means to attain it may be reckoned among the most agreeable parts of a parent's care.

Take your children to walk or ride with you, in the Spring, when the earth is covered with bloom and beauty, and the air vocal with sweet sounds. It would be well that such an enjoyment should be the reward of good behavior. Show them the joyous brooks, just escaped from wintry fetters, and let them listen to the glad songs of the earliest birds. I believe there are few children who would not be wakened even to enthusiasm by such a scene as this. From the love of nature's self, you may easily lead your children to love these books which describe her beauties. The works of the poets whose vivid descriptions strike the imagination most forcibly, may be put into their hands. Happy should parents think themselves, that so many talented authors have written beautiful verses adapted to the capacity even of young children. From juvenile poetry, your children will gradually ascend to Cowper, Thompson, Young, and Milton. You will ever bear in mind that the interest which your children observe you to take in what they read, will greatly increase their own.

The mind waked to rapture by nature's charm, may wish to learn the art of delineating her lovely scenes with the pencil. Should circumstances permit, I know not why such a desire should not be gratified. It would furnish a source of pleasure, the most innocent and delightful, and may, perhaps, in future life, beguile many a sorrowful hour. The same may be said of music; but its admirers are far more numerous, and its power to soothe and elevate much greater. A talent for it should be cultivated with care. Few persons are incapable of receiving exquisite pleasure from its skilful performance.

The cultivation of flowers is to those ladies who live in the country, a pleasant and healthful recreation. Let your daughters spend a part of their early morning hours among these blooming emblems of youth and frailty. While their health is improved by the exercise, a useful lesson of morals may be learnt at the same time. The lighter parts of agriculture will furnish a recreation for your sons both healthful and agreeable. It is from rural scenes and rural enjoyments that the mind forms those strong attachments which are so often celebrated in flowing numbers. Who has ever remembered the luxurious pleasures of the city with the enthusiasm felt by the poet who sung of

'The old oaken bucket which hung by the well?'

Perhaps every person whose hours of childhood were passed in the country, can remember objects associated with early play and early musing, with a feeling of attachment which years of exile can never weaken.

Another source of enjoyment superior to all which have been mentioned, is that of imparting relief to the needy. This is one of the noblest pleasures which a virtuous mind can enjoy. The warmth of feeling, and tenderness of heart in youth, render the work of benevolence most appropriately theirs. They should be taught, then, that no personal enjoyment, however refined, should ever interfere with their labors of active benevolence. When the government of all our inclinations is complete, pleasure, however enchanting, will never entrench upon duty. Both the example and precepts of parents should lead their children in the path of self-denial. The practice of renouncing selfish pleasure for the good of others, will, by habit, become less and less painful, and in time we may take pleasure in what at first occasioned a severe conflict.

The path of goodness is open alike to the rich and the poor. All cannot give, but all may be kind. Who has not had opportunity to do a kind office, or rather who has not many such opportunities, daily? The pure pleasures of nature are free to all. Let not those parents, whose circumstances are humble, grieve that they cannot give their beloved children a finished education. Teach them the fear of God. Teach them industry, frugality, and every gentle virtue. Teach them with refined taste and cheerful gratitude

to enjoy the blessings alike accessible to rich and poor. Then may they in future life look back to the home of their childhood, as the nursery of their virtue, and the cradle of their happiness.

*Londonderry, N. H., Jan.*, 1846.

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## WHAT IS TIME?

BY REV. JOSHUA MARSDEN, OF ENGLAND.

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs;
'Time is the warp of life,' he said, 'O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!'

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
Time sowed the *seeds* we reap in this abode.'

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's 'golden bowl had broke;'
I asked him, what is time? 'Time,' he replied,
'I 've lost it! Ah, the *treasure!*' and he died!

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answered, 'Time is but a meteor's glare;'
And bade me for Eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify, or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise,)
''T is folly's *blank*, and wisdom's highest *prize*.'

I asked a spirit lost; but O, the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak;
It cried, 'A *particle!* a *speck!* a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!'

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made this reply:
'Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to Glory, or the path to Hell.'

I asked my Bible, and it quickly said,
'Time is the present hour, the past is fled:
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set!

I asked old father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swifuly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty Angel who shall stand,
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
By Heaven's great King, I swear the mystery 's o'er!
'Time *was*' — he cried — 'but Time shall be no more!'

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## THE BLIND LADY.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

THE following narrative exhibits the importance of studying the Holy Scriptures in youth.

In the town of —— there lived a female, who, in the latter part of her life, met with two severe calamities, namely, the loss of sight, and the loss of her husband. She had, in early life, become pious; and, this, combined with a disposition naturally bland, amiable, and obliging, secured to her the confidence, respect, and esteem of all who knew her. Her parentage was respectable, and her advantages, which had been more than ordinary, had been well improved. Her well-disciplined and polished mind, in conjunction with her piety and lovely disposition, seemed to qualify her for extensive usefulness.

A friend, on visiting her, remarked, alluding to her husband's death —

'Mary, I hope you are not a stranger to the comforts of religion, under your recent bereavement. God has taken from you a beloved companion.'

'No, sir,' she replied; 'I am as happy as I can expect to be on this side the better land. My hope is full. My language is —'

'Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.'

'The loss of your eye-sight must be a great affliction to you.'

She replied, 'This is truly a great affliction, but from my childhood, I was fond of reading the Holy Scriptures. A gentleman, who felt deeply interested in my welfare, and who watched over my spiritual interests, perceiving my love for the Scriptures, presented me with a copy of Henry's Commentary on the Bible. This book I used to read daily, with prayer. When any passage of Scripture impressed my mind, from which I received instruction, or caution, or reproof, I raised my heart to God in prayer. I said, Lord, write this Scripture on my heart. If I am brought, at any time, into circumstances which may render it useful to me, let me then

possess it. It now appears, since I have unfortunately lost my eye-sight, as though God heard every petition; for here I sit, solitary, hour after hour, and day after day, but God is with me, his promises, his cautions, his exhortations, and the examples of holy men, are brought so fully and almost incessantly to my recollection, that God converses with me through the medium of his Word, and I converse with Him. And thus I spend my days, happily, and waiting in 'glorious hope,' for my change. I shall soon know more fully the import of the poet's language —'

'The voyage of life is at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven I spend,
Forever and ever shall last.'

What a value should we place on the Bible! A priceless treasure — a precious and invaluable gift! With what assiduity and care should we study its sacred pages, and like the afflicted widow, study it in early life. 'The Bible,' says that beautiful, and universally admired writer, Hannah More — 'is a light to our feet, and a lamp to our path. It points to the truth, and the life. It is our guide while we live, and our trust when we die. It is the charter of our salvation, and the pledge of our immortality. If there were but one Bible in the world, all the wealth of that world would not be adequate to the value of that Bible.'

*Norwich, Conn., Jan.*, 1846.

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## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Faintly flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down the ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm, unruffled way!
Time with such a silent motion
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither,
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by;
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

*A jeu d'esprit.*

## HOMESICKNESS, AND THE TOOTH-ACHE.

BY REV. R. W. CUSHMAN.

'What an odd juxtaposition!' And yet, kind reader, these two diseases fall under the same classification in one respect, namely, that they receive very little commiseration. The toothache, whether it be that it is considered 'no killing matter, or, that it is considered a matter of course, with everybody who has teeth; or, that a tooth is itself considered so small a matter that its troubles are not worth noticing; or whatever else may be the cause, it is generally excluded, as by common consent, from the pale of sympathy, as an ailment invested with too little respectability to be entitled to the concern of anybody except the sufferer, and the man of the lancet and nippers.

And home-sickness fares even worse; for it is scarcely ever spoken of but with merriment, by old or young.

Now, as to this contempt of tooth-ache, I must enter my protest in behalf of the whole civilized world. If it were a disease afflicting only savages, it might be treated as beneath notice. But it is notorious that its chosen haunts are the mouths of the most refined and luxurious part of mankind. Who ever heard of a dentist's office among wigwams? Beside, has it not done mischief enough to entitle it to respect? If 'a million of murders make a hero while one makes a villain,' with what dignity should not that disease be invested, which has filled the world with more groans than Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon all put together. Surely, it is no *small* matter, if a tooth be a small thing, to be tortured, by anguish that forbids eating or sleeping perhaps for weeks together, into a willingness to lose a friend that is 'bone of your bone;' and which has stuck to you when, perhaps, every other friend has left you; a loss which is one of the greatest calamities that can befall a man; for, next to the calamity of having no bread to eat, is the calamity of having no teeth to eat with.

I have said that homesickness fares worse, even, than tooth-ache. The treatment which this disease meets is so different from that

which might naturally be expected, that I gravely suspect people have unwittingly suffered themselves to be influenced, in their feeling with regard to it, by the doctors; for it is a disease, which they all — Allipathists, and Homeapathists, Hydrapathists, and Thompsonians — have to confess they cannot cure. It will not yield to ipecac. or mercury, in large or small doses; to cayenne, or cold water. And the Faculty have probably come to the conclusion, that the only medicine for the complaint is ridicule.

But really, if there ever was such a thing as an amiable disease, and one which is an honor to human nature, I think this is one; and, although it may not be desirable to have it run too high, or too far, or too fast, for the patient's sake; and, perhaps I should also add, for the sake of his nurses, inasmuch as homesickness is as profitless to them as to the Faculty, and may be attended, especially when it occurs at school, with the loss of the patient; yet I cannot but think a little of it is very commendable. Some people ridicule it because, they say, it is a childish complaint. But so is scarlet fever. Others, because it is imaginary. But, in this, it has the same type with insanity and lovesickness.

In short, I must dissent from the popular judgment respecting it, — even at the risk of being denounced as an *odd fellow*. I do confess my sympathy, my high esteem, and my most affectionate regards for all children, whether tenderlings, or boarding-school misses, or 'children of a larger growth,' who sigh and weep for the home that is far away. The thoughts and feelings which are stirred by the magic words, home, mother, father, brother, sister; or wife, husband, child; and which make the heart throb almost to bursting; tell of a nature which is alive and warm, and touched to fine issues. I have hope for the young when I see such indications of affection for their earliest scenes, and for those who have loved them with a love the like of which they will never find in stranger homes; and when I see the manly bosom agitated with such emotions, though others may call them childish, or womanish, I am seized with an irresistible desire of adding such to the list of my friends.

'The bird that soars to yonder skies,
Though heaven is nigh, still seems unblest;
It leaves them, and with rapture flies
Unmoved to its own much-loved nest.

'Though beauteous scenes may meet its view,
And breezes blow from balmy groves;
With wing untired, with bosom true,
It turns to that dear spot it loves:

'Whate'er the joys, the prospects, where I roam,
Thee I prefer, my dear, my native home.'

*Boston, January*, 1846.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

POETRY OF THE HEART, by William B. Tappan. Troy, N. Y. W. & H. Merriam. 1846.

A beautiful miniature pocket volume of 256 pages, containing a large number of the choice productions of Mr. Tappan, most appropriately designated — *Poetry of the Heart.*

Mr. Tappan is one of the few poets of this, and indeed of any country, whose pen has not been prostituted in the writing of a single line of an immoral tendency.

One of the most popular and useful of Mr. Tappan's productions, is a hymn, written many years ago, and familiarly known, commencing,

'There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given.'

This hymn has, in England, as well as in this country, been ascribed to various authors beside Mr. Tappan. We have a recent instance of this, in the publication of a book of poems, entitled 'Lays for the Sabbath.'

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. New York City. Lane & Tippett.

Here is a good edition of this work, with some excellent improvements. The text is accompanied by notes, chiefly selected from Bunyan's own writings, and is divided into chapters. There is also an index.

In addition to these, we have a sketch of the life of Bunyan and a succinct history of the Pilgrim's Progress. Illustrated with wood-cuts and a portrait of Bunyan.

This is a wonderful book. Its history alone would comprise volumes of deeply interesting matter. It has been translated into French, Dutch, Irish, Modern Greek, Armenian, Arabic, Tamul, Malay, Burmese, Malagassy, Welsh, Chinese, and probably into many other languages.

Published by Harper & Brothers, and for sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

PLATO AGAINST THE ATHEISTS. — Plato, who was born about 430, B. C. was an illustrious Grecian philosopher. Among his writings, extant, are his 'Laws,' a dramatic work of ten books. In the tenth book, Plato treats of offences against the public worship and religion, in the discussion of which, there is a powerful argument against atheism.

Dr. Taylor Lewis, of the University of New York City, has published the tenth book, in the original, accompanied with critical notes, and followed by extensive dissertations on some of the main points of the Platonic philosophy and theology, especially as compared with the Holy Scriptures.

It is a work of great interest and great importance.

For sale as above.

# 'MY HOME.'

WRITTEN FOR THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT,

BY LOWELL MASON.

1. My home—what a treasure! How dear to my heart—
How rich is the pleas-ure Thy name doth im - part!
No place can ex - cel thee, No spot on the earth,
So sweet and so pleasant As that of my birth!

2 The days of my childhood
I spent 'neath thy shade,
And roved in the wild-wood,
And skipped in the glade,
With youthful companions,
So blithesome and gay,
While happy and joyous,
The time rolled away.

3 I ne'er shall forget thee,
Blest home of my heart,
Though far from thy precincts
I'm doomed to depart;
The fond recollections
Thou bringest to me,
Of endearing affections,
Shall bind me to thee!

S. D. PHELPS.

THE

# YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## BEAUTY.

BY REV. EDWARD N. KIRK.

THAT young ladies should desire to be beautiful is not surprising. But a few words of advice on this subject may be useful. There are two kinds of beauty; that of feature, and that of expression. The one secures admiration; the other, esteem and love. The one consists in a happy arrangement of the several parts of the material frame; the other results from the qualities of the spirit which dwells within it. The one requires a peculiar and rare combination of lines and colors in the face and neck especially. The other requires mental vigor, purity and harmony, with moral healthfulness.

We hear much conversation on this subject, which is quite unsatisfactory, and which tends, we are persuaded, to mischievous consequences. We hear mothers, for example, commending to their daughters, certain girls as beautiful, and pretty, and charming, who have no beauty but that which is purely physical; while they express little admiration of those who have mental beauty, and in a high degree; but only that. We hear young ladies discussing the subject of dress in a way which indicates that they place too high a value on physical beauty; that they prize that which creates admiration, more than that which secures love.

This operates injuriously on both those who are beautiful, and those who are not. When a young girl ascertains that she is beautiful, (for the possessors of this envied quality generally discover their endowments at an early period,) and observing how it secures the admiration of others, she is strongly inclined not only to think too highly of herself in comparison with others, but to prize her own corporeal qualities above the faculties of her mind. Clara Mason was

one of that unfortunate class who have this kind of beauty, and at the same time, a false estimate of it. Her mother had never drawn the important distinction to which your attention is now directed. She was delighted to see her Clara the object of universal admiration; to hear the morning visitors exclaim almost involuntarily, as the sprightly little creature came bounding into the room — 'Why, what an angel! Did you ever see such grace? Is it not uncommon for a child of her years to possess such dignity of manner with so much childish freedom and artlessness?' This is but a specimen of what that kind-hearted mother heard continually, until she came to feel that it was a mark of rudeness, or of envy, if any visitor did not repeat the strain. Mrs. Mason would often sit before the little fairy, with her bright, laughing eyes and flowing tresses, in an attitude, almost of worship. The child soon discovered it, and drank the intoxicating draught of adulation.

But we must carry you no further into the process, for we meant not to say even so much of her. The end will not soon be forgotten. She made beauty, dress, and manners her study; and with great success. The young gentlemen who might be thrown into her society for the first time, displayed a good deal of self-control if he left her presence without any consciousness of being fascinated. Clara flirted. Poor girl; were not her charms too great for any one of Adam's sons to monopolize? She was able and ready to lead her victim along to an early avowal of the conquest she had made; and just as able and ready to show him that he had made none on his part. But at length she found a conquerer. They both confessed themselves vanquished, and agreed to cease warring on mankind and womankind and on one another, and live as nearly like Darby and Joan as they could. But alas! they were more like merchants, who commence trade with neither the kind of articles the market demands, nor the proper training for the station. And they discovered it too; but some year too late. And some ten years after they discovered the cause; not, however, until they had become bankrupt in the treasures of a happy home. Clara's beauty faded, from the first year of her married life; and then she found that the spell was broken in her husband's heart. He had never *loved* — only *admired.* He did not, however, know the difference, until he sadly learned it in the costly school of experience. He had not loved; because there really was nothing to

love; but he had felt an intense emotion, which, could he have separated it into its elements, might have stood thus — his companions say so much of Clara Mason, and her invulnerableness, he determined to try whether he could not succeed where so many had failed. It was sheer emulation, for he had never seen her. The only other sentiment that might have coëxisted with this, was, the hope of realizing now, all that he had ever fancied of the bliss of being in love. He took the necessary steps to secure a favorable introduction to the young lady and her family. It is not important to us now to describe the several stages of his progress. He finally brought her to realize that she had some weakness as well as much power. But for his part, the only additional feeling an acquaintance and intimacy had given, were, a delight in the thought that so beautiful an object might be solely his; and that other men would envy him. Here, then, was the whole outfit for the great journey of domestic life, deficient in every element. Oh! those were sad days, after two beings found that they were married, but not united; that must live together, and appear to prize each other's society that of any other persons. They were sad days when this unhappy woman discovered that all the opportunities for forming the mind and cultivating the heart had been neglected. She realized, for the first time, her own mental poverty. She became sensible that there were noble qualities in her heart, which might once have been formed and matured. She was conscious of possessing something worthy of being loved; but it was too late to cultivate it; and alas! too late to secure him who had sought, until he found some place more congenial than home. And what could she do to guide and govern, and teach that little group that had now gathered around her? She discovered her ignorance; the insipidity of her conversation, the utter defectiveness of her character, when she came to that serious task, the formation of the minds and characters of others. Often would she weep to remember how many hours had been spent in heightening the charms of her person, when the nobler nature was needing that care and that time. But we leave her, and her sad history. It has taught some that knew her, a lesson not very ambiguous, nor easily forgotten.

There are some effects of this false estimate of beauty, quite as injurious on those who are conscious of not possessing it. The excessive fondness for dress is directly the result of this feeling. It

has induced extravagance by which merchants and mechanics have been reduced to bankruptcy. It has been the ready avenue for great multitudes of the inexperienced, to the paths of crime and remediless ruin. Perhaps more victims to the base arts of the destroyer have been taken by this bait than by any other.

And then, in a family of many daughters, only one of whom is a beauty, what is the effect of hearing these injudicious laudations of this beautiful girl, and of the admiration which that one has attracted? If it produce its natural result in those who hear, they will overlook all the treasures of the spirit with which God has endowed them, and all the opportunities for cultivating the sterling qualities of character; and instead of looking upon life with cheerfulness and hope, will consider themselves as doomed to a hard lot. Murmurings against their beneficent Creator, and envyings of their more favored acquaintances, will become prominent ingredients in their dispositions. Of course, this statement may fail to be realized fully in any one case; because life is subject to so many modifying influences which cannot be fully recognized, that the most we can safely say of any one influence is, — such and such is its tendency.

But we feel disposed to venture a little farther into the matter of giving advice on this subject; and even to lay down a few

## RULES FOR BECOMING BEAUTIFUL.

Suppress that incredulous smile; we are in earnest. There is not one of our readers whom we would not encourage to hope. It does not become us to say that they are not all as beautiful as Clara Mason; and then they may say, your rules come too late; we have reached the attainment without rule. Yes, but ye fair Claras, listen to us a moment. We mean these hints even more particularly for you.

Our first rule is — *take a judicious care of your health.* The signs of sickness or debility are never in themselves agreeable. We may indeed become reconciled to them; but their original design is to awaken unpleasant emotions. And we mean by sickness, not merely such a stage of disease as demands the physician's aid. Scarcely a fibre or tissue of the body can be out of order, without affecting the countenance. If our health or strength is impaired

without one neglect or imprudence, no one can censure us. But we ought not to bear in our appearance the marks of disorders which we can avoid. For instance, if you are not sufficiently out in the open air, you will prevent the healthful action of your body, and some disagreeable sign of it will be hung out upon the face. If you do not take sufficient exercise; or, if you eat improper food, or sleep too little or too much, you will not have that share of agreeableness in your appearance which a beneficent Creator designed for you.

Another rule is — *cultivate the intellect.* This secures, in many cases, the beauty of expression where that of features and complexion is wanting. And where the features are too obstinately ugly to admit of that, there is still a compensation in the fact that the attention of others is turned away from the body to the mind. Compare the silly prattling of a merely beautiful girl, who has neither mind or heart, wit or sentiment, with that of a plain-faced woman, who has thought, and observed, and read to profit; who has clear and large views of men and things, the past and the present; who can help you to form correct views of characters and events, whose memory carries the honey of many hives to sweeten every feast of friendship. Compare these two. The one gratifies the eye; but no one cares to look at the prettiest object for a long time. The gratification of the eye is too limited for permanence, unless there be variety and succession. The other satisfies the mind through the sense of hearing. Choose, young friends — choose the latter.

*Suppress selfishness;* for it controls the countenance. Where a person lives for himself, the countenance lacks all winning and animating expression. Some people make a sunshine wherever they go. But they are not beauties. Their light is a bonfire, a rocket, a meteor; it blazes, rushes, crackles, turns all eyes upon itself, but cheers and satisfies no one. There are some persons whose very entrance to a sick chamber is a medicine to the soul. Everybody loves to see them come in, and no one cares to know why. The secret is — their countenances and manner say, can I contribute to your happiness? Young ladies spend hours and months in becoming thus beautiful. But your labor for this must not be on the skin nor the hair, on silks nor mousseline de laine. Eradicate selfishness.

But there is a higher rule; *love God and love all mankind.* In

fact you cannot truly annihilate excessive self-love, but by substituting the love of God and your neighbor. Here is beauty, angelic beauty. It is the only beauty that will be recognized in heaven. Cherish it.

*Boston, January,* 1846.

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## BROTHER, COME HOME.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

Come home;
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody;
Brother, come home.

Come home;
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine,
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine;
Brother, come home.

Come home;
Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark, like the o'er wearied dove,
Come with the sun-light of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fire-side circle of thy love;
Brother, come home.

Come home;
It is not home without thee, the lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou were wont to be;
In every echo of returning feet,
In vain we list for what should herald thee;
Brother, come home.

Come home;
We 've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watched every germ the full-blown flowers rear,
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here;
Brother, come home.

Come home;
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody;
Brother, come home.

## THE TWO STEW-PANS.

BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

So my young friend Mary had again invited me to visit her at her new home; 'I will go,' I said, joyfully. 'I desire so much to see her bright face again, and her husband too, and then to behold how becomingly she wears the honors of lady-matron in her new house.' In a few days, matters were arranged to go; then a charming half-day's ride brought me before her door. 'Surely, it is pretty here,' I inwardly exclaimed; 'this dear little front yard, and that white rose, trained so lovingly over the window, Mary's sitting-room, I suppose; and the house so white and well kept; and green blinds, so cool and shady in summer; and the front entry with simple straw carpet — it looks so pretty here; so quiet, so truly home-like,' and I ran after my baggage up the flag-stones. Some one came down stairs — 'Ah, Mary!' and we embraced each other. 'Come directly into the sitting-room,' she said, opening the west door. True enough, it was the sitting-room. Behold the green and graceful drapery of the white rose before the window. She took off my bonnet and sat me down in her own arm-chair, and then went away, but soon returned and placed her nice, fat baby in my arms. 'Beautiful baby!' I exclaimed. 'Ah, Mary, what a treasure!' It looked amazed at me, then smiled and kicked about its little fat feet right lustily. 'Baby knows I am its mother's friend,' I said, as I kissed his rosy cheeks with cordial good will. Then came Mary's husband. He is a favorite of mine, — so kind and sensible; he is quite business-like in his manners, with a heart brim full of friendliness; if you ever feel like asking a favor, go to him, Mary's husband. Supper followed, and a merrier three never sat over a cup of tea. These nice white cakes and this delicious raspberry! These could only come from a skilful hand!' Mary laughed, and her husband seemed to enjoy them anew through me. Then we went into the little garden and sat awhile on the pleasant piazza; then explored the chambers, and looked at this prospect and that, the baby everywhere accompanying us, in his father's arms. Every thing was in keeping; every thing pleasant and tasteful; every thing which I saw, at least. Then we walked out to take a bird's eye view of the village, from a hill hard by. Every thing

pleased me. 'So then Mary does finely, after all,' I reflected, after retiring to rest. 'I knew she would; how beautiful is it to see two young people beginning life together. How fresh is every thing. Yes, and how new and clean, and how easy to *keep clean;*' and my mind unceremoniously wandered from the romance of a young wedded couple to the difficulty of keeping an old house clean.

I had not been here many days before I began to suspect, then to fear, that Mary was not so happy as she had at first seemed, or as happy as she ought to be, with so much about her to make happiness. 'Why is this?' I anxiously asked.

We were going to ride. The chaise arrived, and the husband jumped out, and, as he came in, said, 'Mary, is my coat mended? I must wear that, I believe. You remember the one I spoke about a week ago, and then showed to you again yesterday.' 'Oh, no! it is not done!' cried Mary, from up stairs. 'I will do it now; but no, I am not dressed yet myself;' and she ran about from this drawer to that, quite hurriedly. 'One finds so much to do in housekeeping,' she said to me, apologetically, and withal, pettishly.

One day Mary promised us an apple-pudding, made her new way, with potatoes in the flour. It was an especial favorite of ours, her husband, and myself. 'Your pudding, Mary,' I suggested, taking advantage of our friendship, as we sat together in the forenoon. 'Yes, I know it; I am just going.' Then she began to tell a story, then placed a plate of cake before me — then — she was doing nothing; there lay baby frolicking on the floor. 'The pudding, Mary,' I said to myself, 'It will not be done; then what will Mr. B—— say?' Ah! I well know what husbands sometimes thought and said at a half-cooked dinner. 'The pudding' — I was nearly ejaculating a third time, when Mary concluded to go about it. Dinner came; the meat, then pudding. It looked plump and round. She cut it; a large slice laid on the plate, but alas! the crust inside was still dough! We took it in silence. 'The apple perhaps will be nice' — but no, it was hard and uncooked! 'Mary, this business you ought to look into,' said the husband, in a tone which was not to be gainsayed. 'I never could make puddings,' declared Mary, blushing and mortified.

By and by Mary became more confidential. 'How I dread going into that hot kitchen to make pies! How I hate scalding my preserves; it is so troublesome! There are so many disagreeable things to do in house-keeping,' she declared once and again.

'Some how or other, I do not seem to get along very well in house-keeping,' she said to me sadly, one day. 'I know James is not satisfied; you know his mother was such an excellent housekeeper — there are so many disagreeables.'

'Pray what, Mary?' I asked, kindly.

'Oh, so many! Making bread, filling lamps, and washing potatoes, if one's alone — then, one's hands — I do n't think I am fit for it, at all.' Tears came in her eyes. Poor Mary! 'In what respect do you think you are not fit for it?' I asked. 'Let us look into it, Mary. There is so much time for you to learn.' 'I do n't know as there is,' she replied. 'I have no *tact* for house-keeping; nothing is ever done, James says,' and she seemed perplexed and sorrowful. 'Can't you give me a few ideas?' she asked, looking up with that childlike confidence so natural to her. 'Perhaps I can. Mary, will you listen and profit?' I asked, seriously, for I beheld breakers ahead. 'Mary, the time was, when household duties were all new to me; nay, all distasteful. Unaccustomed to them and unskilled in them, I shrank from them, dreading and avoiding them. I wept over them, too, in very bitterness of soul. My domestics left me, as every New England housekeeper knows how unceremoniously they sometimes will, and I was sole mistress of my kitchen, pantry, sink, cooking-stove and all. What shall I do? was the pitiful cry. I contrived to get along easy, any way, sobeit I could get early released from active household duty; in a word, Mary, I was a shirk! My husband, punctual, exact, and wofully particular, so I then thought, did not at all relish the appearance of things under my care; it was too evident for me not to know it. 'I hate,' and 'I dread,' premised every kitchen duty, until, at length, dishes, plates, pots and pans, in a most untoward state, began to accumulate frightfully upon my hands. My husband was silent and cold; I, fretful and fault-finding; a sad pass! 'This will never, *never* do!' I ejaculated, one cold, gray morning, when every thing looked grayer and more cheerless than ever. My closets, drawers, and storeroom! Had the rats and the mice made such a strife, then were there somebody to blame. As it was, ah me! — 'but it wont do!' and I began to look about me. From beneath a little shelf under the sink, I drew out two stew-pans, first one and then the other, with apple burnt, and baked, and crusted on them. I had stowed them away without courage to enforce the scraping and scrubbing

necessary to their restoration on the upper shelf. Every day for a week had they peeped out, and every day had I tried to push them farther under; but no, not they; and now they stood out as large as life, with a dozen plates in a similar condition. How I loathed the sight of those two stew-pans, with cold, greasy water standing in the bottom. What shall I do? At this point, a sense of my cowardly inefficiency flashed painfully across my mind. There I was, shrinking and shivering before two stew-pans! 'No longer shall this be,' I resolved instantly. Taking off my rings, — and rings are wonderfully in the way of washing up dishes, — and tying on a checked apron, I heroically seized a stew-pan by the brim. Scrape, scrape, scrape, washing and rinsing and wiping, now the first, then the second! scrape, scrape, scrape, washing, rinsing, wiping, and they were clean, invitingly clean! Two nice, round, agreeably favored stew-pans stared me in the face! I turned them over; not a speck or flaw could be detected. I had done it, actually done it, and not so bad work either. I smiled complacently upon the two, and they reflected my smiles. From that moment I took courage. I resolved *to do*, and then inward strength rose up. From that moment, Mary, I never suffered myself to shrink from, or dread, or put off any thing. Whatever was to be done, I did it, and in the *right time*, and from that time, too, difficulties began to vanish. I found I could do, nay, and I *would do*. Depend upon it, Mary, you must seize *right hold* of your domestic duties, and discharge them *promptly* and *efficiently*, if you would be faithful to yourself and your household. Shrinking, dreading, putting off, cools the water, without washing up. Long time after, if I ever flagged, away I ran to the shelves, to refresh my courage by a look at the two stew-pans. They encouraged and strengthened me. Those dear old stew-pans, with faces so clean and round. From them I date all my house-keeping skill and efficiency. My husband does not know how much he owes to them, when he surveys my domains with so satisfied an air. Yes, Mary, the secret of it is, after long misdoing, we must have a starting point, a something on which to begin in good earnest, seriously and honestly. One thing *well achieved*, and we take courage for the next. And now, Mary, what lesson do you learn from this?'

'That I must *instantly* see if the salt beef is in the pot, and boiling, too,' cried Mary, brightly, hastening away with more alacrity than I had yet seen her, toward the kitchen.

Ah, yes, young housekeeper, *prompt achievement* is the very soul of house-keeping! If you have been a busy idler during your maidenhood, in your mother's parlor, you have little prospect of usefulness, prosperity, or enjoyment, as a wife, a mother, and a matron, unless you are willing to see with your own eyes, to work with your hands, and become the ubiquitous mistress of your household.

*Portsmouth, N. H., January*, 1846.

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## BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father — for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold —
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother — for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
O, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother — for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother — his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are, —
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister — not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

# LITERARY NOTICES.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS; or Cruelty Exposed and Rebuked.

The unwearied and judicious efforts of the American Sunday School Union, to furnish interesting books, and of the most healthful moral tendency, for children, are deserving much praise. This is one of their publications. How suitable that children should be taught, not only to be kind and gentle to each other, but also to animals.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF PALESTINE. Published by J. H. Colton, of New York City.

We take great pleasure in introducing to our readers, all of whom we hope are Bible students, this new and elegant Map of ANCIENT PALESTINE. It has been drawn with great care and accuracy from the latest researches and observations of the most distinguished travellers. Dr. Robinson, whose familiarity with everything relating to that country is well known, states that this map is, without doubt, the best delineation of that interesting region, on a large scale, in the English language. The distinctness and boldness of the execution strike the eye with great force, and add much to its value.

Every Sabbath School, every Bible Class, and every Bible student should own this map. By studying it in connection with the Bible, a new interest would at once be created, and its beautiful and distinct delineations would soon be impressed upon the mind.

The map possesses additional value from the '*Plan of Jerusalem*' in one corner, and the '*Environs of Jerusalem*' in another, both of which are executed with great fidelity and beauty.

For sale by Charles Tappan, Boston.

THE MESSIAH. Boston: Published by Wilkins, Carter & Co., and Oscar C. B. Carter. 1846.

George Frederick Handel was born at Halle, a town in Lower Saxony, Germany, in 1684. He brought out this masterly and celebrated composition in 1741, at the age of 57. In this edition, the vocal parts are given complete, and the most important of the instrumental parts (including those added by Mozart,) contained in an accompaniment newly arranged for the piano forte, or organ, by John Bishop, of Cheltenham, England.

This volume is issued in the folio form, and contains 188 pages. There are three general divisions. The subject of the first is, the promise and birth of the Messiah; the second, his triumph and victory over his enemies; and third, the salvation and victory of the church.

In the construction of this splendid composition, fifty-four various passages from the Old and New Testament are used.

The execution of the work is typographical, and in a style of great beauty. The paper is substantial and will bear use.

The musical public is greatly indebted to Mr. Oscar C. B. Carter, the enterprising originator of this new and beautiful edition of THE MESSIAH.

LETTERS TO A VERY YOUNG LADY. Published by the American Sunday School Union.

The book contains *forty-two* letters, written in a style of simplicity, yet purity, and embracing in their range almost every duty incumbent upon those to whom the letters are addressed. The religious instruction given, is sound, earnest, and practical. It will be found not only entertaining, but highly useful.

THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1846. No. 2.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## PRIZE ESSAY.

### INFLUENCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE FORMATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

BY REV. WILLIAM BATES, OF NORTHBRIDGE, MASS.

In looking abroad upon society, nothing appears more wonderful to the contemplative man, than the great variety and vast diversity in human character. He sees some men sunk in gross animalism, living as though they had no capacity for intellectual enjoyment, or moral culture. He notices others, with minds enriched with the stores of various knowledge, delighting to dwell in the high regions of thought, and to seek elevated enjoyment in communing with the poet and the scholar. He beholds others, tender in conscience and pure in outward life, whose every action says to the world about them, There is a God; there is a spiritual world; heaven is a reality.

The variety in the cast and complexion of men's countenances, is not more marked than their diversity in character. Of all the inhabitants of Boston, there is not one who could be taken by his acquaintance for another. So, too, with the characters of men,—the variety is endless. In one mind, avarice predominates; in another, pride; in a third, love of pleasure. One person is cheerful; another, melancholy; a third, passionate. So in one countenance, the eye is the most marked feature; in another, the nose; while in a

third, the chief expression rests on the brow or lies in the lines of the mouth. In the shades and phases of individual character, there is a like variety, which passes all enumeration.

Yet, notwithstanding this wide diversity in character, men are all endowed with essentially the same susceptibilities and mental faculties; the same moral constitution and elementary characteristics. There may be a natural and original difference in *the powers* of different minds, and in *the strength* of the intellectual faculties in different individuals. But of themselves, the faculties and susceptibilities of every mind are the same in nature, one in kind.

Very much, therefore, of the marked inequality in the intellectual attainments and moral culture among men is, unquestionably, to be attributed to the influences and circumstances by which they are surrounded during the whole progress of life. While the elementary faculties of the mind are in process of development, the character must inevitably be modified by the myriad external circumstances, which are constantly darting influences upon it. Whatever may be the native difference between different men, in those original principles which are unfolded into intellectual powers and moral dispositions; yet the immediate causes of the greater portion of the prominent actual character of men, are to be found in those moral elements and surrounding circumstances through which life is drawn. One great principle of our nature is, that the mind takes its cast from whatever it is most conversant with; from that with which it communes; from that upon which it dwells; from that which it loves. Men are ever surrounded by a crowd of external influences, which are seeking to fix their impress on the intellect or the heart. Susceptible as the mind is of receiving impressions through the senses, it is at the mercy of innumerable influences which may strike it from every point of the surrounding world. These influences may proceed from natural scenery; from the words and actions of men; from books; from the customs of society; from the atmosphere of home. To the child just entering upon life, there is not an object external to itself with which it is familiar, and not a person with whom it associates, who may not affect its whole future character, by giving a determinate bias to all its thoughts and purposes, to its disposition and moral feelings.

Were we to trace one of the majestic rivers of our country to its source, we should find, (if the report of travellers be true,) not far

from the spot where it issues from its parent spring, a rock lying across the path it would naturally pursue, and turning its stream in an entirely new direction; thus determining, ever after, the course in which that proud river is to roll its mighty flood to the ocean. So is it with character. Were it possible for the mind to return upon its own foot-steps to that point in its moral history, when it first began to receive impressions from external objects, every person would probably find that some one powerful influence, or some few circumstances, of little apparent moment, perhaps, to which he was subjected in early youth, gave a decisive turn to his character and superinduced a grand determination of mind, which has continued to grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength throughout his whole life. Early impressions are often deep and abiding. The biases and mental habits of youth are the germ, the foundation of all future character. 'The boy is father of the man.' The lineaments of his mind may be modified, as those of the face are by age. But like those also they will probably continue substantially the same, only becoming more prominent and more distinctly marked, as life advances. When a determining principle, or a leading and decided propensity has, by some means, been once established in the mind of a youth, it is surprising to see how it will, not only produce a partial insensibility to all impressions which would tend to counteract it, but also augment its own ascendency, by attracting to itself every influence, and coalescing with every impression which is adapted to confirm and strengthen it.

This is the grand secret in the history of character. And often, a single incident in early life originates this capital determination of mind, which shapes a man's future course. Often, a trivial circumstance is the pivot upon which a person's whole character and destiny turns. It is stated in the biography of Michael Angelo, the great Italian sculptor, that when a child, his nurse, who was the wife of a stone-mason, was accustomed to give him a little chisel as a plaything. Had it not been for that chisel, the genius of Angelo might have taken an entirely different course, and we should have read of him in history as a poet, an orator, or a statesman. Had a little sword been given him as a toy, in place of the chisel, his name might have come down to us as a military chieftain, a renowned general, rather than he

> 'Who made the senseless stone to breathe and speak,
> The dull rock reflect the perfect form of youth and age.'

The simple fact that Hannibal, the renowned Carthagenian general, at nine years of age, was led by his father to the sacred altar, to swear uncompromising and eternal hatred to Rome, was, perhaps, the circumstance which first planted in his breast that deadly animosity toward the Romans, which incited him to devote his life and the masterly powers of his mind to the overthrow of the imperial city.

It is not impossible that the ardent love of war, and the insatiable desire for military glory, which the Emperor Napoleon manifested, may have been first kindled in his breast by that little brass cannon with which, we are told, he was accustomed to amuse himself in his boyhood. At that early period, while engaged in his youthful sports, were perhaps implanted in his mind, the seminal principles of that guilty ambition which prompted him to sacrifice the happiness and lives of millions to his love of fame, and caused him

'To wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'

In a retired village in Vermont, two hundred miles from any seaport, a traveller, not many years ago, turned his horse up to the door of an humble cottage to ask for entertainment and shelter for the night. He was hospitably received. In the evening, in conversing with his host and hostess, he learned that their three sons, their only children, were absent from them upon the sea. He was told that each of them, from early boyhood, had manifested a desire to become a sailor, so strong and ardent that all the earnest entreaties of their parents could not quench it. To these parents it was a mystery how their sons, so far from the sea and surrounded by all the attractions of rural life, should each of them, in turn, exhibit such an unconquerable desire to be wanderers upon the ocean. The traveller thought he could solve the mystery. He had noticed in a recess in the wall, over the mantle-tree, a beautiful glass model of a ship completely rigged and in full sail. This, to him, was a solution of the mystery. He believed, (and who will say it was a groundless belief?) that that little glass ship, a bridal present to the mother, and constantly before the eyes of those boys from infancy, had inspired in their breasts that love for a sailor's life upon the ocean-wave.

The life of man is conducted throughout its whole course in the

midst of an endless crowd of influences, all of which seem waiting to stamp upon the soul some distinctive impression. A traveller, in a journey round the globe, meets with a great variety of seasons, prospects, and incidents, affecting his progress and enjoyment. But each individual, in the journey of life, meets with a greater diversity of influences and circumstances affecting the formation and development of his character. "If I might indulge,' says a writer of distinction, 'so fanciful an idea as that of its being possible for a man to live back again to his infancy, through all the scenes of his life, and to give back from his mind and character, at each time and place as he repassed it, exactly that which he took from it, when he was there before, it would be most curious to see the fragments and *exuviæ* of the moral man, lying here and there along the retrograde path, and to find what he was in the beginning of his train of modifications and acquisitions. Nor can it be doubted that any man, though his original tendencies were ever so defined, might, by being led through a different train, opposite to those native tendencies, have been an extremely different man from what he is at present, even the measure of his intellectual cultivation being the same.'

The intellectual and moral character of nations, as well as of individuals, is unquestionably influenced much by natural scenery, soil, and climate. Many of the peculiarities of character, which distinguish the nations of the earth from each other, are to be attributed to these causes. The Scotchman, the Swiss, and the New Englander, are distinguished for their patriotism, for their attachment to their home and native hills. They are also noted for their love of liberty. And it is not all fancy to believe that natural causes have contributed to produce this similarity of character. There is a resemblance between Scotland, and Switzerland, and New England, in climate and soil, in mountain and glen; and who will say that this has not had something to do in producing a similarity in the character of the people?

But moral influences are far more operative in moulding human character, than any natural causes. For men have exhibited various degrees of moral and intellectual elevation, at different periods in the same country, on the same soil, and under the same sky. The same sun shines upon Greece now, the waves of the same sea lash her shores, as in the palmy days of Plato and Demosthenes, but the character of the people — how changed! You will search in vain, on

the shores of that land once celebrated for her arms and arts, her philosophy and science — for the unwavering courage of Leonidas, the thrilling eloquence of Demosthenes, the incorruptible integrity of Socrates. The same soft, blue sky spreads its canopy over Italy, the same balmy air blows gently over its fertile plains now, as in the day when Rome was at the height of her glory; but how different is the effeminate, degraded, priest-ridden Italian, from the inflexible, iron-hearted, war-loving old Roman! In some countries, too, where the God of nature has lavished his richest gifts, and given a soil and climate best suited for the physical comfort and the intellectual and moral elevation of man, we find the inhabitants ignorant and barbarous, besotted and vicious. In India and the South Sea Islands,

'All but the spirit of man, is divine.'

It is thought by some, that there is a natural connection between beautiful scenery and virtue; that there is something in a salubrious and fair sky, and in a luxuriant and brilliant foliage which will necessarily impart to human character mildness, purity, and moral sensibility. But in Ceylon, the garden of the world, and on the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean, where God has inscribed in the most brilliant characters his name and glory, man is vile, he is grovelling and sensual, while in Scotland and New England, where the winds are bleak, the soil hard, and the sky overcast with lowering clouds, man is enterprising and industrious, intelligent, and virtuous.

Moral influences are far more efficient and powerful in giving the cast to individual mind, as well as in moulding national character. Government, instruction, companionship, social institutions, and the influences of home, each bear an important part in imprinting on the heart distinctive impressions, and in shaping individual and national character. How much does the intellectual and moral elevation of a nation depend upon the principles and spirit of its government! How much upon its social and educational institutions! How much upon its domestic organization and home influences!

But the religion of a people is the most efficient and pervading cause in determining their intellectual, social, and moral condition. Nothing takes a stronger hold of a man's affections than his religion. His dearest interests and highest hopes are built upon it. His

destiny is linked with it. It intrenches itself behind the strongest principles of his nature. It enthrones itself upon the highest seat in the soul. Thus is it, that Christianity, in its transforming efficacy, regenerates the whole man, intellect, heart, conscience, and spreads light, joy, and love over the face of society.

Paganism, and every other form of false religion, dwarfs the human intellect, brutalizes the heart, and pours darkness over the conscience. But Christianity is the quickener of intellect, the cherisher of genius, the patron of art and science, the forerunner of civilization and refinement, the regenerator of society and individual men. The great office and object of Christianity is to affect character; and here its power and value appear. Its field of operation is this world. It was given from heaven for the race of man; not to influence the brute creation; not to affect angelic races, but to elevate and transform human character. It is admirably adapted to this great purpose. It is suited to man as an intellectual and social being; to man as an accountable, immortal, and sinful being. And nothing has had a greater influence upon human character than Christianity. Wherever it has penetrated to the abodes of men, whether to the ice-clad shores of Greenland, or to the burning plains of Africa, to the beautiful isles of the South, or to the luxuriant fields of India, it has always and everywhere met man's spiritual necessities, elevated his intellectual and moral character, and improved his social condition. No national peculiarities, or social institutions, or physical causes have been able to withstand or counteract successfully its benign, moral influences. There has never yet been found a land inhabited by men, men with a depraved nature and with deep spiritual necessities, where the great moral principles of the Bible could not find their application, or were insufficient to regenerate the character of the people, and improve their moral and social state. But wherever the gospel has reached men, it has exerted the same transforming and blessed influence. Everywhere it has elevated the standard of civilization and refinement, conquered vice, called men to virtue and holiness, regenerated the heart, calmed the troubled conscience of the believer, and filled his heart with gladness. O, what a different moral aspect would this world present, if Christianity, the great transformer of society and regenerator of individual character, was diffused among all the nations of the earth; if its benign spirit dwelt in every human heart!

Such is the constitution of the human mind, that man influences the character of his fellow man. It is one of the conditions of his existence as a social being. Man is an imitative being. In early life, particularly, is the principle of imitation active and powerful. This 'leaning to our kind' prepares each individual not only to be affected by direct companionship, but by all the moral diversities of which he is a spectator in the living world. Men may dwell in the midst of scenes of beauty and sublimity in the natural world, without receiving any deep, permanent impressions from the images of grandeur and love about them. But, indifferent as they may be to the phenomena of the earth and heavens, they are so constituted as necessarily to be influenced by the appearances and character of the *human* world. Men in society are ever reciprocally imparting moral influences. There is a tendency in the mind to assimilation with other minds. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise. He shall gather to his own mind some of that wisdom which he admires in those with whom he is conversant in the walks of life. On this same principle, evil communications corrupt good manners. Associating with the vicious, contaminates. It infuses into the mind of the virtuous man, a moral poison which corrupts his principles and his life. The powerful inclination in human nature to evil, disposes men to yield readily to immoral influences, and to imitate a bad example. Mind has a mysterious influence over mind. Often, a person of commanding qualities of character, will draw about him a large circle of susceptible and ingenuous minds, and sway them, as by magic, at his will. Who has not seen a youth of free and generous sympathies, on becoming familiarly acquainted with a person in whom a strongly individual cast of mind is sustained and dignified by rich mental resources, assimilate with wonderful rapidity to the character of his companion, imbibing his spirit, adopting his opinions, and imitating his example? Who has not known some individuals of splendid powers and attractive manners, who have exerted a wide-spread and controlling influence in the community where they dwell, imprinting their own image on multitudes of other minds, and infusing into them their own spirit, prejudices, and opinions? Ability to mould and control matter at pleasure, is proof of talent. Skill to contrive intricate machinery, and to direct with the finger a power a thousand times greater than that of the human arm, is evidence of genius. But this power over mind, this ability

to sway the human will is evidence of greater talent and energy of mind. It is, indeed, greater proof of genius and wisdom, than the ability to control men by mere arbitrary authority. An ignorant and narrow-minded despot may, by his soldiery, compel thousands to submit to his dictation and to bow to his single will. But to control others by mere influence, to sway multitudes of other voluntary minds, requires genius, wisdom, and energy of character.

This is a power which may be wielded for good or for evil. It may be employed to allure others into the paths of virtue and truth, or to entice them into the ways of folly and guilt. And happy are they who have this wonderful power, who use it worthily. Happy is that mother, or that sister, who possesses any measure of this gift, who employs it for a high and holy purpose; who seeks to imprint on all those minds under her influence, whether at her home or in the community, an image of brightness and love, and to awaken within them unquenchable aspirations after moral excellence.

Circumstances and extraneous influences have thus far, in this essay, been dwelt upon only in their power to modify internal principles, and to contribute to the *formation* of character. But a no less important part of their power is exerted in facilitating, or obstructing the *development* of character, and in determining man's outward life. The fortune of men, in part at least, is shaped by circumstances beyond their control. Men are always influenced in their outward condition by the course of events and the state of society in the country and age in which they live. While some under the genial influences of free and Christian institutions are incited to energetic and praiseworthy action, others under the blight of despotism, are bowed down in weakness and mental degradation. While woman, by the influences of Christianity, is elevated to that rank and sphere of influence in society which the Creator designed she should occupy, in pagan lands she is degraded to the lowest rank, and compelled to perform the most menial services for the self-styled lords of creation. While some persons are born to wealth and rank, and placed in such circumstances that they can hardly avoid acting a conspicuous part in life, others born in the humble walks of life, depressed by poverty, and beset on all sides by opposing influences, are compelled to pass their days in obscurity and to die unnoticed and unsung. Adverse circumstances and the narrow sphere of action of many a puny Buonaparte and many a Lilliputian

Ghengis Khan, have saved the world from innumerable scenes of carnage and desolation. The arbitrary mandates of despotism and the frowns of fortune have repressed the philanthropic wishes of many a Howard and Wilberforce, whose hearts burned to execute noble schemes for the benefit of suffering humanity. Thousands of intellectual prodigies have lived and died in obscurity, who would have won an Olympic crown had they been placed in an arena where they could have contended, even-handed, for the mastery. Many men who were possessors of a vast mine of intellectual wealth, rich with a hundred ores, have remained ignorant of their treasures, because there was nothing in their circumstances to disclose them. Many of the favorites of the Muses have shrunk away, like Tasso and Racine, with all the exquisite sensibility of genius, from the coldness of an unsympathizing world, and died of a broken heart, who, had they been cheered by royal patronage, or stimulated by the smiles of public favor, might have risen to a lofty height in literary excellence. The burning thought, the brilliant, soul-stirring conception of many mighty minds have quickened but to perish, and glowed but to die. Many sons of genius have struggled unnoticed with poverty and adverse fortune, and now lie in a nameless and forgotten grave. With how much truth and emphasis may it be said of every country church-yard, as well as of that of which the poet has sung,

'Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

'Some village Hampden, who, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

'But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.'

But while genius has frequently sunk under the pressure of untoward circumstances, and talent remained dormant from the absence of appropriate stimulus, often, on the other hand, the slumbering energies of thousands have been roused to noble and efficient exertion, by a combination of circumstances favorable for the devel-

opment and action of mind. Often, philanthropists of very ordinary powers of mind have been able to accomplish a vast amount of good in society, by taking advantage of a favorable tide in events. There are times when men may achieve great things for humanity and for religion, by falling in with the current of public feeling, and guiding it into right channels.

Throughout the whole history of man, there have been periods in which the human mind has been awakened to a consciousness of its powers, and excited to animated activity by violent political revolutions, or by a commotion of the elements of the social state. It is in the pressure and din of great events and conflicting interests, of perilous risks and dazzling rewards, that the fires of intellect are struck out and dormant talent roused.

> 'One glorious hour of crowded life
> Is worth an age without a name.'

Then men live fast and think quick. Then great things are attempted and great things accomplished. Exciting times, momentous occasions, great enterprises rouse the soul, and call forth sublime exhibitions of genius and intellectual power.

Whenever, in the course of human events, an important crisis arrives, ardent and adventurous minds start up prepared to meet it. The circumstances of the American Revolution were such as were calculated to excite deep feeling, to awaken most powerfully the soul, and to call forth all the physical and mental resources of the colonists. The alarming emergency and the great interests at stake demanded all the bravery, sagacity, and moral power which the country possessed. The consequence was, that many mighty minds, who, in ordinary times would have remained in retirement and inactivity, were urged on by the strong tide of public feeling to high and noble deeds. The number of master spirits who sprung forward from obscurity to the defence of freedom during that perilous struggle, far exceeded the expectation of the colonists themselves, and was a matter of wonder and embarrassment to their enemies. The circumstances of their times, the hardships of their situation, the great interests at stake, revealed to them and to the world the power and resources of the American people. The power which was in them might have slumbered in profound apathy, had not the exi-

gency of the case and the strong pressure of great interests called for the bold exercise of perseverance, sagacity, and moral courage. But for the awakening, stimulating incidents of the American Revolution, thousands who now occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of their country's history, would have passed their lives in obscurity and died unknown to posterity. But for the Revolution, George Washington might have lived and died a Virginia planter; and James Otis and Patrick Henry might never have known that they were orators, and the world never have felt the power of that thrilling, electrifying eloquence, which even at this day, will set the blood of every true American at gallop in his veins.

Capacity and opportunity are twin sisters; they are both necessary to success in any great or benevolent enterprise. The most favorable combination of circumstances is of no avail, unless there are master-spirits to catch them with a vigilant eye, to seize them with a strong arm and turn them to a wise purpose. And without propitious circumstances, genius cannot put forth its powerful agency and exert its controlling influence. Napoleon would, probably, never have been Emperor of the French, had he not come on to the stage of action when they were without a king, and had he not seen fortune beckoning him to the throne. Yet none but Napoleon could 'ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm;' none but he could ride to power on a raging flood of human passion. It is the prerogative of genius to press into its service the succession of circumstances, to make them subserve its high purposes, and bow to its invincible spirit. All those illustrious characters who have risen to the loftiest heights of intellectual fame, and all those Christian philanthropists who have accomplished great and blessed things in ameliorating human misery, have achieved their noble deeds by making the circumstances of the age and country in which they lived, subservient to their exalted purposes. A distinguished writer has justly remarked: 'Men of great and strong powers of mind, who are destined to mould the age in which they live, must first mould themselves upon it. Mahomet, born twelve centuries later and in the heart of Europe, would not have been a false prophet, nor would a false prophet of the present generation have been a Mahomet in the sixth century.'

This adaptation to the circumstances of the age and country in which one lives, this promptly seizing upon propitious events as

they roll, is a mark of genius and the secret of success. Whoever, then, would achieve anything worthy a noble and generous mind, let him narrowly watch the tide in human affairs about him; let him nerve his powers and direct them steadily, and with undaunted energy to the accomplishment of some wise purpose; and soon the moving current of events will cast up its opportunities and advantages around him, and guide him on to a glorious and triumphant issue.

The circumstances and spirit of the present age are peculiarly favorable to the development of the female mind. Such is the state of society and public sentiment at the present time in our country, that woman may reach by her influence, all classes, and every department of life. She may speak with a voice which all will hear and regard. Shall that voice be raised in favor of fashion, and frivolity, and the vain pleasures of a fleeting hour? Or shall it speak in favor of intellectual culture, virtue, benevolence, and the claims of the future life?

It is an impressive truth, that circumstances have their influence in the great matter of eternal salvation. In securing this high boon, there are, in the life of every person, golden opportunities, favored moments. There sometimes comes a crisis in a person's history, when whatever he does for his soul, he must do quickly and earnestly. A trivial event sometimes fixes a man's destiny for the future life. When the Spirit of God is wrestling with the conscience, and the mind is vascillating between the choice of God and the world, the slightest circumstance may determine the question. The decision of a single hour, nay, the decision of a single moment, may determine the everlasting destiny of the soul.

When the wide-extending influence of circumstances in the formation and development of character, is considered, it is pleasing to reflect, that the hand of Divine Providence guides the whole. We are not left to the gloomy doctrine of fate. We are not under the necessity of referring all things to chance, but we know that God is on the throne. We know that all events which transpire among the nations, and all the circumstances which attend any of the race in this state of moral discipline, are ordered in Divine wisdom, and are intimately connected with the advancement of the great scheme of human redemption.

*Northbridge, Mass.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

FESTUS. — A Poem, by Philip J. Bailey. Boston: B. B. Mussey.

This poem, which occupies more than 400 pages, was written by a young lawyer of England, of about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. The plot is as follows: Lucifer takes Festus to heaven, thence to the earth, and thence to hell, and then again to the earth. The theology of the poem is a compound of all sorts of absurdities and follies. Satan is represented as one of the principal agents, if not the most important in accomplishing the Divine will, and he and all his angels are ultimately to be converted and saved.

Although considerable praise has been bestowed upon this poem, and from quarters where we should have little expected it, such as James Montgomery, Ebenezer Elliot, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mary Howitt, &c., yet, in our opinion, the poetry is incoherent and very deficient in rhythm. As for the 'exuberance of thought and imagery, and richness of imagination and force of expression,' spoken of by the above-named persons, we confess ourself as not able to discover them.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S GUIDE TO THE DOCTRINES AND DUTIES OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

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Published and for sale by Hill & Brodhead, 17 Cornhill.

THE WORLD'S SALVATION. By Rev. Enoch Pond of Bangor, Me. Boston: Published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society.

'The object aimed at in this work is, to unfold the principles and obligations of the vast Missionary enterprise; to set forth the teaching of the Bible in regard to it; to present it in various attitudes and lights; to remove hindrances and objections; and to press it home upon the hearts and consciences of the present generation of Christians.'

It is an earnest, intelligent, and eloquent appeal on these subjects, and should be extensively read. Those who desire to extend the Missionary impulse should purchase copies of the work and lend, in all cases where they cannot sell.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST. — Dr. Durbin's work, published a year or two since, entitled, 'Observations in Europe,' was well received by the public. We have here two volumes of Observations in the East, chiefly in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor.

We assure our readers, that the deeply interesting topics brought out in these volumes, and the happy style of the writer, render them uncommonly attractive. We understand that they have found great favor in the public estimation. They richly deserve this favor, and we rejoice to see it so worthily accorded.

The volumes are enriched with two maps, and numerous wood cuts and steel engravings, illustrative of the subject.

Published by the Harpers, and for sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

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Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

'Ay, I had planned full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness — romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness ; and it is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.'

Such were the feelings of Henry Kirke White, one of those rare and gifted spirits, whose writings we peruse with deep interest, from the sympathy we cherish for their author's personal history. In reading the works of some authors, our pleasure in what they have written is often materially abated from the unwelcome recollection of their private character. Their statements of truth may be forcible, their illustrations clear and convincing, but the remembrance of the contradiction which exists between their character and the spirit of their writings, darkens the brightest page, and makes its truth drop pointless and short of the heart. In perusing the works of Kirke White, how different the emotions awakened! The memory of his character is not only welcome, but a sympathy is begotten in the heart of the reader, in view of his untimely fate, that gives to every line he wrote a deep interest.

We have been wont to admire the character and genius of this youthful poet, and have never read a single page of his composition, without being deeply impressed with the exalted endowments which the Creator had conferred upon him. His writings have the very soul of poetry in them, yet there is a vein of pensiveness and melancholy running through them, which calls into exercise the deepest sympathies of the heart. It marked his earliest efforts, and

seemed a kind of premonition of his early death. With a constitution naturally frail, it became still more enfeebled by close and protracted application to his books, and thus he increased his nervous irritability of mind, so apparent in some of the best pieces of his composition. Yet his great susceptibility to nervous affections, doubtless gave to his poems much of the beauty and pathos which, in so eminent a degree, they possess.

But he lived for the future. The bright fancy of youth had created in his bosom many a fond anticipation of future distinction. He early reaped the laurels of his glory in the conceptions of his vivid imagination, and longed for the day, when the goddess of fame would place the chaplet of her honors upon his brow in the presence of the world. But alas! how disappointed. The compiler of his 'Remains' gives one incident of his life, which shows how rapidly he hastened his own steps to an untimely grave. 'It was during his first term,' says he, 'that one of the University scholarships became vacant, and Henry, young as he was in college, and almost self-taught, was advised by those who were best able to estimate his chance of success, to offer himself as a candidate for it. He passed the whole time in preparing himself for this, reading for college subjects in bed, in his walks, or, as he says, where, when, and how he could, never having a moment to spare, and often going to his tutor without having read at all. His strength sunk under this, and though he had declared himself a candidate, he was compelled to decline. But this was not the only misfortune. The general college examination came on. He was utterly unprepared to meet it, and believed that a failure here would have ruined his prospects forever. He had only about a fortnight to read what other men had been the whole term reading. Once more he exerted himself beyond what his shattered health could bear, yet, by the aid of strong medicines, he met his examiners, and was pronounced the first man of his class. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honors; and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honors have proved fatal. He said to his most intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished undergraduate, after the Senate house examination, he would represent her as concealing a death's head under a mask of beauty.'

Thus it was that his life was destroyed, and the world deprived of one of the most gifted minds. A brilliant intellect passed from among men to a higher state of existence, but the error of his course has left its lesson behind, to every ambitious aspirant after earthly distinction. It has taught us that God never sanctions the violation of the laws of health, however great may be the endowments he has conferred upon man, and however laudable the purpose to which he may intend, to devote his acquirements in after life. R.

*Edgartown, Mass., Feb.*, 1846.

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## 'BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.'

We sat us down and wept
Where Babel's waters slept,
And we thought of home and Zion as a long-gone, happy dream;
We hung our harps in air
On the willow boughs, which there,
Gloomy as round a sepulchre, were drooping o'er the stream.

The foes, whose chain we wore,
Were with us on that shore,
Exulting in our tears that told the bitterness of woe.
'Sing us,' they cried aloud,
'Ye, once so high and proud,
The songs ye sang in Zion, ere we laid her glory low.'

And shall the harp of heaven
To Judah's monarch given,
Be touched by captive fingers, or grace a fettered hand?
No! sooner be my tongue
Mute, powerless, and unstrung,
Than its words of holy music make glad a stranger land.

May this right hand, whose skill
Can wake the harp at will,
And bid the listener's joys or griefs in light or darkness come,
Forget its godlike power,
If for one brief, dark hour,
My heart forgets Jerusalem, fallen city of my home!

Daughter of Babylon!
Blest be that chosen one,
Whom God shall send to smite thee when there is none to save;
He from the mother's breast
Shall pluck the babe at rest,
And lay it in the sleep of death beside its father's grave.

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

DURING my residence at Coleshill, Warwickshire, England, I became acquainted with W. W. Walford, the blind preacher, a man of obscure birth and connections, and no education; but of strong mind, and most retentive memory. In the pulpit he never failed to select a lesson well adapted to his subject, giving chapter and verse with unerring precision; and scarcely ever misplacing a word in his repetition of the Psalms, every part of the New Testament, the prophecies, and some of the histories, so as to have the reputation of 'knowing the whole Bible by heart.' He actually sat in the chimney corner, employing his mind in composing a sermon or two for Sabbath delivery, and his hands in cutting, shaping and polishing bones for shoe horns, and other little useful implements. At intervals he attempted poetry. On one occasion, paying him a visit, he repeated two or three pieces, which he had composed, and having no friend at home to commit them to paper, he had laid them up in the storehouse within. 'How will *this* do?' said he, as he repeated the following lines, with a complacent smile, touched with some slight lines of fear, lest he should subject himself to criticism. I rapidly copied the lines with my pencil, as he uttered them.

'Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

'Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Saviour shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

'Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.

And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace;
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

'Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolations share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my heaven, and at the sight,
Put off this robe of flesh, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
Shouting, as I pass through the air,
Farewell! farewell! sweet hour of prayer!'

*N. Y. Observer.*

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## CONVERSATION AND DRESS.

The following is the dying advice of Mrs. Margaret Campbell, wife of Rev. Alexander Campbell. It was spoken to her daughters, in the immediate prospect of death.

MY DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN. — It appears to be the will of our heavenly Father to separate me from you by death. The only desire I have had to live for some time past, was for the good of my family. For myself I could expect to enjoy nothing more on this earth than I have already enjoyed, and, therefore, for my own enjoyment, it is much better for me to be taken away than to continue with you. But I am reconciled to leave you, when I consider that if I continued with you, I could not preserve you from evil. I might, indeed, advise and instruct you; but if you hear not Moses and the prophets, Christ and the apostles, neither would you be persuaded by me.

As to your conversation with one another, when it is not upon the ordinary business of life, let it be on subjects of importance, and which will be beneficial to your mind. I beseech you to avoid that light, foolish, and vain conversation about dress, and fashion, so common among females. Neither let the subject of apparel fill your hearts, nor dwell upon your tongues. You have never heard me do so. Let your apparel be sober, clean, and modest; but avoid everything vain and fantastic. If persons wish to recommend themselves to the vain and giddy, they will dress and adorn themselves to please such persons; but as I would deplore the idea of

your either choosing or approving such companions, I would caution you and entreat you to avoid the conversation, manners, and apparel, which would attract the attention of such persons. They are poor companions in sickness and death; they are no helpmeets in the toils and sorrows of life, and, therefore, we ought not to study to please them in the days of youth and health. I never desired to please such persons; if I had, my lot might have been, and, no doubt, would have been far different. No, my dear children, I chose the course which I now approve, and which, when leaving the world, I recommend to you. And I am sure you can never be more happy in any other course, than I have been in that which I now recommend to you. Persons of discernment, men and women of good understanding, and of good education, will approve you; and it is among these, in the society of these, with such company, I wish you to live and die. I have often told you, when in health, of the vain pursuits, and unprofitable vanities of some females who have spent the prime and vigor of their lives in the servile pursuits of fashion, and have grown gray in the service; and where and what are they now?

Let these be as beacons to you. I, therefore, entreat you neither to think of, nor pursue, nor talk, upon such subjects. Strive only to approve yourselves to God, and to commend yourselves to the discerning, the intelligent, the pious. Seek their society, consult their taste, and endeavor to make yourselves worthy of their esteem. I cannot speak to you much more. I have already, and upon various occasions, suggested to you other instructions, which I cannot now repeat. As the Saviour, when last addressing his disciples, commanded and entreated them to love one another, so I beseech you to love one another. It is scarcely necessary, I hope, to exhort you to this; nevertheless, I will mention it to you, and beg of you, all your lives through, to love one another, and to seek to make each other happy by all the means in your power.

I commend you to God and to the word of his grace; to Him who is able to edify you, and to give you an inheritance among all that are sanctified. That we may all meet together in the heavenly kingdom is my last prayer for you; and as you desire it, remember the words of him who is the way, the truth, and the life. Amen.

## PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

THE Knickerbocker gives the following specimen of pulpit eloquence, from a sermon delivered not many years since, by the Rev. John N. Maffit:

He commenced with the text — 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' In his pictures of youth and age, and of the sole consolation — 'the one thing needful' — which could sustain both, he broke forth in the following sublime emblem:

'My friends, as I look down from this advantageous eminence upon the different mortal ages that appear before me — upon cheeks painted with the rosy blossoms of childhood, and lips redolent with the fragrance of spring — when I contrast them with the corrugated lineaments and snow-sprinkled temples of age, my mind labors with a fearful comparison. I contrast the full veins and fair-moulded features of childhood with the thin and shrivelled aspects of declining years, and liken them to the scenes we meet with on the broad ocean of existence. In our better days, we leave the land of pleasant youth in a fairy bark; the sunshine laughs on the pennon, and trembles on the sail; the sweet wind refreshes our nostrils from the flowery shore, the blue vistas delight our eyes, the waves dance in brightness beneath our keel; the skies smile above us, the sea around us, and land behind us as it recedes; and before a track of golden brightness seems to herald our way. Time wears on — and the shore fades to the view. The bark and its inmates are alone upon the ocean. The sky becomes clouded — the invisible winds sweep with a hollow murmur along the deep — the sun sinks like a mass of blood over the waters, which rise and tremble in mad confusion through the wide radius of storm — the clouds, like gloomy curtains, are lifting from afar. The sails are rent; broken cordage streams and whistles to the tempest; the waves like molten mountains break upon the half-merged and shuddering deck; masts are rent to splinters, the seaman is washed from the wheel. Cries of terror and anguish mingle with the remorseless dash of billows, and the howling thunder and storm. The foundered boat sinks as she plunges — the deck is breaking. 'God of mercy! *who* shall appear for the rescue? Men and brethren — aid is near at hand. Through the rifts of the tempest, beaming over the tumultuous

waters, moves a pavilion of golden light. The midnight is waiting; gushes of radiance sparkle in the foam; a towering form smiles on the eyes of the despairing voyagers, encircled with a halo of glory. It is the Saviour of man — it is the ark of the covenant! It moves onward — the waves rush back on either hand — and over a track of calm expanse the ark is borne. Who steps from its tide and walks over the deep as upon land? It is the great Captain of our salvation — the mighty to save! He rescues the drowning from death, the hopeless from gloom. He stills the fury of the tempest, and for the spirit of mourning, he gives the song of rejoicing, and the garments of praise. Ark of the covenant! roll this way! We are sinking in the deep waters, and there is none to deliver! Let the prayer be offered, and it will save us all.'

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## ON THE DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THEY laid him down with strangers; for his home
Was with the setting sun, and they who stood
And looked so steadfastly upon his grave,
Were not his kindred; but they found him there,
And loved him for his ministry of Christ.
He had died young. But there are silvered heads,
Whose race of duty is less nobly run.
His heart was with Jerusalem; strong
As was a mother's love and the sweet ties
Religion makes so beautiful at home,
He flung them from him in his eager race,
And sought the broken people of his God,
To preach to them of JESUS. There was one,
Who was his friend and helper. One who went
And knelt beside him at the sepulchre
Where Jesus slept, to pray for Israel.
They had one spirit, and their hearts were knit
With more than human love. God called him home
And he of whom I spake stood up alone,
And in his broken-heartedness wrought on
Until his Master called him.

O, is it not a noble thing to die
As dies the Christian, with his armor on?
What is the hero's clarion, though its blast
Ring with the mastery of a world, to this?
What are the searching victories of mind —
The lore of vanished ages? What are all
The trumpeting of proud humanity,
To the short history of him who made
His sepulchre beside the King of kings?

# LITERARY NOTICES.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. — This popular work has passed into the hands of Waite, Peirce & Co., of this city, by whom it will hereafter be published.

The Living Age is a miscellany, embracing the best articles from the English and American Quarterlies and Monthlies, but chiefly from the former.

The work is highly recommended by the late Judge Story, by Chancellor Kent, Jared Sparks, and William H. Prescott.

The price is 12 1-2 cents per number, or $5 per year.

INDIAN MELODIES. — N. York City. Published by G. Lane & C. B. Tippett.

This is a thin music book of the usual form, containing 116 pages, and 123 tunes, all written by Thomas Commuck, a Narragansett Indian, residing in Wisconsin Territory. He states that the composition of these tunes occupied his attention for the space of seven years; and also, that, in learning the art of singing, scientifically, he had to encounter and overcome difficulties alone, unaided by any instruction, except what he could obtain by simply reading the rules contained in the few musical works to which he had access. The tunes are named from noted Indian chiefs, Indian females, Indian names of places, &c.

For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

THE CONQUEST OF INDIA BY THE CHURCH. By Rev. S. B. Munger, Missionary at Ahmednugger. Published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. Boston: No. 13, Cornhill.

In this work, we have the religious and moral character of the Hindoos portrayed; an estimate of the Missionary force in India; and an earnest and solemn inquiry why more good has not been accomplished in the Missionary enterprise.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. — Published by Harper & Brothers.

This edition of this deservedly popular work is the cheapest, taking into the account its illustrations, ever published. There are fifty beautiful wood cuts, executed in the highest perfection of the art, from the designs by Chapman, Harvey, and others. Eighty-two pages are occupied with a life of Bunyan, by Southey. The short, marginal notes, originally used by Bunyan, are retained, and likewise the Scripture references. It contains, also, a *fac simile* of Bunyan's hand-writing, and his signature.

For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co. Price, 75 cents.

METHOD OF GRACE. — By Rev. John Flavel. Published by the American Tract Society.

Rev. John Flavel, a sound old English divine, died in 1691. The '*Method of Grace*' is an elaborate work, showing how the Holy Spirit applies to the souls of men the eternal redemption contrived by the Father and accomplished by the Son. This excellent treatise is replete with valuable religious instruction.

LIFE IN EARNEST; or Christian Activity and Ardor, illustrated and commended. Philadelphia. Published by the American Sabbath School Union.

The impressive and earnest strain of appeal in this little book, is deduced from Paul's comprehensive direction, '*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*' It should be read repeatedly by every professor of religion.

AIDS TO ENGLISH COMPOSITION, prepared for Students of all grades. By Richard G. Parker, A. M. New York City: Harper & Brothers.

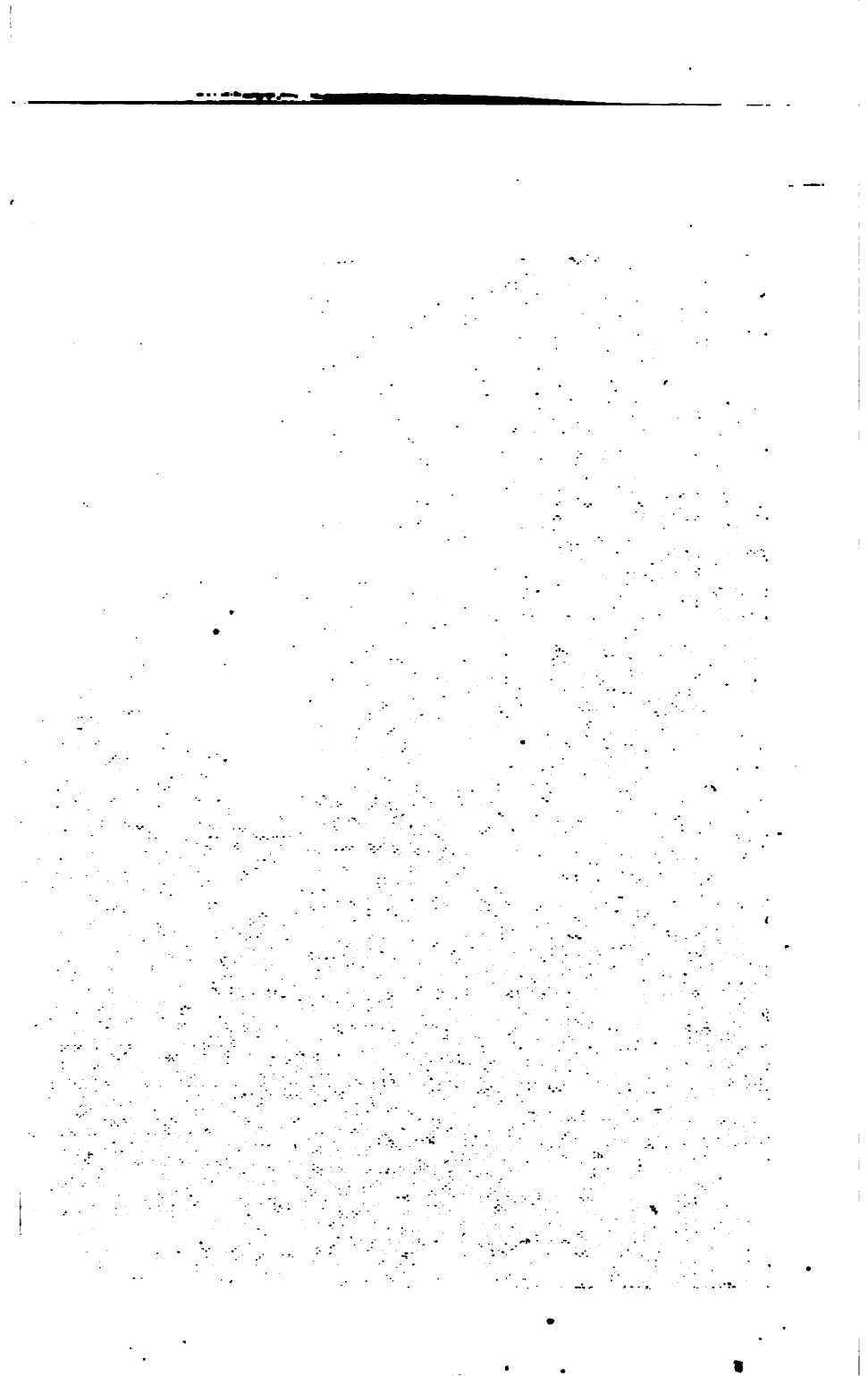
The gentleman who has presented the public with this book is an accomplished teacher of one of the grammar schools of this city. It contains 429 pages, and must have been the result of much labor and application. We are pleased to see that the author uses the inductive system, the only proper system in the construction of all school books. The Chapter on Poetry and Versification, which occupies 70 pages, is especially valuable. This is an indispensable work for the adult student. For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

# 'LET NOT GRIEF AND PAIN ANNOY.'

From Musical Class Book. Volkswheise

2 Short, O short our life 'tis true,
Much too short for sorrow;
What is good enjoy to-day,
Wait not for to-morrow.

3 See how brightly bloom the flowers,
Fresh each leaf is growing;
They wilt not, because in Fall
Chilling winds are blowing.



THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. VIII. MARCH, 1846. No. 3.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## PRIZE ESSAY.

### JOURNAL OF A WEEK.

BY MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

MR. EDITOR,—My uncle James was, early in life, devotedly attached to an amiable and excellent young lady. She died within a week of the time appointed for their nuptials. He never married. This great misfortune, through the divine blessing, made him a religious man, not merely by profession, but sincerely and consistently, a religious man.

My uncle was 'a perfect gentleman of the old school;' a great admirer of 'womankind,' and chivalrous in defending what he conceived to be their rights. He was a keen, and yet not uncharitable observer of his numerous married acquaintances, and the mode in which they educated their families. Withal, he was as affectionate and genial in his disposition, as if no cloud had darkened the morning of his life.

The Journal, in which he recorded his observations of men and things, is in my possession. A few pages, will, I trust, bear transplanting into your excellent Miscellany.

*Saturday Evening, May* 15. Arrived at Cincinnati this afternoon. Niece Martha came down to the gate to meet me, with her two pretty little girls, Daisy and Jane, dressed like puppets. Inquired the cause. They were just trying on their new bonnets and dresses to be ready for Sunday. So said their mother, by way of apology, for their being so over-dressed.

Daisy's frock did not exactly fit. Dressmaker sent for and rated soundly. Obliged to take it home and alter it, although she said she had so much work to do that she could not finish it all till 12 o'clock that night, and must carry it home on Sunday morning.

Martha's voice was not the gentlest, while talking with the unfortunate handicraft-woman, and I was compelled to hear the colloquy in the next room. The dress-maker's voice was sorrowful, — Oh, how sorrowful! It reminded me of Hood's lines:

'Work — work — work,
In the dull December light;
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

'Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart —
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Would hinder the needle and thread.'

*Monday Morning.* On Sunday, nobody stirred in the house till very late in the morning. Had a quiet time for reading and meditation.

'Sweet day! so calm, so bright.'

Martha apologized for omitting family prayers, saying, that she was indulgent to her domestics on the day of rest, as they were very weary with the labors of the week. Daisy and Jane ran from the breakfast-table to the window, every time they heard any one pass, on the look-out for the dress-maker. When breakfast was over, she had not arrived, and Martha scolded about the laziness and unfaithfulness of work-people. Daisy was crying.

'It is too bad, for I wanted to send the children to Sunday school,' said Martha.

I asked if Daisy could not wear the frock she had on — it seemed to me quite good enough.

Martha smiled with suppressed contempt, the children giggled, and Jane the younger, who seems about ten years old, went behind my back and mimicked me in the most ridiculous manner; I saw her in the mantel-glass. My stiff neck was caricatured in such a droll style, that I was ready to smile myself. Martha shook her head reprovingly, but laughed in such a way as to counteract the reproof.

A loud ring at the door. The children flew down, for it was the dress-maker. Heard that mournful voice, expressing regret that work must be brought home on the Sabbath. The 'church-going' bells were already sounding an invitation to Sunday school.

Daisy and Jane came down just at the last stroke, and walked into the parlor, to make their *manners* to the old uncle. They looked like a couple of spread fans, with handles inverted. Laces, ribbons, ruffles, flowers, — enough to furnish a country milliner's show-box. All for Sunday school!

I meant to have spoken to niece Martha about the sin of bringing home work on Sunday, but she was in haste to dress for church.

She came down as blooming as a girl of sixteen — that is, in attire; dress and bonnet, pink as pink could be. I was about to ask how many years it took carnations in that climate, to blossom out in full; thirty-five or forty years?

Very glad that I did not.

Really ashamed as I followed Martha up the broad aisle, to be escorted by such a full-blown belle. The way she swung off was, as John Gilpin would have said,

> Just like a trundling mop,
> Or a wild-goose at play.

When seated, her air was prim and devout; her face elongated an inch or two, her mouth drawn up in a very peculiar manner. Alas! for modern Pharisees; they have no need of broad phylacteries to designate them.

The children read their Sunday school books all prayer-time, and talked, unchecked by their mother, all sermon-time. But then, she was listening with great apparent interest to a favorite popular preacher, and I observed that her lace-edged pocket-handkerchief was often raised to her eyes.

During the dinner, (which was a sumptuous one, notwithstanding the rest required for servants,) the children counted up all the new bonnets that had that day come out — thirty or forty. One was old-fashioned; another, frightful; yellow was horrid for Mrs. C. and blue for Miss G. The mother, meantime, was conversing with me very religiously, but the off ear drank in these criticisms with avidity; indeed, they were remarkable from such young girls, showing alarming precocity in taste.

The lengthened and luxurious dinner over, it was again time for church. When there, the children arranged themselves comfortably and went to sleep; their mother rested her head upon the front of the pew, and was not disturbed by their snoring, although it was quite audible.

Coming out of church, she extolled the preacher in a loud voice, speaking rapturously of the sermon, but had unfortunately forgotten both the text and the topic of the discourse. On arriving home, the children were summoned to say their catechism. Seemingly refreshed by their long siesta, they gabbled it over with rail-road speed, apparently not understanding a word of it. When they had completed the task, Martha gave each of them a paper of candy, calling them good girls, very nice girls.

Daisy kindly offered me some of the sweet gift, but Jane cranched hers down, looking at me with the most impertinent stare, meditating, I was sure, some mischief.

After tea, Martha asked me to close the day with prayer. I knelt down, and in the most solemn manner commended my widowed niece and her children to the care of their Heavenly Father. I prayed earnestly for their conversion to God; and yet, I trust, I did not pray *at* them, but *for* them.

When I afterward attempted to rise from my kneeling posture, I found much difficulty in so doing. The skirt of my coat was pinned to the edge of my pantaloons and rents were made in both garments, while extricating myself from this awkward position. While thus occupied, the children ran off and I heard a tittering upon the stair-case. I began to expostulate with Martha, but she said the bell was ringing for evening service and she would inquire into it the next morning. She proposed that I should change my dress. I had brought no other suit. Then I had better wear a cloak. No; it was too warm.

Martha was shockingly mortified to go to church with a ragged uncle, and when we were at the door, proposed to take a low seat, but being somewhat hard of hearing, occasionally, I preferred to go up the aisle to her own seat near the pulpit, and led the way, opening the pew-door for her, while she looked quite discomfited.

Was this a Christian Sabbath? That blessed day of rest in which the soul plumes her wings for Heaven? Where was its spirituality? In what was its 'delight?' Was this a Christian

household? Such were my unavoidable questionings, before retiring to rest.

*Tuesday Morning.* Intending to rise at my usual hour, found myself unable to do so. Coat and pantaloons missing. Seven o'clock struck, eight — nine — ten. The waiter then brought in my garments, saying he had taken them to the tailor's to be mended, and they were just returned. Determined to give Martha a very serious lecture. On going below to my solitary breakfast, found she had been out for some hours. When she returned, had no opportunity, as she had invited a dinner-party, and was very busy making preparations. Went out to view the city, and, as I had taken so late a breakfast, made it serve for dinner, and did not return till evening.

Martha expressed much chagrin, as she had invited company on my account. Sorry to have disappointed her, but trust the day was more profitably spent. Beside, I must confess that I was too much ruffled by the events of the morning to have been very agreeable at the dinner-table.

*Tuesday Evening.* Martha insisted that I should go with her and the children to dancing-school. I consider dancing, in itself, a harmless and a healthful exercise. Wondered, however, that they should go in the evening, when youthful heads should be on their refreshing pillows.

Great was my astonishment to find myself at a fancy-ball. The children dressed as flower-girls, shepherdesses, Swiss peasants, Greek slaves, and what not. Poor things! Farewell to all simple, childlike enjoyment for them! Display, display — nothing else will satisfy their vitiated taste. The most fantastic dancing, too, — twisting their little limbs into most unnatural contortions, and their faces, not like childhood, sweet and innocent childhood, but assuming the affected smile and the disgusting leer. *O tempore, O mores!* Sick at heart, I could not stay to see the end of this exhibition of vanity nursery, as good old Baxter might have called it, where envy, jealousy and hate have a precocious growth. As I returned home by the bright, clear moon, how pure and lovely her light fell upon the beautiful elms, as they waved to and fro in the evening breeze. Fashion, cruel enchantress, of how much real enjoyment are thy votaries wrongfully deprived; shut up in heated rooms; dazzled by the broad, sickly glare of myriads of lamps!

It was past midnight when the carriage rattled up to the door with Martha and her weary children.

*Wednesday.* Arose at my usual early hour, and on going down stairs, heard a lively strain of music from the piano, accompanied by weeping and sobbing. Strange contrariety! Opened the door and found Daisy was the performer; the tears streaming down her pale cheeks and blinding her eyes, so that she could scarcely see the notes.

'That is a doleful accompaniment to merry music,' said I.

The instrument stopped, but the weeping and sobbing increased to an alarming degree, Daisy covering her face with both hands.

'Poor child! what is the matter?' I asked, laying my hand soothingly upon her head. It was some time before she replied — 'I am so sick, and so sleepy.'

'Then do go to bed again, child; you were out very late, and need more rest.'

'But, mamma says I must practise, for I have got to play this piece for company to-night. We are going to have a musical party. Oh, Sir, I hate music, and wish I might never see a piano again, I am so tired of practising!'

I was near being angry, to think of this poor child's being deprived of needful sleep, and needful exercise, to prepare for another exhibition.

Martha came down, and finding that Daisy had been complaining, scolded her severely, telling her she had no ambition, and 'the Mavors and Bernots would play so much better than she, that it would be dreadfully mortifying — Oh, shamefully so!'

Intending to take a private opportunity for giving Martha some wholesome advice, I forbore making any comments.

Poor Daisy could not eat a morsel of breakfast, but, stimulated by the application to her vanity, she commenced playing again as soon as we had finished, and Martha went to make preparations for the evening's entertainment. Daisy left off, as I was about to quit the room, and, running up to me, said in a sweet and subdued tone,

'Will you forgive me, Sir, for being so rude to you, since you have been here? Last Sunday evening in particular, when I laughed at Jane's very naughty behavior.'

This was so unexpected, that my old heart throbbed for joy. I freely forgave the dear child, at the same time telling her she must

ask forgiveness of the high and holy One toward whom she had shown irreverence, while we were engaged in an act of worship.

Seeing how very pale she was, I advised her to try and get a little nap, and I would excuse her to her mother. She left the room gladly, to follow this advice. Martha soon came in, and I made the promised apology and went to my room.

Very soon, I heard the same lively air upon the piano. Alas! how insatiate a demon is pride! The dread of the Mavors and the Bernots had rendered a mother as cruel as a heartless task-master.

The evening came, and with it a *jam*, called a Select Musical Party. The Mavors and the Bernots played finely, and were loudly applauded. Martha was all anxiety for Daisy. The fate of empires could hardly have produced more excitement. The child took her seat at the piano, and laid her trembling fingers upon the keys. Vague and indistinct were the tones which followed. Her eyes were suddenly blinded, so that not a note was perceptible. She fainted and fell into my arms.

I carried her into her own little chamber, and laid the helpless child upon the bed. How like a lily she looked, her face as white as the pillow, and her hands drooping by her side!

In a few moments she showed signs of returning animation, and Martha flew to the company, begging them not to be alarmed, as it was only a slight faintness, upon which they continued the amusements of the evening, as if nothing had happened. With the assistance of a kind friend who left the gay scene below, I attended the poor child, who went from one fainting fit to another for two or three hours, and then a high fever followed.

As I left her for the night, she laid her burning little hand in mine, and sweetly thanked me for my kindness. I entreated Martha to send for a physician immediately.

She thought it was not advisable, and attributed Daisy's illness entirely to her diffidence and anxiety, in consequence of being considered Signor Palazzi's best scholar, lest she should not sustain her reputation.

*Thursday.* Before dawn, I heard the rushing of hasty feet, and suppressed, anxious voices. On going down stairs, found the family physician had just arrived. Poor Daisy was in a raging fever, and quite delirious.

The doctor expressed regret that he was not summoned the pre-

ceding day. The attack had been induced by exposure after the extreme fatigue of the fancy-ball. I asked him privately, what the result would be. He shook his head mournfully, and replied, 'very doubtful.'

Jane was immediately despatched to the country for fear of contagion. Martha is too much agitated to be able to administer to the suffering child, who raves constantly of the Polka, the Rory O'Moore Quick Step, the Mavors, and the Bernots.

Nobody with her but a hired nurse, and not a kind, tender nurse either. I went often into the room, and then retired to pray for the afflicted one. Ah! I could have loved that dear child. She had the elements of a noble character, but they were not brought out by the fostering hand of earnest piety.

Martha is terrified at the ravings of her child, and fears to approach the bedside. It is appalling to find no remedies which will alleviate this fierce fever, this burning thirst.

*Friday.* No one could now possibly recognize the bright, pretty Daisy, who danced with such spirit and grace last Monday night. No ray of reason yet visits her darkened mind. Martha screamed and went into violent hysterics on seeing her this morning.

The good physician looks very sorrowful, as if it were exceedingly painful to him, to see this young flower 'passing away;' already beyond the reach of medical skill. Martha's lamentations may be heard all over the house. 'I cannot lose my child — I cannot. She is so bright, so promising — my pride and my idol! It would be cruel to take her away!' Woman, did God give her to you for an idol? Did he commit her to your care that you might make her an object for the gratification of your own sinful vanity?

This I did not say to the stricken woman. I could not utter a word in her presence. I could have prayed with and for her, but she was not calm enough to seek this refuge from her wild grief.

*Saturday.* Called up very early. Daisy had asked for me. I hastened to her room, but found her insensible; she was dying! Martha came in, and casting one look at the child, shrieked out, — 'She shall not die! Do send for a council of physicians!'

I told her gently, that it was too late. 'Too late — too late? It cannot be.' Going to the bedside, she laid her hand upon the brow of her child, and the cold dew of death was there! The soul

had gone to its Maker. I closed the 'blue-veined eyelids' over those poor, staring eyes that had so lately looked lovingly upon me.

Was it manly, was it Christian, to weep? 'Jesus wept.'

'Martha is inconsolable, unresigned. All things are dark to unsanctified sorrow. Faith must be the very 'substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen,' to yield consolation at such a trying hour. Hope must have fixed her anchor within the vail. A mere profession of religion brings now no consolation.

A flaring, showy profession is the wick without oil; it burns not when the bridegroom cometh, though it for a moment deceived others by its transient, flickering glare. Oil burns with a steady light.

*Sunday Morning.* How solemn and hushed is the house of death! It is good for me to be here. 'The young may die; the old must.' Am I ready to inhabit the mansion prepared for me by a Saviour's love? God grant that my daily life may answer this question.

Martha has not yet seen the beautiful remains of her lovely Daisy. There lies the marble corpse, still and cold, with one white rose-bud clasped in the delicate hand. 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,'—those remains will soon have that dread sentence passed upon them.

*Sunday Evening.* Every word from the lips of the messenger of God came with new force to my heart to-day. Last Sunday was *the last time* to poor little Daisy and is probably the last time to some who heard to-day. Oh, that we might be wise, that we may all consider how near we stand to the gates of the grave!

Those gates Daisy has passed. The heavy earth has fallen upon her coffin.

But Martha, she is not comforted, as are those who lean upon an Almighty arm. She cannot meekly bow the head and say with the Shunamite, 'It is well.' Again and again has she been taught, by the most sorrowful teachings, not to set her heart upon earthly things. All in vain. She has wealth, youth, fashion, station in society, but do these comfort her now? Her heart would reply, 'miserable comforters are ye all,' and yet, there is nothing for which she would relinquish them. Poor, mistaken woman! When the hour of death comes, will they go with her through the dark valley? Will they lead her gently to a heavenly home? From the depths of my soul I pity and pray for her. I must leave her to-morrow, and as I cannot say to her all I would, I will write her a few lines of solemn advice and warning.

DEAR NIECE,

There are promises, precious promises in the Bible, made to the widow and the fatherless. Will you not claim those sweet promises, by humbly submitting to the Divine will, and bowing before the rod with deep repentance?

You have one child yet, although Mary is not, and James is not, and Daisy is not. Gone, all gone but one.

Train this one for Heaven. Say farewell to the vain hopes of earth.

I must be honest and perfectly sincere, Martha, and you must receive my counsel as it is offered, in love.

Train this child for Heaven. In order to do so, fix your own hopes steadfastly there. Not only wish to *appear* a Christian, but *be one* in heart and soul; a true follower of Jesus Christ.

In education nothing can be so pernicious as inconsistency. It is the worst traitor in the camp, next to downright hypocrisy. He who plays Fast and Loose, is a most undesirable *adherent* to any cause. It is no adherence at all. Your child had better be under the care of one who professes no religion, than of one whose life is a bundle of contradictions.

She will reason, and reason justly — 'My mother has renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and yet who loves them better? *She is not truthful.*

Once lose her confidence, and your influence over her for good is at an end. The sacred bond is severed, the golden chain which bound her is broken.

Pointing two ways to a traveller would never do, when showing him the road. Pointing to Heaven with one uplifted finger, and looking downward, grasping with eagerness earth's gems, is not the attitude for a Christian mother. She might as well attempt to teach Astronomy, by pointing to the stones and pebbles upon the beaten highway.

No, Martha, you cannot lead your child straight forward in the path of duty and happiness, unless you have yourself left those things which are behind and are pressing onward toward 'the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

It is a 'high calling,' and let your child be taught that it is so. Let her know that the service of God is not a drudgery, a bondage, but a delight.

Tell her, that religion is for this life as well as the life to come. That it has its pure joys even here. It teaches to deny 'all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly and righteously,' that the law of holiness is the law of happiness, and the nearer we come to the fulfilment of this law, the happier we shall be.

Tell your only one, frankly, that you have been in error; that you have not been a consistent professor of religion; and that henceforth, your example shall be a safer guide to her youth. In doing this be earnest and sincere. I entreat you, however, to be cheerful in giving up what you conceive to be dangerous. Do not lead her to suppose, that God has left nothing on this earth for his children to enjoy. The world, the glorious world, though it speaks by its earthquakes, its volcanoes, its thunders and lightnings in a terrible voice, to the sinner forgetful of God and duty, this same world has sweet and beautiful things, to offer to God's own children. Not the humblest flower that grows, but speaks to his heart of his heavenly Father. The sense of the beautiful is quickened, and the Christian, whether he looks up to the glorious host of Heaven, or upon the green fields of earth, has eyes which have been anointed by the Holy Spirit. Most emphatically can he say,

'I see a hand you cannot see.'

Then, the glorious pleasure of doing good, the pleasure of angels! Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation?

Early teach your child this richest source of enjoyment. May she learn to follow the example of that blessed Redeemer, whose tenderness and sympathy the Gospel portrays.

'He prays well, who loveth well,
Both man, and bird, and beast.'

A sweet, loving nature is, in itself, a source of happiness. 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' Our love to man must be in one sense, the exponent of our love to God, as it is the demonstration of it.

In short, my dear Martha, seek for your pleasures in religion itself. The world has nothing to bestow which can equal them, and when you come at last to give up all else, they will remain. The soul, being fitted here for its highest enjoyment, is ready for the joys of Heaven.

To you is entrusted the education of 'a moral, responsible and immortal being.' What a task! Some one has said that it was 'enough to crush an archangel,' and the reply from a venerable minister of Christ was, 'No; not enough to crush even a feeble woman, since God has promised to strengthen and sustain her.'

In conclusion, allow me to offer you a few general principles on this subject, which seem to me to lie at the foundation.

1. *Prevention is better than cure;* therefore, begin early and keep out the weeds; if allowed to grow, there will be no room for the 'flowers of loveliness.'

2. *Example is better than precept.* Paley says, 'A good parent's first care is, to be virtuous himself; his second, to make his virtues as easy and engaging to those about him as their nature will admit. Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners.'

4. *Beware of short-sighted views.* Look to the end, in all the course of training, — the matured character; and fix right and true associations.

5. *Fix good habits.* It is far easier to act according to early habits, than to remember rules and precepts.

6. Keep in mind a *just estimate* of the importance of that part of education, which is only for this world. Something belongs to us merely as human beings, but whatever devolves upon us as duty, should be well performed.

Remember always, that the higher, the nobler part of the being — the soul, is to be educated for eternity.

You have my sympathy, dear Martha, and will continue to have my prayers.

May God mercifully guide and support you, and may this present chastening, which indeed 'seemeth grievous, work out for you in the end, an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

Faithfully, your uncle JAMES.

*Roxbury, Mass.*, 1846.

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### GOD, THE CHIEF GOOD.

THOU art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest — Eternal Word!
From Thee departing, we are lost, and rove
At random, without honor, hope, or end.

# LITERARY NOTICES.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. Published by the American Tract Society.

Doctor Olinthus Gregory, whose reputation is well known, as a man of letters, is the author of this work. Four editions have been published in London. It purports to be 'Letters to a Friend on the Evidences, Doctrines, and Duties of the Christian Religion.' There are twenty-two letters. The first eleven of these were actually addressed to a sceptical gentleman, a young friend of the Doctor, and were read in manuscript by him.

The work is written with great logical clearness and skill, and has, already, been productive of much good.

For sale at No. 28, Cornhill.

THE LOST LAMB, and other Tales. By Rev. Joseph Alden, D. D. Boston: Benjamin Perkins & Co., 1846.

An attractive book for children. There are six tales, but the Lost Lamb is the principal one. The whole is designed to impart invaluable instruction to children, under the guise of familiar conversational and captivating tales.

THE LAMBS FED. By the same publisher. Second Edition. A most useful book for parents who have young children. There is a catechism of short questions and answers on nineteen different religious subjects; also a passage of scripture, a stanza of poetry and a short prayer accompanying the questions.

HISTORY OF MUSIC IN NEW ENGLAND; with Biographical Sketches of Reformers and Psalmists. By George Hood. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. 1846.

To the general reader, but especially to the musician, this is a very interesting book. It is not only a history of Music in New England from its settlement, but also, a history of Psalmody. Many curious facts are brought out in relation to the psalms and hymns sung, and the manner of singing them, among the early Christians in New England.

The work is one of great labor and research.

THE WEDDING GIFT. This is one of the beautiful miniature volumes of Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. It comprises *The Marriage Ring;* or how to make Home happy, and *The Family Circle;* its Affections and Pleasures.

The titles sufficiently indicate the contents of the volumes. They are rich in sound instruction and beautiful sentiment.

LIFE OF BUNYAN. By Stephen B. Wickens. Second Edition. New York City. Published by Lane & Tippett.

This is a small octavo of 344 pages, but sufficiently large to embrace all of general interest in the life of Bunyan. Philips' Life and Times of Bunyan is tediously prolix. This is embellished with wood cuts, and is, on the whole, the best life of Bunyan we have ever seen.

For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. — Waite, Peirce & Co., Publishers, No. 1. Cornhill.

John Quincy Adams says of this publication, 'Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science, which abound in Europe and this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. Although it contains the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, yet this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.'

# 'EVENING TWILIGHT.'

FROM JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL.

mp
Dim.
1. Night is stealing—softly sail-ing, From be-hind the mountain
Cres.
pine; Lu - na comes to calm the hour; Soothing
mp
pow - er—soothing pow - er, In her beams the weary find.

2 From the mountains, forests, fountains,
Softly fades the light of day;
Only round yon fir-clad summit,
Heavenward soaring,
Lingers yet one golden ray.

3 Evening breezes, incense breathing,
Murmur through the linden grove;
Nearer now the curtain closes,
Man reposes
In the arms of heavenly love.

THE

# YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## PLEASING PROSPECTS SADLY BLASTED.

BY REV. H. CLARK.

FRETFULNESS is a habit of a pernicious character, but, like all other evil habits, it is unnecessary and may be cured. Habit, indulged, gathers strength in a triplicate ratio, until, at length, it becomes so powerful that it is only by a mighty effort we can shake it off, though at the first it might have been comparatively weak. An evil thought, cherished, may originate a train of thought, and induce a course of action, which will not only render the individual himself unhappy, but be a curse to all with whom he associates.

Habits do not commonly become fixed in an hour or a day. It usually requires a long time, and repeated indulgence to rivet a habit permanently, but a moment is sufficient to set an incipient influence in operation, which will eventually be like a powerful current, sweeping with destructive force.

The rude, unthinking boy, who, with his jumping-stick, forms a small channel for the water across the top of a gravel dam, anticipates no evil results; but when the liquid, wearing away particle after particle, gradually opens a passage for the whole current, and the mighty pent-up mass rushes onward, destroying life and property in its course, he sees that small things are sometimes of great consequence. The hunter as the ignited wad of tow escapes from his musket and alights in a forest bed, may think all is safe, and it is not until he sees the flames ravaging and desolating the country around, that he realizes that there is danger in carelessness and neglect. So we may think our incipient evil habits are of small consequence, and yield ourselves to their sway, when, in

fact, those very habits are every hour sapping the foundation of virtuous principle, and incapacitating us for usefulness and happiness; and we may awake from our vain self-confidence, to find that we have hardly moral power enough left to break away from their meshes.

The pirate, on the high seas, when a youth, did not dream of such high-hand iniquity; his soul revolted from the idea, and it was only after the imagination had become familiar with conceptions of vice and crime, and he had repeatedly committed smaller offences, that he engaged in his career of blood; but now his moral sensibilities have become so obtuse, that he feels little or no compunction while taking the life of his fellow-man.

The principle illustrated in the foregoing remarks, with perhaps some slight modifications, applies universally in the case of evil habits. They are small and weak at the first, but 'grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength,' increasing in intensity and power, until they become like a mighty stream, escaped only by great exertion. It therefore behooves all who have contracted evil habits to shake them off in their infancy, ere their moral power becomes fettered as with a chain of iron.

Fretfulness, it has been already said, is an evil habit, and, like all other evil habits, weak in the outset, and more easily shaken off then than at any subsequent stage. Whoever is conscious of having this habit and neglects to rid himself of it, does himself incalculable injury. Ill health, or many cares and perplexities may be urged as an excuse by some, but this, though plausible, is in reality, a subterfuge; the divine Providence never placing us in circumstances in which we cannot cherish and cultivate a gentle and quiet spirit.

The things about which most people complain and murmur are not worth fretting about, even if it were justifiable; and were they of ever so great magnitude, they could have no excuse for this practice. It is not only impugning divine Providence, but is an exhibition of irritability and unevenness of spirit, utterly inconsistent with a true Christian temper.

Fretfulness is a social and domestic enemy. It disqualifies for agreeable social intercourse, and fans the fires of domestic discord. There is no object more disagreeable to the serene mind than an individual addicted to fretting; and certainly, there is nothing that will sooner sever the bond of connubial affection than this habit.

As an illustration of what is here written, I will give the reader a part of the history of a young lady with whom I was formerly acquainted.

Maria was the only daughter of a wealthy farmer in western Massachusetts, who spared neither pains nor expense to qualify her to move in any circle. Gifted by nature with an unusual degree of mental power, she might have excelled in science and literature, and shone as a bright ornament in the church of Christ. The fault was hers that she did not. From early youth she had manifested an impatient and fretful disposition. This seemed to be a predominating trait in her character, which increased in power as she advanced in life. Her parents saw it with pain, but in vain exerted themselves to reform her in this respect. She was too impatient to adopt proper means for the achieving of any purpose, and every failure of plans, trifling disappointment, or unpleasant circumstance, excited her irritability to an intense degree. Every facility for improving the mind was furnished her, but she acquired little save the ornamental part of learning. She had a large share of self-confidence and a peculiar tact at dissimulation, never exposing her deformity of character to any save those who were familiar with her disposition; and it was probably owing to this fact, that she won the affections of a worthy young clergyman to whom she was united in marriage at the age of twenty. He bore her to a neighboring State, and settled in a beautiful village, thinking he had found a help-meet indeed, and looking forward to long years of domestic happiness with the object of his early affections. But alas! how soon was this bright, prospective scene shrouded in gloom, his pleasing anticipations blasted, and the future made, to him, a dreary, barren waste, without an oasis to cheer his passage through the world. Hardly were they settled, ere the mask, assumed with so much success, was thrown off, and her bad qualities, before so studiously concealed, exhibited. Her impatience and fretfulness broke forth without restraint, converting that pleasant home into an abode of misery to her devoted husband. What a disappointment, to awake from a dream of happiness to a certainty of unhappiness and pain! He bore up under this state of things for many months, but at length became melancholy, then negligent of duty and morose, and finally received a dismission from his pastoral charge, solely on account of the evil temper and conduct of his wife. This was too much for poor

human nature, and the consequence was, that in less than three years after their union, that bride was taken back to her father's house and informed by the husband that he should return for her no more.

He left her. From that time the silver trump has been laid aside. His reputation as a minister is gone, and he has wandered, I know not whither. She yet remains with her father, an unhappy being, conscious that she has robbed the church of a bright gem, driven her husband from her, and rendered her own life an uninterrupted flow of guilt and wretchedness.

Young ladies, we ask you to look at this picture. It bears none of the high coloring of fancy, but is what has been, what may be again, and what *may be* in your particular case. Beware, then, how you cherish an evil disposition, or indulge a bad habit. Every day you live, every action you perform, every word you speak, every thought you think, may be adding strength and power to them. This may be imperceptible to you, and so is the atmosphere you breathe; but it is none the less true, that you live in it because you do not see it, nor is it any the less true that evil habits daily acquire strength, because you do not perceive it. If you have them, shake them off, or they will assuredly acquire a power you little anticipate, and embitter your future life.

*Buckland, Mass., March,* 1846.

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### MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how long my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide;
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent,
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he return and chide;
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied'?
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, — 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean, without rest;
They also serve, who only stand and wait.'

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## VISIT TO A NEW-MADE GRAVE.

BY MRS. MARY H. S. BROWN.

THERE are some incidents in life so startling, that they wake us from our ordinary state of feeling, and make our thoughts flow with more than usual rapidity, and dwell with deeper seriousness upon the condition of our present life, and our prospects of futurity.

Such a one recently occurred to me, when going to call upon a friend. I found her dressed for walking. As I was about retiring, not wishing to detain her, she said, 'I was only going again, for it is the third time within as many days, to look at a new-made grave.'

'I did not know,' said I, 'that you had recently lost a friend.'

'Nor have I,' she replied. 'But perhaps you will go with me, and then you will understand the thrilling interest with which I look at that grave. Its tenants, for it has two, were, one short month since, as likely to live long as you or I. They were both young, for the wife was little more than eighteen years of age, and the husband not more than twenty-four or five.'

'Were husband and wife, then, thus taken away at one stroke?'

'They were. They had been married several years, and had not only health, affection, competence, friends, and all which makes life desirable, but were doubtless looking forward, not merely to a continuance, but to an increase of all these good things.'

'Alas!' said I, 'how short-sighted, and how sanguine we all are! But what were the circumstances of their death?'

'You already know,' said my friend, 'that an epidemic fever has been a few weeks past, raging in our town. Mr. and Mrs. M. were among its first victims. He was taken ill on a Sabbath evening, and, sad to tell, he had spent that, his last rational Sabbath on earth, in seeking his own pleasure by a ramble in the fields, instead of worshipping God in his sanctuary. For three days, the wife nursed him with anxious care, and then she was prostrated by the same disease. She was the very picture of health. Who could look at her, with her full, rosy cheeks, and bright, laughing eyes, and think of death? But the insatiate destroyer of earthly hopes is no respecter of persons. The young, the lovely, the healthy, are to him

as welcome, aye, and as frequent victims, as the old, the ugly, and the wretched.'

'They lay, in adjoining rooms, both raving with the delirium of fever, neither able to assist, or even sympathize with the other. And, worst of all, they were away from their friends, and were comparative strangers in this place, having lived here but a few months. People were much alarmed at the rapidity with which the fever spread, and believing it contagious, shunned those places where it made its appearance; so that there is reason to fear they suffered for want of proper nursing. All that physicians could do, however, was done to save them. When the crisis of Mr. M.'s fever came, his physician, who had been sent for from his former residence, and who was also his personal friend, watched by his bedside, through the hours of that important night, and administered with the nicest care, the remedies from which he hoped so much.'

'He was gratified by seeing the crisis safely passed, and reason returning to her throne. For the next twenty-four hours he continued to mend, slowly, very slowly, but yet there was hope. In the morning he inquired for his wife, and wished to see her, but the Dr. fearing the excitement, would not permit it. In the course of the day he again desired to see her, but was again denied. He could hear her groans, however, and knew how ill she was.'

'The next day came on the crisis in the fever of the young wife. But she had not strength to endure the struggle. A few sad moans, and her spirit passed to Him who gave it. It was determined, if possible, to keep the knowledge of her death from her husband, until his strength should enable him to bear it. But though strength had not returned, reason, and the power of observation had, and he soon comprehended the truth. The Dr. evaded the questions he asked, and he was too ill to urge them, but until his strength was utterly exhausted, it was heart-rending to hear his moans. From this time, which was about ten in the morning, he sunk rapidly, until a little past midnight, when he, too, died.'

'The next day they were laid side by side, in the same grave, to await the summons of the judgment day.'

Reader, this is no fiction, but a sad reality. My friend saw them die, assisted to lay them in their coffins, and followed them to the grave.

*Lexington, Va., March*, 1846.

## A WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

The earth hath treasures fair and bright,
Deep buried in her caves;
And ocean hideth many a gem,
With his blue curling waves.
Yet not within her bosom dark,
Or 'neath the dashing foam,
Lies there a treasure equalling
A world of love at home.

True sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied;
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A merry fireside.
I envy not the man who dwells
In stately hall or dome,
If 'mid his splendor he hath not
A world of love at home.

The friends whom time hath proved sincere,
'T is they alone can bring
A sure relief to hearts that droop
'Neath sorrow's heavy wing.
Though care and trouble may be mine,
As down life's path I roam;
I 'll heed them not while still I have
A world of love at home.

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ANSWER YOUR LETTERS. — 'Time which has once passed the corner, can never be overtaken, and anything that can as well be performed to-day, as at a future time, is deprived of one of the chances of its accomplishment which can never be restored.

An observance of the maxim here inculcated is very important in the answering of letters. The prompt man of business, who makes it a rule to reply to a letter immediately upon its receipt, or as soon after as the nature of its contents will admit, never offends others, and is never borne down with the weight of his correspondence. The procrastinator, on the other hand, is constantly giving umbrage by neglecting other people's business, or by slighting the requirements of friendship, and is, beside, often obliged to resort to whole paragraphs of lame apology, and sometimes to falsehood, to conceal what his correspondent very soon learns how to place to the proper account. And beside all this, his unanswered letters are constantly haunting him, and operate like a dead weight upon his comfort.'

## JERUSALEM.

BY DR. HAWES.

THE country immediately around Jerusalem, especially to the west and north, is the most dreary, barren waste, that I ever beheld. It seems overlaid with immense masses of rocks and stones, with scarcely soil enough to allow anything to take root and grow. The city itself, once beyond a doubt, the most magnificent and splendid on earth, now presents only a melancholy contrast to its former greatness and glory. You cannot walk about Sion, and go round about her, as of old, and tell the towers thereof, mark her bulwarks, and consider her palaces. The city sits solitary and forlorn; forsaken of God, and evidently lying under his curse. All who have been in Jerusalem must have felt this. The inhabitants few, and with the exception of the Turks — if, indeed, they are an exception — poor, oppressed, and extremely miserable. No suburbs, no surrounding busy population, none of the stir and activity of enterprising life is to be witnessed, 'but only one rude scene of melancholy waste, in the midst of which the ancient glory of Judea bows her widowed head in desolation.' A few goats and sheep, straggling about the rocks which overhang the shattered remains of the village of Siloam; a few swarthy shepherds, plying their listless occupation; with here and there a fierce, armed Bedouin from the surrounding deserts and mountain fastnesses, and now and then a cowled monk or wandering pilgrim steals in upon the picture; and except it be the sound of the muezzin from the minarets, proclaiming the hour of prayer to the followers of the false prophet, you may sit on the hill slopes, on either side, for an hour together, and not hear the vibration of a human voice from that spot, which once echoed to the strains of sacred song, and royal triumph, and national glory, and the busy din and tumult of 2,000,000 of people. — *Journeyings in Palestine.*

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Earthly things are such as the worst of men may have, and the best of men may be without, yet he that hath them not, may be happy without them; and he that hath them, may be miserable with them.

## GRATITUDE.

BY JOSEPH SMEDLEY.

How sweet to press that hand so kind, so fair,
  That wipes the tear, and soothes the saddest grief;
Makes me and mine the objects of its care,
  And brings a timely and profuse relief.

How sweet to be the object of their love,
  Whose pure beneficence and ample boon
Fall like the countless dew-drops from above,
  And beam more lovely than the brightest noon.

How sweet to think there are such lofty souls
  Whose pleasure is, a large relief to bring;
Whose bounty like the widening current rolls;
  Whose spirits to us like the woodbines cling.

How sweet to feel the tear so often start,
  When loved remembrance dwells on *friends so dear*,
While the quick throbbings of a thankful heart,
  Yield the rich joys of gratitude sincere.

And sweeter still to know I have a friend,
  Who loves me with an everlasting love!
Whose pure regards will never, never end,
  While life shall last, or endless ages move.

Our earthly friends must die — no! no! they live
  In grateful bosoms when this life is o'er —
The favors our dear benefactors give
  Shall be repaid when time shall be no more.

## RULES TO PREVENT EVIL SPEAKING.

CHERISH no malice against any one. 'In malice be ye children.'

Envy no one. 'Who is able to stand before envy?'

Never cherish any feelings of jealousy respecting any one. 'Jealousy is cruel as the grave.'

Make it a rule to look for good qualities in another more than for blemishes and faults. 'Esteem others better than yourselves.'

Never speak of the bad qualities of another, unless you design to do him good or to promote the cause of Christ. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

Always ask the approbation and blessing of God on every thing you are about to utter respecting another.

Observe these rules, and so far as you are concerned, evil speaking will cease.

### HAPPY TEMPERED MINDS.

Some minds are tempered happily, and mixed
With such ingredients of good sense, and taste
Of what is excellent in man, they thirst
With such a zeal to be what they approve,
That no restraints can circumscribe them more
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.
Nor can example hurt them; what they see
Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their just esteem.

*Cowper.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The Practical Astronomer. — Harper & Brothers, New York City.

This is volume five, in the series of Harper's New Miscellany. The author is Dr. Thomas Dick, who deserves to be styled, by way of eminence, '*The Christian Philosopher*,' a title given one of his publications. This work is his latest, and comprises, Illustrations of Light and Colors — Practical Descriptions of all kinds of Telescopes — The Use of the Equatorial-Transit — Circular and other Astronomical Instruments, a particular Account of the Earl of Rosse's large Telescopes, and other Topics connected with Astronomy.

Our admiration of this treatise, independent of its high philosophical character, is heightened by the natural and judicious practice of the author, 'of directing the attention of the reader to the wisdom and beneficence of the Great First Cause, and of introducing those moral reflections, which naturally flow from the subject.'

For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

The Ten Commandments. — Published by the American Tract Society.

Bishop Hopkins, a Minister and Bishop of the Established Church, was born in 1663 and died in 1689, at the age of 56. He was a sound theologian, 'holding and inculcating the pure doctrines of the Reformation. His works supply, within a moderate compass, the most complete refutation of whatever can be urged against true religion, by exhibiting her in her most beautiful proportions.'

This work, which is an exposition of the Ten Commandments, is a fine specimen of the style of the early Protestant divines. Bishop Hopkins has the strength, and vigor, and many of the beauties and charms of Jeremy Taylor, without his faults. For sale at 28, Cornhill.

The Juvenile Songster. — We have received through Messrs. Wilkins & Carter, of this City, a small book of music prepared for juvenile performers, by Lowell Mason. It is printed and published in London, by J. Alfred Novello, Music seller to her Majesty.

It is the best book of music for children probably ever issued in England; and we think the same publisher would do well to employ Mr. Mason to compile a book of common psalmody for the English, as we have never seen such a book from that country, which would hardly compare with the most ordinary published in this.

[see engraving.]

Sorsento is a walled seaport of Naples. It contains few remains of antiquity. It was the birth-place of Tasso, in 1594, and stands on a peninsula in the Bay of Naples, at the foot of a mountain, seventeen miles from Naples.

THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. VIII. APRIL, 1846. No. 4.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## A RECORD OF GOD'S FAITHFULNESS.

BY MRS. E. N. HORTON.

I PROPOSE to tell a simple, but truthful story. The incidents occurred in our own country; and, although delicacy to some of the subjects of the narrative, yet living, obliges me to use fictitious names, yet it is 'an ower true tale,' and seems indeed to confirm the oft-quoted proverb, that 'truth is stranger than fiction.'

Edward Beverly was the faithful and affectionate pastor of a village church in the northern part of Vermont. He possessed a fervent spirit, seeking to know only 'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' Intent upon doing his Master's will, he was 'instant in season and out of season,' laboring to win to Christ the souls of the humble people among whom he dwelt. Very dear was this young minister to the hearts of his flock. After a year's settlement among them, he brought a youthful bride to assist in his labors and partake his joys and sorrows. She was welcomed with affectionate cordiality. Most grateful to her sensitive spirit were these kind and respectful greetings, for her gentle soul had been sorely tried. She was early left an orphan, and dependent upon the bounty of distant relatives for her daily bread. Her protectors were wealthy and fashionable, and, governed solely by worldly considerations, gave her such advantages as they deemed necessary to secure their grand object for her, namely, a splendid settlement. Great was their astonishment, however, and their indignation greater still, when they found that

Emily had placed her affections upon a poor and pale-faced student, about to be settled as an humble village pastor. Many and bitter were the taunts and revilings which she was called to endure; but the grace of God was sufficient for her. She preferred to cast in her lot with the people of God, and was consoled by that divine promise, which she could appropriate to herself in humble faith, 'I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.'

With childlike confidence did this young disciple commit her ways to the Lord, always seeking divine guidance and counsel by fervent prayer; and when, after the consummation of her nuptial vows, she accompanied her husband to his distant residence, it was her earnest and constant aim to recommend by *example* the religion which he enforced by *precept*. Often did she quote to him the language of one of her favorite hymns,

'So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess.'

Her memory was richly stored with the word of God, and she was, therefore, ready with appropriate passages for every emergency. Was her husband discouraged by a sense of his own inefficiency and overwhelmed by a view of the greatness of his work, her soothing voice was heard to say, 'Wait upon the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.' And when the Holy Spirit descended and blessed his labors abundantly, her thankful spirit would thus find utterance; 'Oh! how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them which fear Thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!' 'Oh! magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.'

During the second year of their marriage, they were called to lay in the grave a smiling babe. Though the heart of the mother was sorely smitten, with touching resignation she said, 'I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because *Thou* didst it. Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!' One year from this sad event, she held in her arms her second infant, and, as a tear from memory's deep fountain dropped from her eyes, she remarked to her husband, this is a lent treasure, and I seem to hear God saying to me, 'take this child and nurse it for me and I will pay thee thy wages.'

She early consecrated her child to that God 'who keepeth covenant forever;' and she did it with a fulness of purpose and an implicit faith which testified both to the honor of God, and her own hearty reliance upon his word. As soon as the child could receive the impressions, which she wished to make, she commenced her efforts to train him for God and heaven. She prayed for and with him; she taught *him* to pray. At the twilight hour she knelt before God, and with Henry's little hand clasped in hers, poured forth her fervent petition in His ear who 'seeth in secret and rewardeth openly.' Most touching the sight, and such as might induce angels, while on their errands of love, to pause and contemplate! Oh! who can limit the power of prayer? Or who will dare to say that 'praying breath is ever spent in vain?'

It is enough to say that Mrs. Beverly believed in God, and not more in his existence than in his faithfulness and truth. Under the practical influence of such a faith, she *labored* as well as *prayed;* striving conscientiously to fulfil the divine command, 'And thou shalt teach them,' (that is, God's commandments,) 'diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up.' Fondly did this pious mother anticipate the early conversion of her beloved boy; confidently she looked forward to the time when the seed which she had sown in faith and watered with prayer, would, by God's blessing, spring up and bear precious fruit, 'an hundred fold,' to the glory of his name. In imagination, sometimes, she already beheld her darling son arrived at manhood and entering upon the duties of that sacred office, to which, in his infancy, she had devoted him. She fancied her own feelings — a mixture of maternal love and pious joy — as he seemed to arise in the sacred desk, and, with earnest lips and holy zeal unfold and enforce the messages of redeeming love. But alas! for the uncertainty of human life! Alas, for the failure of the brightest earthly plans! 'God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.' A sudden and violent sickness laid her husband upon his death-bed. So short was the warning, so unexpected the summons, that he neither had time for dying counsels to his people, nor for a father's admonitions to his only child. A brief and hurried 'farewell' to his weeping wife, a broken sentence and but half uttered, — 'Emily, my love, remember — and — Henry — * * his

Saviour * * * * * meet, meet to part no more,'—and his spirit took its flight from earth forever! O say, ye who are wise, is death the time to prepare for eternity? Will the fevered brain, the throbbing pulse, the failing strength assist the anxious soul to shake off the fetters of sin, and by repentance and faith, to make its peace with God? Ah! no. Will not the Judge say, 'Because I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded it, therefore I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh? But the Christian's death is peace; his exit is but the entrance into bliss.' So was it with Mr. Beverly. Like his Saviour, he had glorified God on earth; he had finished the work which was given him to do. And how did his tender wife bear this sudden blow? Her face was pale, her lips quivered, her woman's heart was weakness indeed; but the faith of the Christian triumphed. No murmur escaped her lips, no questioning of God's goodness, no arraignment of his purposes passed across her mind. When a sympathizing people tendered their condolence and spoke repiningly of their loss and hers in this *mysterious* dispensation, she meekly and calmly replied to them, 'Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.' With all the tenderness of a lonely heart, did she now cling to her darling boy—his father's image and the sole living memento of her days of happiness. With redoubled diligence she applied herself to a mother's duties; she conversed with Henry often of his departed father; of his holy life, and peaceful death, and of the blessed rest which he was no doubt enjoying; and thus she strove by every proper motive to win his young heart to God. He listened with great docility to these pious teachings, and seemed to treasure them in a good and honest heart. At this time he was in his fifth year. His temper was sweet and placid. Oh, how did his mother rejoice that *he* was spared to her! and as she watched his intellectual and moral developments, her heart leaped with the fond hope that she might yet see him fill his father's place.

Alas! for the disappointment of so dear a hope! Alas! for the blasting of such fondly cherished anticipations! This fond mother was soon to follow her beloved husband to the grave! Consumption had set upon her emaciated frame and pallid lips, and faintly-flushed cheek, its own fatal signet. Day by day her friends saw her hold on life loosening; yet she complained only of debility, and seemed wholly unconscious that the last sands were running in her glass of

life. She arose one sunny morning — a beautiful September morning — unrested and unrefreshed, and looking so pale and ghastly that even her little boy was struck by her appearance. 'Mamma,' said he, 'you look so white, so much as dear papa did, when his face was cold and he did not answer me when I spoke to him. Are *you* cold, mamma, and shall *you* die, too? Do n't, *do n't* leave poor Henry!' and he sobbed aloud as if his heart were breaking. Like an electric shock, that tender appeal went to the mother's heart; light seemed to pour upon her; she looked at the anxious, troubled face of her boy, then glanced rapidly at the countenance of her faithful attendant, who, with agitated features, was wiping the trickling tears from her eyes; lastly, she took a hurried survey of her own death-stricken face in the glass, and then conviction flashed upon her; and for the first time she felt that her end was near. She bent her head like a drooping lily, which a sudden shower prostrates, and for a moment covered her face; then calmly said, 'I hear the voice of God saying to me, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."' She drew her weeping boy to her bosom, saying, 'It is our Heavenly Father's will that I too should leave you; but be comforted, my child, you will not be left desolate, if you trust in God; but, like the Psalmist, you too can say, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."' Many were the words of consolation with which she sought to tranquillize her sorrowing child, nor did she seek in vain, for the same heavenly truths which she enforced upon him, shed sweet serenity and a holy calm over her own soul.

Her strength was failing fast, and she felt that her days were numbered. Often did she turn her eye inward and search her spirit as with a candle; but the Lord made her 'peace to be like a river;' he did, indeed, 'make all her bed in her sickness.' With those sweet words in her heart, and on her tongue, 'My beloved is mine and I am his,' she went trustingly through 'the valley of the shadow of death,' fearing no evil.

And now the death-dew gathered upon the brow of that patient invalid, and in her chamber were assembled her neighbors and friends to watch the ebbing tide of life go out. More feeble grew the voice, shorter the failing breath. The sands were almost run, when, rousing herself as for a last effort, the dying woman called for her child. He had been removed from the room, that his violent

grief might not embittter her last earthly moments; but the nurse now led him to her bed-side, and for a moment he was clasped in those feeble, but affectionate arms, while her last prayer for him arose to the mercy-seat. Oh! how a mother's tenderness and a Christian's faith were blended in that prayer! Her soul took hold of the covenant, and while her feet were planted upon the 'Rock of Ages,' she was unmoved amid 'the swellings of Jordan.' She pleaded God's promises with the wrestling spirit of a Jacob; while she prayed that he would be not only a God to her, but 'to her seed after her,' closing her fervent petition with the sweet confidence of pious David, 'The Lord hath heard my supplication, the Lord will receive my prayer.' She then said to her son, 'Henry, this is my last word to you; remember it well; it is your mother's legacy. It was her first lesson to you; it is her last; "The chief end of man is to glorify God, and enjoy him forever."' Her voice faltered, and her lip quivered. She gave one look of unutterable love to her darling boy, one of affectionate gratitude to her weeping friends, and all was over. Her spirit ascended to God who gave it. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.'

'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,' and all that remained of that sainted woman was left in the grave, 'the grave by Jesus blest'—to await the resurrection morn.

Where is now that weeping orphan? Ah! death is an extinguisher of animosities. Those scornful, exasperated worldly friends, the disappointed protectors of his mother's early days, softened by the tidings of her lamented departure, strove to atone for the past, by taking the orphan boy to their home and their hearts. Sad indeed was the parting between Henry and his faithful nurse. Again and again she pressed him to her bosom, and covered his fair young face with tears and kisses. She reminded him of his beloved mother, recalled to his memory her lessons of wisdom; repeated to him her last, affecting exhortation; and besought him, as he hoped or desired to meet that angel mother in heaven, to follow her living and dying counsels. With an aching heart she parted with him, for his new and untried home. He was received with a warm and kindly welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour appeared to vie with each other in attentions and caresses to the little stranger, and Henry was soon beguiled from his sorrows, and ready to return smile for smile.

The first day at his new residence passed slowly, yet pleasantly away; but when the hour of rest came on, and he was for the first time led to his bed by strangers, his heart swelled almost to bursting, a feeling of loneliness and a sense of desertion came over him, and he threw himself upon his little bed in irrepressible agony. In vain did Mrs. Seymour address him in kind and soothing tones; in vain she redoubled her caresses and endearments. He sobbed and wept unceasingly, until, in her concern for his health and even reason, (for she feared the consequences to both,) she clasped her hands despairingly and exclaimed, 'What shall I do? What can I say? Heaven send the child help, for I can do nothing for him.' '*Heaven!*' exclaimed Henry, 'did you say *heaven*? My *mother* is in heaven. I'll do as she taught me. I will pray to my heavenly Father for help!' He then knelt by his bedside, and in the simple language and with the trusting heart of childhood, commended himself to God. Then, as if angel ministry had comforted him, he calmly rose, prepared himself for rest, and was soon sleeping sweetly. Mrs. Seymour left him with tearful eyes. She was unused to a scene like this; but though touched and moved as she had never been before, she shook off the unwelcome impression, saying to the voice of conscience, 'Go thy way for this time.'

To avoid a repetition of scenes which produced such unwished for emotions, she resolved that some other person should perform the duties of a nurse and attendant to the sensitive orphan. She selected for this purpose, her own maid, a shrewd girl and naturally kind-hearted; but more callous, if possible, to serious impressions than even her worldly mistress. She humored her young charge in all his wishes, for the purpose of gaining an ascendancy over him, and then exerted this influence for her own unprincipled ends. She especially desired to get off 'his parson's gown,' as she sneeringly termed his religious ways, and to make him as merry-hearted and as careless as herself. Before he left his childhood's home, he had promised his good nurse, that, when away from her, he would not fail every night before he slept, to repeat his mother's last lesson, that he might never forget 'that the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.' For a few weeks, he faithfully kept his word, in spite of the efforts now made to divert him from his purpose; but at length the stratagems of his artful attendant were successful. At first, she playfully stopped his mouth with plums

and sweetmeats; then, she entertained him at his bedside with those fabulous stories, so marvellous and so bewitching to the young; and after she had made one complete interruption of the child's religious habits, she felt sure of accomplishing her purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour entered fully into her plans. They had long before resolved that religion was a delusion, and its professors fanatics or hypocrites; and their settled course with regard to the boy was, that he should be carefully divested of all his previous prepossessions in its favor, and kept free from what they termed its gloomy notions and irrational restraints. They allowed Henry, therefore, all the indulgences which his appetite or fancy craved, unless these happened to be glaringly inconsistent with his progress in science or manly accomplishments. It was their wish that he should be 'a finished gentleman,' according to the popular use of that term; and no efforts were spared to realize their wishes.

Mr. Seymour was a merchant, and in prosperous business. His cares, of course, were great; and it was his intention, as soon as Henry's education was completed, to take him into his store with him. He desired, however, that his literary acquirements should be extensive, for, not having enjoyed early advantages himself, and keenly feeling his deficiency, upon this point he was specially anxious. Nor did Henry fail to appreciate his wishes, and to avail himself of the advantages of his position. He had a decided taste for literary pursuits, which was early discovered and fostered by his beloved parents; and he now made a diligent improvement of his privileges. He was acknowledged by friends and instructors to possess superior mental endowments; his temper was placid and even, his bearing gentle and courteous, and his manners unassuming. Is it any wonder, that, with so rare a combination of qualities, he was a universal favorite? His benefactor and relative had no children, and being already somewhat advanced in age, he began to look upon Henry as a son, and intimated his intention of making him heir to his property. The lad was now in his fifteenth year, and, after a due course of preparatory study, entered a member of the ancient university at Cambridge. He took a high stand as a student, and gained those honors which follow untiring application and laborious study.

'But what,' it may now be asked, 'was the state of Henry's soul? Where was his religion? Where the active piety of which his

childhood gave such hopeful promise?' Alas! like the morning cloud and early dew, it had vanished away. The scenes of his infancy had long ceased to dwell in his memory. The recollection of his parents was like the fleeting impress of a forgotten dream. Even his mother's death-bed seemed buried in the general oblivion. He had been trained in his second home to regard religion as a weakness, unworthy of superior abilities and an enlightened understanding, and he felt pity if not contempt for its possessors. His Sabbaths were usually spent in social or intellectual amusements; or, if he sometimes became weary of these, for variety's sake, he went to church. Thus was the young man trained, not 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' yet he was taught to be moral, honest, courteous and kind, that he might be estimable in the eyes of his fellow-men, and obtain their respect and favor. Is it a wonder, then, that he loved 'the praise of men more than the praise of God?'

But, let us attend him further, and see him launch his untried bark upon the ocean of life. He entered without any expression of reluctance upon the course which Mr. Seymour had marked out for him, and was soon actively engaged in business. Yet his heart was not in the work. His fondness for a literary and intellectual career was not abated, but increased by the education which he had received. He had drunk at the fount of classic lore, but his thirst was not quenched. Hence, he felt a strong distaste for the occupation in which he was engaged; but so great was his reluctance to disappoint his kind benefactor, that he cherished his repinings in secret, and pursued his way.

As the infirmities of old age gathered upon Mr. Seymour, Henry's cares and responsibilities grew more arduous; and finding himself unable to discharge his duties alone, he requested liberty of Mr. Seymour to look out for a partner. Permission was readily granted, upon the condition that he should himself take care of the money, and leave to his assistant the charge of the books. With this, Henry was satisfied; and falling in, soon after, with one of his college companions, who had been disappointed in getting a profession, and was looking out for an opportunity to engage in business, he immediately secured his services.

James Morris was a wild and vicious youth, but, possessing consummate art, he managed to conceal the most disreputable part of

his conduct, and was, therefore, generally regarded as only a gay young man, who would soon become a valuable member of society. It was his object to ingratiate himself as much as possible with Mr. Seymour and Henry; and to effect this, he applied himself to the duties of his new office with great assiduity and apparent devotion. Possessing great command over his own feelings and emotions, yet gifted with uncommon powers of penetrating the secrets of others, he was an undesirable friend and a dangerous enemy. He soon discovered Henry's dissatisfaction with his own pursuits, and, while he pretended sympathy and counselled acquiescence, he adroitly fanned the flame of discontent.

Morris had base purposes to accomplish, which he could not effect without the coöperation of his companion; and to secure this, it was necessary he should obtain sufficient influence over him to make him a pliant tool or a willing accomplice. To this end, he affected sympathy with his trials, flattered his weaknesses, and deferred on all occasions to his opinion. At the same time he strove to entangle him in a labyrinth of folly and sin, that he might make himself the master of his destiny. Henry had now considerable leisure; and when time seemed to 'hang heavy on his hands,' James succeeded in enticing him to the theatre; and this was 'the entering wedge' to other follies. From the theatre, the transition was easy to the gaming table; and before he was aware of his situation, this infatuated youth was on the highway to ruin! Like thousands as unwise as himself, he at first learned to play for mere amusement; next came the desire to avoid singularity. But his amusement soon became his passion. He now played long and deeply, and soon transcended his means, and was placed in a situation at once mortifying and embarrassing, 'a gamester's debtor without ability to pay.' Mr. Seymour's increasing debility and many ailments, debarred him from active participation in business; yet he still kept a keen watch over his affairs; and though his confidence in Henry was unlimited, it would have been instantly withdrawn, had he known his evil courses. Concealment on the part of the young man was therefore indispensable; but this necessity and the dread of discovery made him wretched. So desirous was he to extricate himself from his perilous position, that he was easily persuaded by his artful companion to try his luck once more, with the fond hope of retrieving his fortunes; and in a desperate mood he consented, and again, (and, as

he promised himself most solemnly, for the last time,) he sat down at the gaming table. For a short time fortune seemed to favor him, but, ere he had won a sufficient sum to cancel his debts, the game had turned against him. With the desperation of a drowning man, he doubled and trebled his stakes; but it was all in vain. He lost, lost, lost! In despairing accents he exclaimed, 'I am ruined! I am ruined!' and rushed wildly forth into the street. On he strode, with headlong speed. Sick at heart, and weary of life, he bent his course to the water, with the madman's thought, to bury his remorse and shame in its dark and quiet depths. But, he had been quickly and silently followed by his companion in wickedness, who arrived at the river just in season to prevent the execution of his fell purpose, and snatch him from self-destruction. With the apparent kindness of a brother, Morris soothed the agitation of his victim; and after he had somewhat allayed the storm of his soul, he inquired into the extent of his losses, in order, as he soothingly said, to see what could be done for him. 'I am in debt,' said Henry, 'five thousand dollars, and have not a cent to pay! Fool, fool that I was, to intrust to the freaks of fortune, an ample income and an unspotted name! My year's income is all anticipated, and yet this is my first quarter; and my benefactor — that kind and constant friend — oh! how have I repaid his kindness! But he will soon know all; and then — yes, then — he will spurn the weak-minded, guilty bankrupt from his presence forever!'

'Nay,' interposed Morris, 'let us wait till to-morrow; go in and take some rest, that your haggard looks may not betray you; meanwhile, I will call on those whom you owe, and see if I cannot arrange your matters. Trust in me,' he added, as he saw Henry about to speak; 'trust yourself to my guidance, and we will get our boat off the breakers somehow.'

His companion, somewhat cheered by his tones, followed his advice. Meanwhile, Morris was busy in arranging his plans. He had long been in debt as deeply as Henry Beverly; but had hitherto succeeded, by fair words and artful manœuvres, in pacifying his creditors. The time had now arrived when they would be put off no longer, and he had no other way but to obtain the money of his companion. He had therefore concocted the fiendish plot of enticing Henry to embezzle from the funds of Mr. Seymour, a sufficient sum to redeem his own debts, and then calculated upon

Henry's fears of betrayal, to extort from him an equal amount to liberate himself. Instead, therefore, of pacifying the creditors of Henry Beverly, he stimulated them, by the most unfavorable hints and inuendoes, to press their claim without delay; and when Henry, tortured almost to frenzy by his situation, came to Morris for counsel, he cautiously unfolded his plan. He spoke to him of Mr. Seymour, mentioned his feeble health, and alluded to the probability of his soon 'paying the debt of nature;' talked of the princely income to which he would then certainly succeed, and finally, as if the thought had then for the first time suggested itself, asked him if he could not anticipate the future, and borrow from the old gentleman's treasury, sufficient to help himself out of this difficulty. Henry started, as if stung by an adder. 'James Morris!' said he, and his voice trembled with emotion; 'is this your counsel? this your promised aid? Would you have me steal, and defraud my best friend, my second father? Oh! I am fallen indeed, that you should dare advise so base a step.' Morris was prepared for this outburst of virtuous indignation. He had indeed expected it; and now, with feigned contrition, he expressed his sorrow for having made such a proposal — 'a folly which,' he said, 'nothing could have induced him to commit, but his knowledge of the desperate situation of his friend, and the necessity of finding a speedy remedy.' Henry believed him sincere, and, touched by his allusion to himself, and the apparent warmth of his friendship, cordially forgave him. But though he had so promptly silenced his companion's project, he could not himself devise any method of extrication from his difficulties. When, therefore, late in the ensuing day, his creditors became clamorous for instant payment, and threatened immediate betrayal to Mr. Seymour and to the world, if he did not satisfy them the next morning, he was beside himself with remorse and misery.

Now was the tempter's hour! Morris again approached him, and with the warmest protestations of sympathy in his appalling situation, and of his unfeigned reluctance to propose so desperate a remedy, he repeated his plan, that Henry should borrow on time, and help himself from the funds over which he presided, until he could make some other and better arrangement. Carefully watching Henry's countenance, Morris saw that the temptation was not rudely repulsed; and, rightly judging that if he could conquer the outposts the citadel would soon surrender, he now employed all his

eloquence to reconcile Henry to his proposal. With much sophistry, he persuaded him, that, as the whole property was eventually to be his own, there was no actual guilt in anticipating a portion of it, to meet this pressing emergency; and concluded by showing him the inevitable result of rejecting his offered scheme, namely, his loss of reputation, his expulsion from society, and his certain reduction to want and beggary.

As he finished the picture, he saw that he had gained his purpose. The tumult of Henry's feelings would not allow calm reflection. He saw this as the only way of escape from the ruin impending over him, and at last consented to follow it. Morris soon arranged the details of his plan. By means of false entries, he would make the books stand fair, and Henry could then safely abstract the money, which was already in his own possession. It was now nearly midnight, and the debt must be paid in the morning. They had therefore no time to lose. The books were brought forward, the necessary alterations made with a careful hand, and all the arrangements accomplished for discharging his obligations.

He was now congratulated by Morris upon his prospect of a speedy extrication from his embarrassments; 'and now,' added James, 'you can hold up your head like a man, and enjoy life again. I hope to see you soon as merry as a bird, for, after all, Beverly, *pleasure*'s the chief end of man.' 'The chief end of man?' said Henry, 'the chief end of man? Where have I heard that before?'

Memory was asserting her power in bringing back the past. The remembrances of his childhood came rushing to his mind. Again he stands by his mother's bed of death, and hears her dying message. With convulsive energy he repeats her last lesson, 'the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.' The solemnity of the grave was upon his countenance! Conscience was busy at his heart! He fell upon his knees, in earnest, silent prayer; then rising, he exclaimed, 'I am saved! thank God, I am saved!' Turning to Morris, he said, 'Ah, those were the last words of my dying mother! God sent them to me at this time, to snatch me from this frightful precipice. Blessed, forever blessed be his name!'

'Now,' said he, 'deliberately taking up the altered books and the stolen bills, 'now, James, I shall go to Mr. Seymour, as I have already been to my heavenly Father, and confess my guilt, and cast

myself on his mercy for pardon. Will you go with me?' It was now James Morris's turn to tremble. He saw his plans thwarted, his prospects blasted, and speedy and sure exposure about to overtake him. He spoke not, but turned and fled!

Henry Beverly was true to his new-formed purpose. He went to his benefactor, and, on his knees, with deep contrition and a faltering voice, told the story of his temptation and his fall; and then, with tearful eyes, he narrated how God had interposed to save him. Mr. Seymour heard the tale with astonishment and overwhelming emotion. He was surprised and deeply pained at the delinquency of one whom he had so loved and trusted; but when he heard the particulars of his escape from the consummation of his guilty purposes, and saw the evidence of his sincere and hearty repentance, he too acknowledged the hand of God; and, as he remembered the decided and humble piety of Henry's departed mother, he felt that He was indeed 'a God who heareth and answereth prayer.' Both himself and Mrs. Seymour well recollected the story of Mrs. Beverly's death-bed, having received a most affecting account of it from the faithful nurse, when she consigned Henry to their care. They were, therefore, able to corroborate and confirm the impression of those facts, which had so long slumbered in the depths of Henry's memory, that they seemed to him at times more like a vision than a reality. As the remembrance of that dying mother's faith came vividly over them, and they were impressed with a deep conviction of her sincerity, they saw so striking an illustration of '*God's faithfulness*' in keeping covenant with his people, that their hearts were melted within them, and they were ready to exclaim, 'Verily, there is a reward for the righteous; verily, he is a God that judgeth in the earth.' Cordially did they now extend to the penitent Henry that forgiveness which he earnestly sought; and then, deeply sensible of their own transgressions against God, with humble and contrite hearts, they implored the Divine pardon, and devoutly consecrated their remaining days to his service. When, soon after, this son of their adoption announced to them his strong desire to fulfil the wishes of his sainted mother, and become a preacher of that gospel which he had so long despised, they gave him their blessing, and bade him 'God-speed.' After due preparation, he was permitted to stand in the pulpit once occupied by his departed father, and, to a deeply affected audience, to preach from these words: 'Come and

hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.'

I conclude this simple record of the divine faithfulness, by adding these precious passages of Holy Writ: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.'

'Every word of God is pure; He is a shield to them that put their trust in Him.'

*Chelsea, Mass. April,* 1846.

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## HUMILITY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The bird that sings on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest,
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends,
The weight of glory bends him down
The most, when high his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

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# LITERARY NOTICES.

INFANT TEACHER'S MANUAL.—By Rev. Daniel Wise. New York City. Published by Lane and Tippett. 1846.

God has placed the responsibility of training children in the way they should go, upon their parents; but we fear that many parents have transferred this responsibility to Sabbath school teachers. It is of momentous importance, that all parents should, themselves, give their children regular and faithful religious instruction. We rejoice, therefore, to see this book. Although not prepared especially for parents, it is, nevertheless, well adapted for fireside instruction. There are fifty-two lessons, and a chaste hymn attached to each.

For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

LIFE OF SUSAN G. BOWLER.—By Bradford K. Peirce, New York City. Published by Lane & Tippett, 1845.

Susan G. Bowler was born in Lynn, in 1815, and died in 1839, at the age of 24 years.

The object of this memoir is to exhibit the improvement of one talent made by Miss Bowler, as a successful Sabbath school teacher. The love of God to us, our obligations to Him, and the example of our blessed Saviour, all move us to consecrate ourselves heartily to the service of our Maker. But these, alas, fail to move some, and hence the necessity of the stimulus furnished us in the example of the devotedly pious.

The narrative is a highly interesting one. O, that every Sabbath School teacher and parent could be induced to read it.

For sale as above.

## GRACE DARLING.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields
The natural heart is touched, and public way
And crowded streets resound with ballad-strains,
Inspired by one whose very name bespeaks
Favor divine, exalting human love;
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
Known unto few, but prized as far as known,
A single act endears to high and low
Through the whole land — to manhood, moved in spite
Of the world's freezing cares — to generous youth —
To infancy, that lisps her praise — and Age,
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
Awaits her *now;* but, verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power called forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!
A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching as the Lighthouse reared
On the island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
Or, like the invincible Rock itself, that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles —
Half of a vessel, — half — no more; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance
Daughter and sire, through optic-glass discern,
Clinging about the remnant of this ship,
Creatures — how precious in the maiden's sight!
For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more

Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
'But courage, father! let us out to sea —
A few may yet be saved.' The daughter's words,
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
Dispel the father's doubts; nor do they lack
The noble-minded mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
Together they put forth, father and child!
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go —
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
And shattered, and re-gathering their might;
As if the wrath and trouble of the sea
Were by the ALMIGHTY'S sufferance prolonged,
That woman's fortitude — so tried, so proved —
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,
They stem the current of that perilous gorge,
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart,
Though danger, as the wreck is neared, becomes
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
That of the pair — tossed on the waves to bring
Hope to the hopeless — to the dying, life —
One is a woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, be the visitant other than she seems,
A guardian spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
In woman's shape.

But why prolong the tale,
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced
And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering Lighthouse. — Shout, ye waves!
Pipe a glad song of triumph, ye fierce winds;
Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join!
And would that some immortal voice, a voice
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
Of the survivors, to the clouds might bear —
(Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew
Pious and pure, modest, and yet so brave;
Though young, so wise; though meek, so resolute) —
Might carry to the clouds, and to the stars, —
Yes, to celestial choirs, — GRACE DARLING'S name!

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## EXAMPLE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

BY REV. D. M. BABCOCK.

A few years since, a rare case of filial affection occurred in the circle of my acquaintance; and, as there was much which was peculiar and pleasing, as well as affecting and mournful, it will furnish an example which others may wisely imitate. The abiding love of a daughter to a parent appears beautiful, in whatever light and under whatever circumstances it may be viewed. Yet it appears less striking in those children whose debt of gratitude is exceedingly great, and cannot be repaid, except by months and years of solicitude and toil. There is a natural principle of justice in the human mind, which demands an equivalent for every work performed; therefore, that watchfulness which is but a return for privileges conferred, secures for the daughter no special commendation. Or, if she but watch around the dying bed and cheer the declining days of some patriarch whom the church and the community have long honored, and whose abode is thronged by those who come to inquire after his health and his comfort, she receives a part of her reward as she goes along; she has a sympathy to sustain her; she is honored by the sacred trust committed to her care, and regarded as an agent to carry out the public will. Or, if the fond mother, over whose fading form she leans by day and by night, remain in full possession of all her mental powers, and hold communion with the past, the present, and the future, with the world around her and the world above her, with the spirit of man and the spirit of God, and whose mind is like the sun when it casts a radiance upon every object, and then goes down amid a flood of glory — the self-denial becomes a pleasure, the watchfulness a delight. Such have been the last years and last days of many a mother; and those who stood around them then, caught some of the sweetest strains of earth, and foretastes of the melody of heaven.

But daughters are sometimes called to different scenes; and if there were no sorrows and no darkness here, this earth would not be a state of trial.

The daughter of whom I am about to speak, was dear to her parents, but received but few privileges compared with those which

many enjoy only to abuse them. Her near relatives were either scattered in different towns, transacting business upon the sea, or sleeping in the tomb. One single brother, master of a vessel, while on land made the paternal roof his home; but a succession of disastrous voyages, prevented him from contributing as largely as he would to the support of his parents. Thus, as the parents became infirm, the chief care of providing for and ministering to their wants, devolved on her.

During a revival of religion, she became a friend of Christ, united with the church, and acquired those principles which shone so conspicuously in her days of darkness. Skilled in the use of the needle, she was enabled to render her industry effective. In view of the condition of her parents, she gave up every plan and expectation, as it concerned herself, and devoted her energies exclusively to their welfare. Her father was the first to fail. He lost the use of his limbs and faculties, and lived in a state of second childhood for years. With undying fidelity, she sought his comfort, whether he appreciated her efforts or not, and watched over him to the last.

In addition to these and other calamities which had clustered around her from childhood, a nephew, who seemed to her as a brother, and whose interest in the family had often brought him from the city to their residence, was, while on a visit to them, suddenly snatched away by death. She saw him in apparent health and peculiar elasticity of spirit — and in an hour after, she saw him die! In a moment unexpected to him and his friends, one of the thousand cords of life gave way. Mortal aid was vain, and all the hopes which clustered around him were withered by the blast.

But her cup of sorrow was not yet full. Her mother became as helpless as an infant, and could not bear that her daughter should be absent from the house a single hour. Weakened in mind and body, the mother thought she could not live without the presence of her daughter; hence, society, and even the loved privileges of the sanctuary, were cheerfully given up for months and years. Every comfort was provided till the close of life; and few who die in splendid palaces and princely halls, can boast the kind attention which that mother received. Her last days were soothed with fond affection; and what of energies she had, were devoted to the Bible and the Saviour. In her lucid moments, she gave cheering proofs of gratitude, both to her daughter and to God. Death, at last, tri-

umphed, and she entered, as we hope, upon that rest promised to the saints.

But a short time after these affecting events, this daughter was called deeply to sympathize with two young friends, who, for a season, had been under her care, and to whom she was much attached, in the death of their brothers at sea.

But the last and deepest of her sorrows is the supposed loss of her brother, the one who spent a portion of his time in the paternal residence, and remained for a season to cheer her solitude, after the parents had taken their final departure. He had met with many losses, disasters and hair-breadth escapes, but now he has gone, probably never more to return! His vessel was seen on the day of a terrible gale. Month after month has rolled away, and there are no tidings of him yet. Sometimes a strong affection inspires the hope that he yet survives, and will visit his native shores again; but the long delay and the peculiar circumstances forbid the hope, and a sense of loneliness takes its place.

Thus years on years, yea, from youth to middle life, have been devoted in laboring for and sympathizing with afflicted friends. In all this, there has been such a resignation to the will of God and to the mysterious allotments of Providence, as others would do well to imitate. All of the family have gone to the grave, but a brother who resides in another State. They met last summer — it was their family meeting — perhaps the last.

She is now constant in attendance upon the means of grace, ready for every good work, and especially to sympathize with those in affliction.

These are the self-denials and sacrifices which should be had in honor, as more illustrious than the deeds of the statesman and warrior.

*Cohasset, Mass., April*, 1846.

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## FLIGHT OF TIME.

'Slow pass our days
In *childhood*, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve. With swifter lapse,
They glide in *manhood*; and in *age* they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind,
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguished.' — *Bryant.*

## ROBERT SOUTHEY.

FROM PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

It was but seldom Southey left his beautiful home at Keswick — and he might almost have been termed a Hermit Poet, for his life was one of nearly strict seclusion. Consequently, his outward and visible man was little known, except to Lake Tourists, who were not unfrequently a source of much annoyance to him, by their intrusive visits. He once complained much of this, in one of his letters to me — in which he said, that his daughters could never row him on the Lake, or could he ever take a quiet walk, without being stared at by those who imagined that a Poet was some outlandish animal. When he *did* leave home, it was generally for the purpose of making arrangements with his publishers — for he was a methodical man of business — or, for a recreative visit to his native city, where he had many near and dearly attached friends.

The personal appearance of Robert Southey was very striking. He was tall and slightly built. His forehead rather receding and not, phrenologically speaking, indicative of great genius, was surmounted and partially shaded by an abundance of white, silvery hair, combed upward, and forming a very striking contrast with his jet black, magnificently arched eyebrows, beneath which *glowed* two of the most brilliant dark eyes I ever beheld. Their beauty did not consist so much in their brilliancy, as in their deep, contemplative expression. His nose was remarkably aquiline, so much so, that it approached to the *beak* formation. But it was in the mouth, which, after all, is the most expressive feature of the human face, that the peculiar charm of Southey's looks lay — the upper lip was finely curved, and slightly projected over the lower — but it is in vain to attempt a description of it. Nearly every painter has failed to transfer it to canvass — indeed, I have never seen a good likeness of the Laureate, for it was no easy matter to catch the ever flitting lights and shadows which, with every changing emotion, passed over his countenance.

A great deal has been said about Southey's reserve in company, and many have accused him of unpardonable pride and *hauteur*. This I think unjust. He was naturally reserved, and his pursuits tended to make him more so. His sedateness did not, I think,

spring from pride; and those who knew him better than I did, hold the same opinion.

Southey's favorite attitude was that of lying back in his chair, his elbows resting on the arms, and the tips of his forefingers placed on the inner portion of his eyebrows, over the surface of which they continually traversed, his eyes being closed, except when he spoke.

We had, at one time, a long and delightful conversation respecting poor Cowper, and I remember Southey's saying, with much earnestness, that he could have given Kehama, Roderick, and indeed all he had ever written, to have been the author of Cowper's Lines to his Mother's Picture, which he characterized as being among the most touchingly beautiful to be found in the whole range of English Poetry. 'What a mournful thing,' he added, 'that his mental vision was so often obscured!' Alas! even then the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, was to be seen in Southey's horizon; a cloud which was soon to cast its melancholy shadow over his own fine intellect. I remember, too, that in connexion with this subject, he alluded to his wife, who had then very recently died, after years of insanity. 'I had,' said he, 'for a long, dreary time, a living death constantly before me, in the form of my poor Edith. We took our meals, and associated with each other to the last, and I question whether I was more fondly attached to her, in her bright days, than in her days of darkness.'

A strong feature in Southey's character was his love of solitude. His chosen retreat was his library; and men's works, he in a great degree, preferred to their society. Of his books he himself says: —

> 'My never-failing friends they are,
> With whom I converse night and day.'

I have frequently been in that library, and it certainly was the most splendid private collection I ever witnessed, even Abbotsford not excepted. In Spanish and Portuguese literature it was peculiarly rich, and black letter lore was abundant. He generally wrote in a little parlor adjoining, and most of his erudite works were composed while his family were seated around him. Some idea of the extent of his library may be formed from the fact that its sale, by auction, occupied seventeen long summer days.

In the year 1841, after wondering at the unusual circumstance of my letters to Southey remaining unanswered, I received from Mrs.

Southey, (formerly Caroline Bowles,) — or rather a lady nearly related to me, did, — a heart-touching epistle, informing me of her husband's insanity. It came on me like a thunder-clap, after a long, ominous silence. Could it be, that he whose voluminous labors had delighted and informed thousands — that the Poet, the Philosopher, and the Historian — was the prey of insanity? Alas! it was even so. His brain was *worn out.*

> 'The fervent spirit, working out its way,
> Fretted the puny body to decay,
> And o'er informed its tenement of clay.'

I was told, by one who witnessed the sad scene, that, as he walked along the streets of Keswick, leaning, a frail broken up man, on the arm of his afflicted and devoted wife, he would stare in stupid wonder at flocks of geese, and breathe an incoherent wish that he 'was as happy as they.' His insanity was of the melancholy and sombre kind, as might have been expected.

To the last, he retained his old affection for his books. The way into his library he easily found, and thither it was his wont to repair. Here he would sit with a black letter volume open on his lap, gazing on one page for hours, and at times moving his fingers, as if making written extracts. Out of the library he could never find his way, without the aid of a guide. But the ruin of a great mind, like his, is too sad a spectacle for contemplation. After two years of mental incapacity,

> 'Death came o'er him gently,
> As slumbers o'er a child.'

There was no flashing up of the taper before death — no lucid moment — but during his life, he had made the great preparation, and Hope illuminated the faces of all who gazed upon him when he died.

I saw him borne to his narrow home, in the lonely little graveyard, across which Grasmere Church flings its shadow. His son followed him. So did Wordsworth — and never was the grandeur of majestic and solemn grief portrayed in stronger character, than on his thoughtful countenance, as he followed his brother bard to the narrow house. His feelings were evidently 'too deep for tears.'

'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.'

# THE VOICE OF THE BELL.

FROM THE MUSICAL CLASS BOOK.

1. Hark! those bell tones sweetly peal-ing, Come, O come!
2. Hark! the bell to prayer is call-ing, Wanderer, come!
Far and wide me - lo - dious stealing, Come, O come!
In God's house with reverent feel - ing, Seek thy home!
Thro' each heart the voice is thrilling, Storms of grief and passion
There's a mansion far above thee, Where dwell spirits pure and
stilling, Wanderer, hasten home, Wanderer, hasten home.
lovely, Wanderer, 'tis thy home, Wanderer, 'tis thy home.

mother had abundant cause for the most bitter reflections. What

MOTHER AND INFANT.

THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. VIII. MAY, 1846. No. 5.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## SPIRITUAL WELFARE OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. BRADLEY MINER.

On a pleasant evening in June last, a friend of mine was walking on a road, by the side of which was a grove. It was late in the evening. When he came near the grove, he heard some one weeping and groaning, as if in deep distress. He knew that there was a resting-place for the dead there, and having seen a man buried there but a day or two previous, who had committed suicide, he supposed that some one of the friends had come to the grave to weep. He went silently on to the wall, and, looking over, saw a woman sitting on a grave, giving vent to her feelings in bitter groans and lamentations. It was a most affecting sight. The lateness of the hour, the solemn stillness of the night, the distance from any habitation, the gloominess of the place, and a mother weeping over the grave of her son, were all calculated to produce the most solemn reflections.

When my friend mentioned the circumstance to me that same evening, the question naturally arose in my mind, what were that mother's reflections and feelings? I had known the family for many years. The parents professed religion in early life, but soon apostatized, and lived openly in sin. Of course, they brought up their children without religious instruction, and set before them an example calculated to ruin them forever. There were other circumstances in the case, which it is not necessary to mention; but the mother had abundant cause for the most bitter reflections. What

a warning to mothers to appreciate their responsibilities and privileges!

We can conceive of no relation more interesting, than that which exists between parents and children. It is so on account of the love it inspires, the influence it exerts, and the interests which it affects. There is none on earth which equals it in any or all these respects. Nor can we conceive of any in heaven, which has an equal influence upon our interests. The relation of one of heaven's inhabitants to another, may be one of the warmest affection, and the purest and fullest enjoyment; but probably it is not one intimately connected with the salvation of souls, as is the parental relation. Parents should, therefore, feel that God has placed them in a relation, which, for the happiness it imparts, and the opportunity it affords of doing good, might be desired by an angel; but which, on account of the responsibilities it imposes, might well cause that angel, on assuming them, to tremble.

Mothers, allow me to direct your attention to one of the most affecting scenes ever witnessed. The rabble chose that Barabbas should be released and Jesus crucified; and Pilate yielded to their request. He had before ordered that Jesus should be scourged. The blessed Saviour is led forth, and the cross placed upon his shoulders, that he may carry it to Calvary. His back had been lacerated with the cruel Roman scourge, and his temples pierced with the thorns. While he was slowly ascending the hill, under his heavy burden, bleeding and fainting, 'there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them said, daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.' This was said with reference to the calamities which would soon befal them. If these mothers could be induced truly to weep for their children, they would labor that they might possess that faith which would prepare them for the severest trials. This occurrence presents to us the Saviour in a most interesting light. Though in circumstances of the deepest suffering, calling for all the sympathy of these mothers who bewailed and lamented him, he bids them reserve their pity and sympathy for their children. This scene presents, also, these parents in a very interesting light. They had hearts to feel while the multitude cried, 'Crucify him, crucify him,' and the

Saviour well knew that such would be more likely to pity their children and labor for their salvation.

May we not suppose that the compassionate Saviour now addresses the mothers who shall read these lines, in the same language, 'Weep for your children?' He sees the infinite eternal interests which these children have at stake, the imminent dangers to which they are exposed, the means of saving them put into the hands of parents, and the necessity of employing these means without delay; and he says, 'Weep for your children.' He means more than merely to sit down and weep over them. He means that you should consider the character and prospects of your children, till you are so deeply affected, that you will do all in your power to prepare them for the calamities of life, the terrors of death, the solemnities of the judgment, and the bliss of heaven. My object is now to present to you some considerations urging you thus to 'weep for your children.'

YOUR LOVE FOR YOUR CHILDREN IS ONE CONSIDERATION.

It is universally conceded, that no earthly affection can equal a mother's love. Montgomery beautifully expresses it in these lines:

> A mother's love, how sweet the name!
> What *is* a mother's love?
> A noble, pure, and tender flame,
> Enkindled from above,
> To bless a heart of earthly mould;
> The warmest love that *can* grow cold,—
> This is a mother's love.

History abounds with facts illustrating and proving these sentiments, and almost every day furnishes some new instance of the purity and strength of maternal affection. Take one case related in the Bible. To satisfy the Gibeonites, whom Saul had wronged, seven of his sons were hanged, by the command of David, and left unburied. Of these, two were the sons of Rispah. The sacred historian gives us this brief narrative of the conduct of the mother. 'And Rispah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven; and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.' It is not certain how long this broken-hearted mother watched the dead bodies of her children, but it is thought by many to have been three

or four months. This mother is not an exception, but a representative of this whole class of persons. If the chambers of death could speak, if shrouds and coffins had language, if grave-yards could echo back sighs and groans, what a testimony they would bear to the strength of maternal love!

If you have rejoiced over an infant son or daughter, and watched over them for years, with a mother's care and anxiety, you know much of this love; but if you have seen that son or daughter sicken and die, you know inexpressibly more.

'To see in one short hour decay
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—
This is a mother's grief.'

I have referred you to the strength of your love, that you may be prepared for this question. Why was this love given you? Why is the affection of the parent for the child so pure, so strong, so lasting? You answer, 'it was given that parents might care for their children, and labor to promote their interests.' I admit it. But the mistake too often made is, that of supposing these interests are all included in the things of earth and time, while eternity and heaven scarcely come within the range of the anxieties and toils of parental love. Suppose you saw a mother, whose house was on fire and her children asleep in it, gathering up their clothes and playthings, and then hastening away with her charge, leaving the children to perish? Would you not be astonished at her guilt and folly? But such is the conduct of all those mothers who are bestowing so much attention upon the temporal, and neglecting the eternal interests of their children.

'A parent's heart may prove a snare,—
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell.
Nourish its frame, destroy its mind,—
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Even with a mother's love.'

If the Creator had designed that your anxieties and labors should be bounded by the earthly interests of your children, why did he not

make your love to be of the same perishable nature with that of those creatures who have no other interests? No. He puts into your hands an immortal being; one, it is true, who needs food, and raiment, and care for all the interests of this life; but a being who needs also care and efforts with reference to the whole of its endless existence. And he gives you an affection for that being, which, if rightly understood, will lead you to think inexpressibly more of its soul than of its body. Suppose the affection of Rispah for her sons was directed to labors for their spiritual interests, in proportion to what she felt for their lives? Perhaps it was. Must not such love and such labors have resulted in their salvation? Who does not ask the question, whether she thought of their souls with as much interest as she watched their dead bodies? And if she did, who doubts but that they are now rejoicing in heaven together?

We blame the parent who neglects the health and comfort of his child. You pass many such children in the streets. The scantiness of their clothing, their sickly appearance, and their haggard looks are so many evidences of a parent's unfaithfulness. As soon as you see such a child, in your hearts you censure his parents, and thus you acknowledge the duty of parents to seek the health and comfort of their children. If the parental relation imposes this duty, does it not also impose the higher duty of seeking the spiritual welfare of the child? If then, the parent is guilty who neglects the temporal interests of her child, is not that one more guilty, who, though she takes every possible care of its health and comfort, is neglecting its immortal interests?

A few weeks since, a fine little boy, two years old, was found in the streets of Boston, without any parent or friend to take care of him. Every effort was made to find his parents, but without success. What a melancholy proof of parental defection! How could they thus harden their hearts against their little son? But how many children are seen in our streets, who, as far as care for their spiritual interests is concerned, are as really orphans! You see it written on their brow; you hear it in their language; you behold it in their conduct. 'No man careth for my soul.'

About two miles north west of Pawtucket, R. I., near the public road, is a large pond. The shore is clean and gravelly, and the water appears to increase gradually in depth. But when you have examined it, you find that, a few feet from the shore, there is a per-

pendicular descent to an unknown depth. Several years since, a woman in the town of Smithfield, took her four daughters into a wagon, and coming to this pond, drove the horse into the water, till they all settled down together and were drowned. The children screamed, when they found themselves sinking, but it was too late! Charity would lead us to hope that this awful catastrophe was an accident. But, from some circumstances, it was supposed that the woman was partially deranged, and did the deed deliberately.

It is painful to think that there is anything analogous to this, in the conduct of thousands of mothers, in regard to the spiritual interests of their children. But is it not so? Are there not many mothers who are deliberately leading their children onward in a course which they know must end in the burning lake. Let me most affectionately and earnestly exhort the mother who reads this, by all her love for her children, to consider where her instructions and example are leading them.

YOUR FONDNESS FOR THE SOCIETY OF YOUR CHILDREN IS ANOTHER CONSIDERATION.

You are hardly willing to be separated from them for a single day; to part with them for years, and perhaps for life, is one of the greatest calamities you can anticipate. You have heard of many missionary mothers, who have parted with their children, that they might be brought home to be educated in a Christian land. You have heard of the anguish of those mothers at the separation; and you have pressed your own children closer to your bosom, and rejoiced that you were not called to endure the trial. You have seen still greater evidence of the fondness of parents for the society of their children, when they were separated by death. You know how you felt under the trial of such a separation; and, though years may have passed, you still have them in affectionate remembrance. The clothes they wore, the places where they sat or played, and a thousand little mementos remind you of your loss. Even the tomb, or the grave, where they sleep in death, is dear to you. I saw a mother, whose little son had been dead a year, in the grave-yard where he was entombed; and she asked the sexton to bring the coffin to the door of the tomb, that she might look upon it and weep. The father of that little child said, many months after his death, 'I would gladly live in a cave, if I could enjoy the society of my child. If you have lost a child, it is so with you. You would make a long

and expensive journey, to enjoy their society for a day or an hour. You would rather live in a hovel with them than in a palace without them.

Now look at these things in a spiritual point of view. God has given you the means of so training your children, that you may enjoy their society forever. You may be reunited to them, when the dark night of death has passed away. You may embrace them again, when the bright morning of an eternal day shall dawn upon you, and you may live with them forever. Not in a cave, or a hovel, but in heaven! That heaven where there is no sickness, sorrow, pain, or death, but where all is bright, beautiful, joyous, and eternal. Oh, what a reason why your desires for the society of your children should embrace eternity! What a motive to labor for the promotion of their spiritual interests! I cannot express my sense of the power of the motive. While I contemplate it, my heart beats with quicker and stronger pulsations than usual, and my mind is overwhelmed with the consideration. Compared with the question whether you shall enjoy the society of your children forever, how insignificant are the questions which now trouble you so much; whether they are comfortable or miserable in this world; whether they are sick or well; whether they are with you, or in a distant land; whether they live or die. These are trifling questions compared with whether they shall dwell with you in that 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

*Pittsfield, Mass., May*, 1846.

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## DOMESTIC LOVE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

When those we love are absent — far away,
When those we love have met some hapless fate,
How pours the heart its lone and plaintive lay,
As the wood songster mourns her stolen mate!
Alas! the summer bower — how desolate!
The winter hearth — how dim its fire appears!
While the pale memories of by-gone years
Around our thoughts like spectral shadows wait.
How changed the picture! here they all are parted
To meet no more — the true, the gentle hearted!
The old have journeyed to their bourne — the young
Wander, if living, distant lands among —
And now we rest our dearest hopes above,
For heavenly joy alone can match domestic love.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## 'I SAW HIM IN HIS COFFIN LAY.'

BY MISS ADALIZA CUTTER.

I saw him in his coffin lay, clad in a snowy shroud,
And o'er his cold and marble form, his weeping parents bowed;
The eye was closed, the pulse was still — gone was the fluttering breath,
While sweetly there he slumbered on, the dreamless sleep of death.

I gazed upon his infant brow, white as the first pure snow,
And felt that o'er his couch of rest, no bitter tear should flow;
That not one heart should wish to lure his young, freed spirit back,
From that bright world, the spirit land, 'to life's dim, faded track.'

Oh! weeping parents, well ye know thy child is happy now,
And every trace of pain and grief has fled his cherub brow;
Though he has left thy cradling arms, yet he is there at rest,
Folded within the Saviour's arms, upon his loving breast.

And, though his lisping, infant voice no more will greet your ear,
O'er thy fair child rebed for the tomb, shed not one burning tear;
Though silenced here, that sweet-toned voice now joins the angels' song;
Though passed from earth, he glideth now amid a seraph throng.

A little harp of purest gold, by angel hands is given;
And its melodious strains are heard throughout the courts of heaven;
List! we can almost hear the sounds of thy sweet infant's lyre,
As his soft hand, with gentlest touch, sweeps o'er each quivering wire.

Surely ye would not wish him back, in this sad world of ours,
Where every pleasure has its pain, where thorns grow 'mid the flowers,
But, with a calm and trustful heart, lay him beneath the sod,
Nor murmur that thy *Father's* hand hath raised the chastening rod.

Above his grave the sweet wild flowers will bloom with coming Spring,
Over his early place of rest, gay birds a requiem sing;
Gently the rain and dew descend upon that sacred mound,
While summer winds will pass it by, with sweetly lulling sound.

God gave — God taketh — let thy will, thy holy will be done,
Breathe this low prayer above the dust of thy sweet infant son;
Oh! stay thy aching hearts on Him who knoweth all thy woe,
And he will bear thy spirits up, thy tears will cease to flow.

*Jaffrey, N. H., May*, 1846.

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A saint is not only willing (as the carnal man is,) that Christ should bear his yoke; but is also willing (which the carnal man is not,) himself to bear Christ's yoke. — *Ralph Venning.*

## ON THE TRAINING OF GIRLS.

BY MRS. SARAH S. ELLIS.

THE aim of a mother in the training of her daughters should be, to strengthen their characters, and to fix them on a firm and solid foundation, so that their feelings may branch out and develop themselves in endless variety, without depriving the root of its necessary firmness and strength. One part of the process by which girls may be strengthened, both in mind and body, consists in allowing them sufficient exercise in the open air; nay, even in inducing them to take advantage of it; for there is a musing, listless tendency in some young girls, which ought by all means to be counteracted, and nothing is so effectual in doing this as the stimulus of healthy and playful exercise. Those women who have known what it was, in their childhood, to enter into the true spirit and luxury of wild romping, are, I believe, always the most energetic when called upon to act in affairs of importance; while the musing, quiet, listless, little girl, though possibly she may, in her early life, be more gentle and ladylike than the other, seldom grows up to be so useful and valuable a character.

The artificial habits of the present day, the over-taxing of every means of keeping well with the world in external things, and the overstraining of talent and ability of every kind in the attainment of what is merely ornamental and superficial, have the worst possible effect upon the bodily as well as the mental health of woman; and, as one is so intimately connected with the other, it is one of the most important duties of a mother, to aim at the preservation of her daughters from that host of nervous maladies, which effectually destroy the happiness, and prevent the usefulness, of so many ladies in the present day.

I believe it is generally allowed that fresh air and exercise restore the general tone of the constitution, after it has become weakened, more effectually than any of those medicines of whose infallibility we hear so much; and when we think how much more the mind and the animal spirits are benefited by the former than the latter prescription, it becomes a matter of astonishment, that mothers should not prefer spending the same amount of money in procuring these rather than the other. It is indeed a matter of astonishment,

that girls should be so frequently cooped up in close rooms, scarcely permitted to breathe or walk, lest the air should be impregnated with damp, or the ground a little moistened by some passing shower; that they should be forbidden to run, lest they should heat themselves, and thus bring on a delicacy of the chest; should be dressed in such a manner that they have to bear perpetually in mind the spoiling of their clothes; while the little remaining strength they have, is supposed to be kept up by patent pills and tonics of every description. If girls thus trained are to become wives and mothers, we have certainly not much to expect in the future prosperity of our country, except so far as relates to the department of medicine.

And here I would observe, in connection with the spoiling of clothes, that one of the most frequent causes of disputes and dissatisfaction in private families, arises from the habit, so prevalent in the present day, of living in a style beyond our circumstances to maintain; or, perhaps, more properly, to the utmost extent of what we can afford. It may seem but a trifling thing to mention, among the many serious subjects which occupy our attention in connection with maternal duty. But since the happiness of domestic life is in a great measure made up of little things, I cannot think it out of place to remind the mistresses of families in the middle ranks of life, how much disturbance of temper and distress of mind they subject themselves to, by the habit of having more costly furniture and clothing than they can afford; how often mothers have to check the healthy sports of their children, lest China should be broken, carpets soiled, or dresses rendered unfit for their next exhibition in public; and how often, when an accident has happened, when a costly vase has been demolished, a necklace broken, or a velvet coat destroyed, harsh words have been interchanged by the parties implicated, and reproaches rendered a hundred fold more bitter, from the secret consciousness of the difficulty with which such wasted money in the first instance was spared, and the still greater difficulty with which such loss will be restored.

False ideas of happiness, I believe to be at the root of half of our miseries; and when we think of the vast amount of natural and healthy enjoyment of which children are deprived, in order that they may dress and live genteelly, and of the real suffering they are made to endure, when their buoyant spirits have led them into forgetfulness of the requirements of this gentility; when we think of

the sufferings of the mother, too, when she acquaints her care-worn husband, on his return home from a business which is perhaps not covering his expenses, that some two, ten, or twenty dollars have been wasted by a single accident, — when he turns upon her with reproaches for having coveted so costly and unsuitable a treasure, and she retorts upon him for an equal amount of money wasted in some other way, — when the evening closes with tears on one side, and declarations on the other, that things cannot long go on in this manner, that he must fail, and be sold up and sent to prison, — when such scenes so frequently take place, as we all know they do, from the simple fact of people living habitually beyond their means, an expensive establishment ought to be a source of happiness, indeed, to be weighed in the balance against the misery of a single evening spent like this.

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Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## ON A MOTHER AND HER INFANT.

BY MR. E. W. ROBINS.

[See Engraving.]

BEAUTIFUL, is it not — this sketch,
Of true domestic bliss,
The fountain of maternal love,
Welling with happiness?

Such tints on Raphael's forms that breathe,
Or Guido's canvass lie,
Revealing, in their angel garb,
The Holy Family.

A mother's love! — ah! who may tell
What founts of feeling leap
Beneath that sunshine of the heart,
Pure, passionate and deep?

He sleeps. The youngest darling one,
Enlocked in love's embrace;
Unmindful of the tears which fall
So freshly on his face.

He sleeps. For whom each anxious thought
Of grief is still repressed,
The dreamer in his little hour,
Upon a mother's breast.

Oh! tranquil sleep! That thus can wake
Our breast's responsive sigh,
Best emblem of our mortal life
And our eternity.

*Boston, Mass., May*, 1846.

# MAY DAY.

Allegretto.
1. In May - - day, In May - day The flow'rets sweet - ly
2. In May - - day, In May - day The birds all chant in
bloom; I found a flower of snow - y white, That shed a pure and
glee; On many a branch their songs they pour, 'Till all the livelong
love - - ly light, In May - - - - - - day.
In May - - - day.
light is o'er, In May - - - - - - day.

3. In May-day, In May-day,
A bird once sung to me:
The song I never shall forget,
Its notes I oft with smiles repeat,
In May-day.

4. In May-day, In May-day,
How glad I heard that song;
Its notes were mellow notes of love
Like those from golden harps above,
In May-day.

5. In May-day, In May-day,
That flower, that bird, that song.—
O, 'twas the maid I love to meet,
Whose blooming smiles are ever sweet,
In May-day.

THE

# YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

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Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## MENTAL AND MORAL CULTIVATION.

BY REV. GEORGE LANDON.

EXTENSIVE mental and moral cultivation opens in the soul a perennial fountain of enjoyment, and woman, above all others, needs some resource of bliss, which no ruthless hand can poison, and no draughts exhaust. Picture to thyself one who is passing through the vicissitudes of fortune. When the betrothed of her youth is decoyed from the haven of virtue, hurried out upon the stormy sea, and thrown a wrecked bark upon sin's barren strand — when hungry desolation, scented by the iniquities of others, pursues her track — when friends are gone, and children, like blighted buds, have fallen to the earth — when flattery has become dumb and the world lost its allurements — when painful associations cover much of the past, and midnight shadows stretch themselves along the future — whither then shall woman flee? Sick of earth's vanity, the heart returns from its tours of yearning, to find support in itself, or sink without a stay. Tearfully the spirit looks forth for some Elysian — some enchanted spot of rest; but enchantment has given place to storm, and Elysium itself has become a wilderness. At long intervals, hope gleams across the distant scene, lighting up the haggard features of gloomy expectation; but this torturing *mirage* flees approach, dies away into airy nothingness, and gives yet another tooth to ravening disappointment, the wolf that preys on human bliss. What fountain shall Hagar find? Her own soul must be her citadel; her thoughts her companions; her early attainments her chief solace. How fortunate if these attainments possess durability. Did she spend life's morn in disciplining her heart and mind? She has now a staff whereon to lean. Was she parsimonious of time, that she might hoard up

intellectual wealth? She has now a scrip that can never be counterfeited. Did she fill out her calendar with the eternal principles which Heaven has revealed to guide and govern the wayward footsteps of humanity? She has now before her a never-changing chart, with points and parallels fixed. While others stood at the toilet, charmed with their own charms, or courted attention in fashion's circle,

— 'Chasing the glowing hours with flying feet,'

she was becoming familiar with instructive authors of her own and other times. Now their undying thoughts, like magic hand-writings, brighten on memory's canvass; depth after depth opens to the eye of retrospection, and the authors themselves arise from the dead, to walk and talk with their early disciple.

On the other hand, was the spring-time of life frittered away — were sterling habits unformed — were moments uncounted — was pleasure entertained, and wisdom bidden to retire and call again? Now, when age has loosed life's silver chord,

'And many leaves, once fair and gay,
From youth's full flower have dropped away,'

what vacuity — what starvation fill the soul! Oh! how priceless is real knowledge, human and divine, when contrasted with vapid tinsel. The latter is the gourd, which leaves its Jonah to mourn and perish; the former, the enduring cedar, which ever casts a life-giving shade; the one is the foaming rivulet, soon dry; the other,

'Siloa's brook which flows
Fast by the oracle of God.'

Supposing our fair reader to yield assent to the paramount worth of sound acquirements, we may expect her to ask how they can be attained.

Some plain directions upon this point will not then be out of place. A favored few have all the facilities which wealth affords, and can consult wisdom at her purest shrines, while the many are hemmed in by the barriers of circumstance, and obliged to improve small means, if they themselves would be at all improved. All cannot secure a seminary course, nor dash forth into the world heralded by the seal and signature of a diploma; but every one of

energetic habits, by adopting correct rules, can reach a respectable mediocrity in useful knowledge.

Some of these rules, allow us to specify. First, form rigid habits of observation. Make every thing tributary; throw every event, every phenomenon, natural or moral, into the crucible of torturing examination, that you may have a clear insight into the world's passing scenes, be deeply read in human nature's mysterious volume — too wise to be flattered, too intelligent to be deceived. In a word, let the eyes, the ears, and, when it is proper, the mouth be open, and let them be kept open. The present is an age of steam; and yet of many it may be said, their railway is sleep, their locomotive sloth, their engineer dumb, blind, and deaf; in consequence, they see, hear, and learn but little, and are long, very long, in accomplishing even that. Welcome a pin's weight of knowledge, whether picked from a fool's lip or an enemy's tongue; for gleanings by the way-side fill the garner, and gems from the sand-bank deck the queen's coronet. Gather together a library of select works, which you can call your own; and every lady, even she whose needle is her sole resource, can do this. Let your books be well chosen; written by able pens, upon important themes, and rich with veins of deep thought. Avoid those publications which possess some striking excellences, but many gross imperfections; for in most of these, the good and bad principles are so interspersed, that the former serve as pack-horses to bear the latter to market. But, one will say, let us read them for the good's sake, discriminating between the vile and these; which, translated, signifies, let us scramble amid nightshade and henbane, to pluck now and then a delicate flower; — let us travel amid interminable deserts, for the pleasure of gazing, at long intervals, upon the recurring oasis.

Give female biography the first shelf in your book-case; for, as sculptors can chisel more skilfully the unshapen marble after contemplating master models, so can the character be moulded upon a nobler scale, when the mind is familiarized with patterns of imperishable excellence. The fairer sex are too generally ignorant of our own more distinguished national writers; which, to say the least, is an inexcusable negligence. We would not have them imbibe a provincial bigotry, or dabble in politics; but we would have them know what scholars, what bards, and what statesmen adorn our own clime, and few, truly, could adorn it more.

Spend a portion of each day in studying these books. It may appear toilsome at first; but falter not, for a rich harvest is in reserve. Five pages to the working-day and ten to the Sabbath, swell to an annual aggregate of more than two thousand, at which rate one in a few years would sweep far round the circle of science. The modern style of reading, which is to gallop through books, is to be avoided; rather pause, review, reflect, and analyze, till the sentiments read are thoroughly your own, interwoven with the soul's affections, and bodied forth to the mind's eye with the brightness of a sunbeam. Try the pen frequently, at first upon familiar topics. Hold correspondence with some intelligent person, for the express purpose of interchanging thoughts upon important subjects. Read a page in some book, written in good style, then transmit the ideas to paper in your own phraseology, by which means ease and ability in composition will ultimately be acquired. Another door to wisdom is the Mutual Improvement Society. Females should have lyceums, that essays and *critiques* may be read, that individual knowledge may become common stock, that mind may sharpen mind, the flow of thought be quickened, and commerce of ideas be enjoyed; above all, that they may acquire a dignified address, a facility in communicating their sentiments to others, which is an accomplishment in itself unrivalled in attraction, and above estimate in worth.

There is, too, in the human breast, a quenchless thirst for excitement, an undying flame, which, at the present day, glows with an unwonted intensity, fed as it is by the dramatist, catered to by the visionist, favored by the novelist, and kept alive by the buffoon. Swarms of victims rush into the lurid atmosphere, which first exhilarates, then scorches and consumes. Who is ignorant of this frantic feeling, this mental phrenzy, this fevered bewilderment, — the witchery of the dance, the soul of fiction, the fiery genius of tragedy? Like a wasting spell, it chains the thoughts, drinks the spirits, scatters the wasted energies of perverted sensibility, and spreads an icy coldness, a blanched ghastliness upon the face of real life, disqualifying alike for acts of charity or deeds of heroism. What potent arm shall arrest and guide aright this flow of feeling? Who will breathe into the public heart a healthful exhilaration? Who, but the arbiters of custom? Let a general taste for useful reading be cultivated among females; let every toilet be ornamented with an instructive book; above all, let scientific societies be formed, where all the ad-

vantages of mental stimulants may be secured, while their evils are avoided, and the malady will be healed; for when woman forsakes the haunts of enervating excitement, a repulsive loneliness chills all who enter, and solitude becomes sole inhabitant.

The community also is covered with a luxuriant growth of vicious shoots, sprigs of evil inclination, who conceal the startling deformities of hideous immorality beneath a smattering of knowledge, the blandishments of wealth, or the sycophant graces of foppery. Nevertheless, with creation's fairer part, these, too often, have the preference over the unassuming possessors of true worth and irreproachable integrity, because their graces, like diamonds in iron, are set in uncouth work, or they stoop to the painful condescension of securing by their own industry an honest and competent livelihood! This may seem too hard a charge; would that it were less true than hard. But to what leads this unwise predilection?

We have seen the flower spreading itself in beauty, and wasting its fragrance upon the desert air. Again we looked; its leaves were fallen, and its stem bowed to the earth. We have listened to the songster, while his joyous matin thrilled the woodland and lured the sportsman. A season elapsed; we paused, — listened again; but the archer had been there, and the melodist was dumb.

We have seen the morn come forth in brightness, promising a long day of splendor and an eve of undisturbed serenity; but, ere it was noon, the scene was changed; clouds arising in an unobserved quarter, had gendered storms and shrouded the heavens in darkness. I have seen a lady bestow her approval on one with whom candor and purity, instead of being the guardian angels, had become idle appendages. Persisting in this profligacy of favor, she offered herself at the hymeneal shrine, a voluntary sacrifice to one who was skilled in the legerdemain of guilt, and whose thinly-gloved deeds would, if fully revealed, make modesty blush and innocence recoil.

Years have rolled by; and my thoughts have wandered back to this early scene, and along the subsequent path of its chief ornament, where nought but the perpetual harvest was expected to wave, and the notes of melody to be heard. But how blighted, how dissonant! Her hope had departed as

> 'The melting away of a star into the cloud,
> ——— or as a dream
> In its most ravishing sweetness, rudely broken.'

Wanton wickedness, gilded with adventitious blandishments, outweighed, in her estimation, unpretending excellence; and the bitterness of regret followed. An inconsiderate deference was the bud, palliating charity the blossom, and sorrow unmitigated, the fruit. When men are weighed in the even-hand balance of real worth, when woman evinces a decided and an affectionate preference for those attainments, in herself and others, which are sound, virtuous and salutary, then will the stream of iniquity be turned back in its course, and the tide of domestic bliss be no longer turbid. With woman is lodged a supremacy, in obedience to which, the wand of vice will fall, even a corrupted press purge its tones, and the priests of sin surrender their commission. Upon her, too, devolves a responsibility fearfully vast, commensurate with the world's weal, perpetual as the ages of time; and, however others may act, unsatisfied with earth's fevered pleasures, and purposing to move in a loftier sphere, the daughter of understanding will turn from the vanity

'Which leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,'

to be guided by the teachings of virtue and truth, assured that this is the way which leadeth unto life, and to the purest, sublimest memorial —

'She had a mind,
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed
On pageantry. She thirsted for a spring
Of a serener element, and drank
At the pure fount of God, and is athirst
No more.'

*Springfield, Mass., May*, 1846.

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## MIS-SPENT TIME.

BY SIR AUBREY VERE.

THERE is no remedy for time mis-spent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
O, hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed, ye sting not less,
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be wiled away for aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems;
And shape his acts and discipline his mind,
To walk, adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

## MAY SONG.

'Tis May again, 't is May again, the time of happy hours,
When nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy flowers,
When gentle morn wakes from the East as rosy as the sky,
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing by.

Now visions sweet as summer's eve, or autumn's glowing day,
Are rushing on the mind of youth as lovely as they 're gay;
And hopes prized more than coral lip, or maiden's blushing vow,
Are coming back to cheer old age, and deck its snowy brow.

The king-cups bathed in golden light, their tender breasts unfold,
And verdant plains burst on the sight, like beds of waving gold;
The violets from the mossy banks in purple clusters rise,
And daisies one by one begin to show their starry eyes.

The leaves nursed in the noontide's warmth, and freshened by the dew,
Are woven into forest crowns which mock the emerald's hue;
They twine their garlands round about the wasting walls of yore,
As doth the heart round memory, when life's bright days are o'er.

Blossoms as fair as orient pearls adorn the orchard trees,
And odors from their honied lips add fragrance to the breeze;
Beauty's soft grace and radiant glow are mantling all the grain,
And from the earth a promise comes of fruit and corn again.

Birds, rich in plumage and in voice, from every wood and grove,
In joyous concert sing aloud the melody of love;
The zephyrs, wild as music's tone, upon their pinions bring
Sweet echoes to the listening ear, and incense of the Spring.

Clouds, calmly hung in silver light, like folds of fleecy snow,
Are shadowed in the silent streams, which through the valleys flow,
Now cradled by the swelling waves, now on the shore at play,
Now flitting round the lofty hills as blithesome as a fay.

'T is May again. 't is May again, the time of happy hours,
When nature wears her fairest robe of young and dewy flowers,
When gentle morn wakes from the East, as rosy as the sky,
And brooks are laughing in the meads, and birds are singing by.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

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Conscience. — A tender conscience is like the apple of a man's eye — the least dust which enters it, affects it. There is no surer and better way to know whether our consciences are dead and stupid, than to observe what impression small sins make upon them; if we are not very careful to avoid all appearance of evil, and to shun whatever looks like sin; if we are not so much troubled at the vanity of our thoughts and words, at the rising up of sinful emotions and desires in us, as we have been formerly, we may then conclude that our hearts are hardened, and our consciences are stupefying — for a tender conscience will no more allow of small, than of great sins. — *Bishop Hopkins.*

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER.

In my journeyings, a few weeks since, I chanced to stop at the door of a small, rude dwelling in the suburbs of a thrifty village. My friend and guide, who travelled with me, had not informed me of the object of his call; and, as I had no business there, I remained in the carriage while he gave the usual signal at the door, for admission. After a little delay, indicating lack of preparation to receive company, the door was opened by a young woman in decent garb, bearing evident marks of anxiety and want. After exchanging the ordinary salutations with her pastor, with smiles which expressed despair rather than hope and joy, and glancing at the stranger in the carriage, the conversation turned upon her husband. At this moment, smiles yielded to the rush of tears, and there stood before me the victim of overwhelming misery. The interrogatories of the pastor soon elicited the fact, that her husband was a drunkard — that he made no provision for his family, but spent all his earnings for drink, and then abused her, and that he was growing worse and worse every day. I inquired if she had children, and learned she had four, all small, and dependent on a desponding mother for support! What a condition, thought I, for such a woman! But a little before, and she was a playful Miss, sporting in the sunshine of youth and hope — then, the young lady of beauty and fond expectation, the pride of tender parents, and the envy of less favored ones; but now, alas! the hapless victim of perjured love. Poor creature! As I gazed upon her, my soul was stirred within me. The thought of her former prospects, the joy of her nuptial day, the broken vows of her inebriate husband, the innocence and wretchedness of her little children, and her own virtuous, but pitiful appearance, rushed upon my heart like an avalanche, and roused my sympathies to a perfect storm.

'T was madness to be calm.'

After wishing her a thousand blessings, and contributing something to relieve her wants, I turned from the exciting scene, resolved to bespeak for the sufferer the labor of love, and the prayer of faith.

This incident suggests the awful hazard which young ladies run, in forming the marriage contract, and the deliberation with which it should be done. The wedding-day is usually a day of joy, and so it ought to be. But it is one of fearful liabilities. That daughter you see adorning herself for the hymeneal altar, had, it may be, infinitely better be coffined for the grave. The lover, whose hand she now takes may, indeed, be a guardian angel; but he may too be her tormentor — her ruin. If he be a wine-bibber, nay, if at the present stage of reform, he is not a pledged man against all which can intoxicate, there is more occasion for mourning than for mirth. It is a day of darkness, portentous of a dreadful storm. I say this, fair reader, not to mar your joy, but to stimulate your caution.

This incident also suggests the duty of ladies to sympathize with the wives of drunken husbands. Why should this woman be passed by with cold neglect? Is she not an object of pity? Meet her wants to our utmost, and still, she is wretched enough, and must continue to be, till there is a change in her husband. And beside, such cases call loudly for kind and benevolent effort to reform the agents of their sufferings. This, thank Heaven, is not impossible. There is balm in Gilead, even for such.

Soon after witnessing the foregoing scene, I referred to it in a Temperance meeting. At the close of the meeting, a lady of respectable appearance said to me, 'There are some such wives as the one you described in this town.' I presume so, said I; do you know of any? '*I am one,*' said she; and then burst into tears, and retired, as if unable to say more. I regretted her sudden exit, as it deprived me of all means of aiding her, she being an entire stranger. The next morning, however, she called to explain, and ask coöperation in her husband's reform. She remarked that she could cover all his faults, but the thought of her children suffering the degradation of a drunken father, was intolerable; and her sadness and tears attested the sincerity of her words. I promised all possible aid, and immediately put the right person upon the enterprise of reforming him. I knew not that I should ever see her again. But a few nights since, happening at another meeting in the neighborhood, the same woman appeared before me again. But though the same, she bore entirely another aspect. Joy and smiles had taken the place of sadness and despair, and she wished to inform me that her husband had become a sober man. Thank God! A greater blessing such a wife could not receive. She was now a happy woman.

Buoyantly she left the hall, to shed her smiles upon the domestic group, and enjoy once more the blessedness of *home.*

*Gentle reader*, there are many such sufferers as I have described. As you would that others should do to to you in like circumstances, so do you to them. Go, and interest yourself in their misfortunes. To extract one drop of bitterness from their cup, will afford you more pleasure in the final hour, than to remember the vain recreations of a whole life.

*Worcester, Mass., May*, 1846.

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'Call me by my Christian name,' said she. 'It affords the most touching evidence of your love, and calls up the blest remembrance of childhood.'

## MY CHILDHOOD'S NAME.

BY REV. M. TRAFTON.

O, CALL me not by that new name,
  Its sound is strange to me,
For, in my childhood's unchanged heart,
  It wakes no melody;
I do not start — I do not hear —
  I cannot *feel* the tone,
For all around is strange; I sigh
  That I am still alone.

Speak to my heart, but speak as those
  Who knew me when a child;
When bounding on the fresh, green sward,
  Arose our laughter wild;
Then, when each other's names we called,
  The echoes richly rolled
Among the sounding, sea-lashed cliffs,
  And through the forests old.

O, then the sun-light of our youth
  Streamed gloriously through
Life's opening vista, painting there
  A most enchanting view;
Then all was bright, immortal youth,
  Unsullied by a tear,
And lovely was the beauteous bow
  Of promise, arching near.

These visions sweet, still let me see —
  Dear heart-lights of my youth;
O, tell me not I was deceived,
  O, question not their truth!
Leave me to find them false, myself —
  If false they prove at last —
But O, not willingly away,
  Will I such jewels cast.

Break not the spell, then, by that name,
But call me by the other,
Which from my infancy I 've heard,
From father, sister, mother;
It stirs within my leaping heart,
My childhood's whisperings,
Falling as soft as echoes fall
From angels' silver wings.

O, why should not my youthful heart
Go with me through life's way?
Why should the heartless forms of earth
Make these first flowers decay?
Then call me Mary; speak in tones
Affectionate as those
Who still are treasured in my heart,
Though in death's deep repose.

*Cambridge-port, Mass., May,* 1846.

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## THE LOST CHILD.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Weekly Gazette gives the following account of a hunt for a lost child in one of the thinly peopled neighborhoods of the West: —

Little Johnny was about four years old. He had been out in the field, with his father and the black man, who were harvesting corn — had filled his little bag with roasting ears, and started for home about two o'clock in the afternoon. On returning at night, they ascertained that the child had never been seen. It was nearly dark, but the alarm was given, and some fifteen or twenty neighbors took their horns and commenced the search. The corn, where he was first seen, was the first object, of course; here they took single rows, and scoured the field in vain. They then scattered through the wood; the father frantic, often calling out in a voice of thunder, 'Ho! John — ho! John — O, John!' Then, fearing the boy might be alarmed and afraid to answer, he would soften down into the gentle, winning tone of the fireside — 'Johnny, Johnny my dear, father's come.'

It was a cloudy evening; and though, perhaps, he had never bowed the knee 'before Jehovah's awful throne,' he prayed — O how earnestly he prayed the Lord it might not rain that night. The air was damp and chilly, so that, if the child were alive, with his bare feet and light jacket, he must be suffering cruelly from cold. But the wolves! — ah, this was the fear, this the terror, which all felt, none dared to breathe. A wolf had been prowling around the premises — indeed, they had a common path across the prairie.

The search was continued till midnight, when a part thought it best to relieve their horses, and wait for daylight, to begin afresh. But the father, with three of his hunting friends, who had resolved not to eat or sleep till they had found the boy, still kept on — sometimes riding, sometimes walking — calling and shouting, if for no other purpose than to keep the wolves at bay. At length they stationed themselves within hearing distance of each other, and sat down to protect the child, or rush to his rescue, in case they should hear him attacked, to watch until the morning.

At early dawn, about fifty new horsemen arrived, and the search commenced anew. The field was examined for the track, which was pursued with some doubt, as he had been there three successive days. On tracing the path which led towards the wolf woods, the imprints of Johnny's little feet were again discovered, as he appeared to be running, and the mark of his bag dragged along by his side. Here the father's anguish gushed anew, as the fears of the preceding night were justified and corroborated. They now agreed to take a station of about fifteen rods abreast, go up one side of the branch and down the other, till the whole surface of the extensive area farther than he could possibly have travelled, had been explored. They had completed one side, and were returning, when the signal was given — Johnny was found! The noisy shouting, and repeated peals of the hunters' winding horns, soon grouped the solemn cavalcade.

But O'Larry, though foremost in the hunt, fell back at the first note of the summoning horn, nor did he speak a word, or scarcely breathe, till he snatched his own true Johnny from the arms of his delighted bearer, and pressed him with a frantic fondness to his now bursting heart. The dear boy was found, about two miles from home, in a thicket of hazel, picking filberts, with his bag of corn still on his arm. He looked bright and happy; and when asked where he was going, said he was going home, but it was so *far*. He said he had n't seen anybody, but he heard some one call him, and that he was afraid; that he ran till he was very tired, and then he laid his head down on his bag, and cried — that while he was crying he saw a big carriage go by with candles in it, (the thunder and lightning,) and then it grew very dark, and he asked God to take care of little Johnny, and went to sleep. He seemed amazed to see so many around him, and all so glad to see him.

THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. VIII. JUNE, 1846. No. 6.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## PRIZE ESSAY.

### THE TWO VACATIONS, OR FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

BY MRS. ELIZA T. P. SMITH, OF ROXBURY, MASS.

'O DEAR! what shall I do? Next week is vacation. I shall be crazy before the week is over, with these boys!' Upon uttering this, Mrs. James Temple folded her hands and looked the picture of dismay.

William and James Temple were brothers. They were men who, at the period of which we write, were actively engaged in business, and obtained a comfortable maintenance. Both had a family of children. William married a young lady from the city; James, a lady from an interior town. Having visited both families, and been present during a vacation in each, I thought an account of the different manner in which the vacation was spent in the two families, with a few inferences on family government, might be interesting and profitable to the many mothers who exclaim, 'O dear! what shall I do? Next week is vacation.'

Mrs. James Temple was what everybody called a smart woman. Her house was a little better kept, and her children a little better dressed than any of her neighbors'; and, as she was a member of the church, the sewing, and other societies often met there, and were a little better entertained than at any other place. She was, also, an active member of a Maternal Association, and took great inter-

est in stimulating the members to the discharge of their maternal duties. She was very fond of her children. No mother's eyes glistened more than hers, when all her children went before her up the aisle of the church, dressed so nicely and looking so pretty. Nobody felt prouder then she, when her daughter played finely on the piano, or was praised for diligence in her studies.

The first day of vacation at length arrived. As Mr. Temple was rising from the breakfast-table, his wife said, 'Now, father, do give these boys a charge. It is vacation week, and I dread it shockingly.'

'Boys,' said Mr. T., mind what your mother says, and behave yourselves, or I will give you a flogging;' and off he went to his business. Having so often heard complaints and grievances, he had become quite hardened to them. Fathers are mortal; and when they return from their daily toil, it is for relaxation and rest, and not to be burdened with petty troubles, and to listen to complaints and trials; also, when they leave their family in the morning, they like to do it with a pleasant remembrance. A thought of smiling faces and a happy home, is a delightful stimulant to a father at his daily toil. Mr. T. loved his family; they were all in all to him of earthly enjoyment; and yet often, as on the morning we have cited, he went from them with a shade on his brow, and a pang at his heart, looking to his business to enable him to dissipate it. Ah! if wives did but realize how much the happiness of their husbands depends upon *little* sayings and *little* occurrences, they would pay more attention to these little sayings and doings. It is not that a wife is beautiful, or graceful, or accomplished, that makes a man *happy*, neither is it the absence of these that will make a man unhappy; if the temper and disposition be, to make the best of every thing, to make her home a pleasant one at any rate, and be always contented and pleasant herself, the husband of such a woman cannot but be a happy man and love his home.*

* Note by the Editor. — We entirely concur in Mrs. Smith's excellent remarks on this point. But will she permit us to say, that, in our opinion, the duties here prescribed do not exclusively, or even specially, devolve upon the *mother*? Is it not a father's duty to control his children, to direct in their recreations and pastimes, to improve their manners, and to instruct them faithfully in every moral and religious duty? Does not a responsibility in relation to these matters rest upon him, which he cannot, by any plea for want of time, throw off? And when he returns

When Mr. T. was gone, Mrs. T. said, 'Now, boys, it is Monday morning, and you are all dressed up clean; don't get your clothes soiled; if you do, I shall punish you severely; and be sure you don't get into mischief.'

'No, ma'am,' said all three, immediately, but without affixing any more practical meaning to her words than if she had spoken in Greek. They knew they should not intentionally soil their clothes, and as for 'mischief,' the word had so broad a meaning, that they did not try to discover to what, in particular, she alluded. She left them and went to the kitchen to give her daily directions. After she went out, there was a pause for a moment; then said Charley, 'Jim, what are you going to do?'

'I don't know,' said James; 'what shall we do? Let us go out, and see what the other fellows are doing.'

As their mother heard them leaving, she hastened up stairs in time to reiterate her injunctions about keeping their clothes clean, and the door was shut.

About twelve o'clock, as Mrs. T. was sitting in the parlor with a visitor, the door opened, and in rushed Charley, with his hat on, very angry, and his face very dirty. 'You may go down stairs,' said Mrs. T., with a look which meant you *must* go. He evidently wished to say something to her, but she was either afraid he would say something she would not like her visitor to hear, (who had been praising the children,) or she did not like to be interrupted; at any rate, she sent him away, whispering, 'When the lady has left, you may come.' Charley went down. He had been sent in for bread to give round to the boys; but the cook told him that all the bread there was baked, was wanted for dinner. He waited a long time for the lady to go, till at length his patience was exhausted. The boys were hungry, and the little fellow felt kindly and wished to gratify them; so he seized the loaf and made off, thinking Hannah would bake more for dinner. At dinner, Hannah entered a

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from his business and cares, is it not also his imperative duty *to make it a pleasure*, to relieve the mother, as far as possible, of the care and burden of the children, while he is present? Is it not, also, equally his duty to make the best of every thing; to make her home a pleasant one; at any rate, to be always pleasant himself, and diffuse gladness and joy throughout his family, by his countenance, smiles, words, and temper? Ah! if husbands did but realize how much the happiness of their wives depends upon these things, they would pay more attention to them.

complaint, that Master Charley had wasted a whole loaf of bread, and she had not time to bake more; so Master Charley had to be sent to his room, and the meal was a cheerless one to all. At supper, there seemed a prospect of a more pleasant meal; the boys were in their seats in season, and looked well, until Charles was requested to bring a pitcher of water. He rose to go, when his mother discovered that his new, light cassimere pants were besmeared with tar from top to bottom! This was too serious a matter to be overlooked, and when it was ascertained that all three of the boys were in pretty much the same condition, their mother's displeasure was very great, and all three were sent to bed in disgrace. After they were gone, the following dialogue occurred between Mr. and Mrs. T.

*Mrs. T.* 'I declare, husband, I don't know what we shall do with these boys; they grow worse and worse.'

*Mr. T.* 'I don't think they are any worse than other boys. These things are not so very bad after all.'

*Mrs. T.* 'Why, how can you talk so? They do nothing but quarrel and wrangle, and run in and ont, and make a noise, and soil their clothes; I declare, I am quite discouraged.'

*Mr. T.* 'Oh, these are only the ways of boys; they will get over them by and by.'

*Mrs. T.* 'But how shall I keep them clean, if they soil their clothes so? I fret and scold, but it does no good, and I declare, husband, you provoke me to death, you are so easy about it.'

*Mr. T.* 'Well, Mary, I think *you* fret altogether too much; you don't seem to manage right with the boys; you should keep them with you more; there is nothing like a mother's teachings for such children; a mother's love may accomplish *almost anything; it* is a holy trust — a glorious object, to train these immortals for the skies, and we should never be discouraged.'

Mrs. T. said no more, but resolved that the next day she would not let them go out of the house, and see what good that would do. Accordingly, on the morrow, she forbade their going out; but before night she repented her decision, for they made such a noise, and the two eldest annoyed their sister so much, that she was unhappy all day. She had calculated too much upon *one day*, upon *one effort*, and beside, *she had not prayed with them or for them that day.* In her own strength she had attempted the task,

and had been unsuccessful. Toward night, she went to her room alone and burst into tears. Shrieks from below aroused her, but hastening down, she was relieved to find that they were occasioned only by one of Jim's practical jokes on his sisters. He had caught a mouse and was frightening them with it. Glad was their mother when bed-time relieved her of their trouble, and the boys themselves declared they never spent so tiresome a day in their lives. They had had confinement, but not enjoyment. They had been kept from going out, but had not been made happy within. The next day they kept out all day, coming home only at meals, and then very rude and dirty.

There was a deep pond, about half a mile from the house, to which the boys had been prohibited going, as several had already barely escaped drowning. On the morning of Thursday, some boys passed by, carrying some pieces of board. As they passed the house, they beckoned to Jim and Charley, and told them they were going down to the pond to make a raft and have a sail. So Jim and Charley thought they would just help them along with the boards, and see them make the raft and sail, *as they had nothing to do themselves.* It took some time to make the raft, but at last it was completed and floated well. The boys were in ecstasies, and concluded to go home and ask leave of their mother to sail. They went, but it was later than they thought; she had just gone to a prayer-meeting. They returned to the pond, and at the solicitation of the boys, ventured upon the water. They had been forbidden to go upon the water, on account of little Henry, who, she feared, might be drowned. But, as he was not there, and as they had been at the trouble to go home to get permission, they concluded they might sail. As their mother was going out in the evening, she hurried them off to bed, upon their return home, without asking them any questions. The next day they went again. At night, their mother asked them where they had been playing all day. 'Over across New Street,' said Jim. When they were alone, James said to Charley, 'Well, I did not tell an untruth, for you know we were playing on the pond over across New Street, and then, Charley, mother is more good natured if we *keep out of her way.*'

Ah, mothers! children have eyes, ears, and keen perception. Your children will understand and appreciate not only your actions, but your motives. You cannot deceive them long, if you would.

On Saturday they went again to the pond; but this time little Henry watched them, and finding they meant he should not see where they went, he slyly followed them, and, when they arrived at the pond, he was by their side, laughing because he had found them. What could they do? If they carried him back, they would lose the day and be punished. Having exacted a promise of him not to expose them, and not to venture on the raft, they let him stay. As their mother charged them to be punctual at dinner, they started to leave upon the ringing of the bell, but alas! at this moment Charley's foot slipped, and he was plunged into the water! He scrambled out, but was wet through. Here was a dilemma! What should they do? If Henry had not been with them, they would have divulged the whole, but now they could not; so, putting their heads together, they concluded that Charley was to go in slyly and change his clothes, and, if his mother asked him why he did so, he was to reply that he fell down and wet them, and so changed them. At dinner, the question was asked, and the answer given, as contemplated; but, not being hardened in deception, Charley's face grew very red, which his mother noticed, and thought there might be deception, but concluded she had better not inquire into it, as it was probably only a *childish* manœuvre to hide a rent; so she passed it over, forgetting that,

'Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined.'

Little Henry felt very unhappy. This was his first deception; though not principal in the affair, yet being accessory to it, it pained him; he thought he should choke when Charley was telling about it, and after dinner he teazed him to go and tell the truth. The next day, he told Charley he could not sleep for thinking of it, for as soon as he fell asleep, an angel woke him up, because he deceived. Precious child! Immortal spirit! To whom was entrusted that young heart? Who should polish that priceless gem—a tender conscience, and preserve it pure and unsullied? Who, but a *mother*?

The vacation at length closed. Mrs. T. told a friend, that she had just lived through it, and that was all; if teachers knew what a terrible trial a vacation was, they would never give one, she was sure; as for its doing the children good, that was all a mistake; her children, she could see plainly, were worse in every respect;

their clothes were ruined, they had grown rude, playing with rude boys so much, and they had got shocking colds; Charley had really a bad cough.

Ah! these were bad, but the half was not told; they had acquired something infinitely worse than spoiled clothes, rude manners, or shocking colds. But we will let the results of Mrs. T.'s management, as she called it, speak for itself.'

For a week, little Henry thought much of the deception Charley had used, and wished very much to tell his mother; but the noble little fellow said, 'Now, if she had forbidden my going on the pond, I would go and tell her, but to go and tell of them will be mean;' so, in time, it wore off. A few weeks after, one Wednesday afternoon, as Henry was playing on a pile of boards, lying in the streets, he bethought himself of the board raft in the pond, and wondered what was become of it. He asked a little boy, who was playing with him, if he would like to go and see a raft. The boy declined; so Henry went alone. This was about two in the afternoon. At seven, as some workmen were going by the pond, they saw something floating by the raft; they went in, and took out the dead body of little Henry T.! He probably tried to reach hold of the raft, and, leaning over too far, fell, sunk, and rose again and again; but there was no hand to save, no mother to answer his piteous cry for help.

They bore him home. Mrs. T. saw the crowd approaching. She could not see, but she feared that it was a child of hers. They told her it was the pet, the darling of the family, the youngest son, endeared to all! Alas! that mother's agony at that moment, none but a mother can tell! The dear child, who had laid upon her breast and nestled in her bosom, whose infant carol had beguiled so many nursery hours, had been taken from her, without one kiss, one smile, or even one parting look! I stood with them round little Henry's coffin, upon which a friend had strewn beautiful flowers, and I could not help thinking, that, had that mother made the culture and care of her children paramount to every thing beside, and had made the discharge of her duty, a pleasure, for their sake, as well as for her own, governing with tenderness and affection, as well as with strictness and decision, that dear child might have been in her arms, or at her feet, radiant with joy and health, and beauteous as the flowers upon his now cold and lifeless form. But no

one said a word upon the subject. The minister and those who came to console her, told her it was the hand of God, and she must bow with submission. 'It was a mysterious Providence,' she said, 'how he could have found his way to *that pond*, the very place of all others she had dreaded the most, and to which she had always charged the larger boys not to go.' But as she laid her head upon her pillow that night, she resolved, with strength from on High, to devote more time to her children; and as she heard the solemn tread of her husband, as he walked the room below, in the anguish of a bereaved heart, she felt a pang of remorse, a consciousness of unfaithfulness, worse, harder to bear, than the grief for the loss of her dear boy.

But we will turn to a pleasanter scene.

'So, next week is vacation,' said Mrs. *William* Temple. 'Well, nurse, we must get all our work done this week, so as to enjoy ourselves with the boys next week.'

Mrs. William Temple had four boys and one girl. She was not fond of the care of children, but of reading and the practice of music. These pursuits she could not attend to, with children noisy around her; and she knew that for the children to enjoy the vacation and profit by it, she must give up these and be with them almost all the time. This would be a great self-denial, but it occasioned only a momentary regret, for the well-being and future character of her children depended, she thought, much upon her, and she really regretted no sacrifice or deprivation which was the means of doing them good.

Monday morning came. Addressing herself to the boys, Mrs. T. said, 'Well, boys, we are going to have a delightful time this vacation; we shall be *so* happy; now I will explain our plans for today. In the first place, I want William and Alfred to go into the garden and weed the strawberry bed; that will take all the forenoon, and be a pretty tiresome job; but when father comes home, he will be so pleased, it will pay for all the trouble. When you have completed that, and are resting, I will tell you a delightful story — one you never heard. After dinner, we will go first into my room and have a prayer-meeting for children; then we will all go, — nurse, and baby, and all, — up to the grove and have a pic-nic. I will do up a little basket of good things, and select a book to read.' The boys were delighted with the plan, and ran into the garden. In about two hours, thinking their patience might be exhausted, their

mother went to them, and commending them for their industry, said, 'Well, boys, as I find this is a harder task than I thought, I shall give you a cent a yard for the rest.' This proved a fresh stimulus, and their eyes brightened with joy. The eldest (nine years of age) said, he guessed he should earn seven cents. He tugged away at his work with renewed energy, the perspiration pouring down his little red face. The second son ran up to her, and clasping his arms round her, said, 'Mother, I will take seven *kisses* for my pay.'

The forenoon thus wore away. When they came in, their mother perceived that, in kneeling to weed, they had soiled their pants; but she said nothing to them about it; they had had a good exercise, made themselves useful, and felt very happy; and she would not becloud their brow and dampen their joy, by chiding them for what they could not well help. The afternoon came, and as happy an one as ever was spent by any family. As they were to have a pic-nic, they had washed and dressed themselves very nicely. When they came to their mother, ready to go, her heart throbbed with maternal pride and delight, they looked so spruce and so happy. She took them into her room, and commended them to God in prayer, and as they arose, she felt that the kiss they gave her, was heart-felt and tender, and that the little prayer-meeting in the morning, had been attended by a good influence. They then prepared for the pic-nic. William took the basket. Alfred carried a bottle of water, into which she had put some molasses, while little Joseph had a book, and a drinking cup. Clara, the only daughter, carried some flowers. So they set out, nurse and baby bringing up the rear.

The grove, which was close to the house, was a daily resort and no novelty. There was a little summer-house in it, where they went to sit. They gathered round her, and she read to her little audience a story about truth, to which they eagerly listened. Then commenced the peeping into the basket, and guessing what was in it; then the passing round its contents, which never tasted so good before. As the sun went down that day, its last beams fell upon as happy a group as ever was gathered. When Mrs. T. retired to rest, it was with a light and happy heart, though she had not practised the last new piece of music which was sent her, and although she had two very interesting books upon her table, unread.

The next day, however, Mrs. T. had a trial. The two boys

were sent to take off the large stones from the gravel-walk in front of the house. There were in the barn a spade, a hoe, and a rake; but there was only one of each, and one of the boys was in an unfortunate state of mind; if his brother had the hoe, he wanted it; if one was raking, the other wanted the rake. Mrs. T. saw the storm approaching, and tried to avert it, but in vain; she called them to her, and talked earnestly and affectionately, but alas! a few minutes after, she saw them angrily wrestling for the hoe. With a feeling of sadness she went down the walk, but when they saw her they looked ashamed and ceased. She called them to her, and, putting an arm round each of them, again tenderly remonstrated with them. They felt her words. All anger passed away. The youngest, jumping along, said, 'Oh! mother, you have n't seen the bird's nest with two young ones in it! Now if you will only come to the apple-tree and see it, you will say it is a beautiful sight; do come, mother, it will make you very happy.'

She went across the orchard to see the bird's-nest, and this led to the narration of an anecdote of some curious birds, which delighted the boys, and they went back to their work in good humor, and labored industriously till the task was finished, while their mother was sitting at a window, sewing and encouraging them. She then called them to wash and prepare to meet their father, as he came home from his business in the city. They went forth, and, as he met them, he took them into the carriage, and they had a pleasant ride home. When they struck up 'Home, sweet home,' and rode into the yard singing so pleasantly, all eyes glistened with delight, and, as the nurse exclaimed, it was a happy spectacle indeed.

Although Mrs. T. had had a tiresome day, and was not quite well, yet, when she saw her husband so happy, and so pleased with his family, she felt a satisfaction which no mere worldly gratification could have given her.

It is not necessary to follow Mrs. T. through all the little incidents of the week. At its close, they all said, it was the happiest week they had ever spent. Mrs. T. herself said, that she did not before know how happy she could make herself with children.

Enough has been said to show the method of her management with children. She had carefully observed their character, and *adapted herself to their capabilities;* but the great secret of their not doing *wrong* was, that she gave them something *right* to do,

which was agreeable to them; or, if not agreeable, she made it so by some dependent circumstance, or reward; at one time, singing to them; at another, telling a story; conquering evil passions and instilling good motives by *love*. Love was the ruling instrument.

But as we have traced the effect of Mrs. James Temple's management, or rather want of management, farther on, and, as an event was, even during the vacation, approaching, which would show the value of Mrs. William Temple's care, we will follow this family also a little farther.

The winter before the vacation we have described, the children had the measles. All got through well but the third son, little Joseph. With him, lung fever set in, which was followed by a severe cough. Soon after the vacation, it was evident to all, that he was sinking; that the blighting hand of consumption was upon him, and that they must soon give him up. Dear little fellow! He did not suffer much, except when he coughed, and that he bore with so much patience, that it was affecting to see him. If the paroxysm was ever so bad, he would, as soon as he could catch breath, say, 'I'm better now, ma'; don't cry.' When he was bolstered up, he looked so loving and happy upon each, that it infused love and happiness into the hearts of all who saw him. Each night he repeated a hymn, which his mother had written for him, a few lines or words at a time, as he was able, beginning,

'My Saviour I love,
His home is above,'

and closing with,

'And my *mother* I love.'

He had a good deal to say to his brothers about God and heaven. Sometimes his infant remarks would make his mother weep; but after he was *gone*, they were a great comfort to her. He lingered seven weeks, and, during all that time, his elder brothers administered to him in every way which children could. Their affectionate deportment and care were observed by all.

At length the sad day arrived. Death set little Joseph free, and angels bore the dear child to his home in the skies. His parents sorrowed, but it was not as those without hope. They placed a child in the tomb, but a treasure in the skies. The sweet testimony he left behind, though infantile, was a source of great comfort to his mother. As she knelt on the evening of the day of his burial, with

her children, round the family altar, with one little chair vacant, one little voice silent forever, though sad, she was not unhappy, for she felt no compunctions of conscience; she had been faithful; a peace from Heaven was vouchsafed to her; her sorrow was calmed, and she arose from prayer resigned and tranquil, and strengthened for future duties and cares.

The remembrance of the happy death-bed of little Joseph was a source of great consolation to Mrs. T., and was a stimulant to her in all subsequent efforts and trials. It recompensed her for all the weariness and anxiety incident to the care of children; and often, after a fatiguing day, as she walked in the garden at twilight, and looked upward, she thought she could almost see his sweet, blue eyes, beaming down upon her, full of encouragement and love; she could almost hear his gentle voice, whispering in her ear, 'do not faint, dear mother, your reward is *here*.'

Mothers, who read this, would you have the death of your children a comfort to you? Then, in their lives you must be unwearied, tender, and faithful. Into your hands is placed the tender and flexible infant. Oh! rear it truthful and holy. Fathers may provide for, succor, counsel, and advise; but none but a *mother* can take the young child into her bosom, and whisper into its ear those words of love and truth, which will abide through years and changes, and bind the soul to rectitude when all other influences have lost their power.

Mothers, make the government of your children a *study*. *Think it out*, as you would any other plan of operations. Be faithful, be loving, be true to your precious trust, and much enjoyment and peace will be yours on earth, and in heaven, a crown of rejoicing.

Be watchful and prayerful. A blush, a look, a word, or a tear, will sometimes reveal dispositions, or thoughts, important for you to know. Watch these; and though you may sometimes be harassed and distressed, be not cast down; you will reap if you faint not. In *time*, you will see proofs, in the good conduct and affection of your children, the respect and confidence of your husband, the approbation of your own heart, and the smiles of Heaven, that your labor is not lost, while *eternity* will unfold to you the glorious result of your labors, the full fruition of your hopes, in the redeemed and happy group who will welcome, or follow you to heaven. Be faithful, then; mothers, be faithful.

*Roxbury, Mass.*

THE

# YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

## ECONOMY OF TIME.

BY MRS. SARAH S. ELLIS.

[Addressed to Young Ladies.]

THERE is a class of young persons, and I fear not a very small one, who rise every morning trusting to the day to provide its own occupations and amusements. They descend from their chambers with a listless, dreamy hope, that something will occur to interest or enliven them, never imagining that they themselves are called upon to enliven and interest others. Such individuals, being liable to disappointment every day, almost always learn to look upon themselves as unfortunate beings, less privileged than others, and, in short, ill-treated by faith, or rather by Providence, in being placed where they are. Their feelings, always too busy for their peace, become morbid, restless, and ungovernable, for want of proper exercise; while imagination, allowed to run riot over a boundless field of vague and half-formed observations, leads their affections in her train, to fix upon whatever object caprice or fancy may select.

It is not attributing too much importance to the right economy of time, to say that it might prevent all this. I presume not to lay down rules for the occupation of every hour. Particular duties must always appertain to particular situations; and since the necessary claims upon our attention are as varied as our individual circumstances, that which in one would be right employment of time, would be a culpable breach of duty in another.

There are, however, a few general rules which cannot be too clearly or too deeply impressed upon the mind — rules which the rich and poor would be equally benefited by adopting; which the meanest and the most exalted individual would alike find it safe to act upon; and by which the wisest and best of mankind might

increase their means and extend their sphere of usefulness to their fellow creatures.

The first of these rules is to accustom yourselves every morning to say what you are intending to do; and every night, with equal faithfulness, to say what you have actually done during the day. If you find any material difference between what you have intended and what you have achieved, try to proportion them better, and the next day either lay out for yourself, or, what is far better, endeavor to accomplish, more. This is the more to be recommended, because we learn, both by experience and observation, that whenever we bring down our good intentions to a lower scale, it is a certain symptom of some failure either in our moral, intellectual, or physical power. Still there is much allowance to be made for the inexperience of youth, in not being able to limit good intentions by the bounds of what is practicable; it is, therefore, preferable that a little should be taken off, even from what is good in itself, rather than that you should go on miscalculating time and means to the end of life.

There are persons, and some considerably advanced in years, who habitually retire to rest every night, surprised and disappointed that the whole of their day's work has not been done. Now it is evident that such persons must be essentially wrong in one of these two things: either in their calculations upon the value and extent of time, or in their estimate of their own capabilities; and in consequence of these miscalculations, they have probably been making the most serious mistakes all their lives. They have been promising what they could not perform; deceiving and disappointing their friends, and those who were dependent upon them; beside harassing their own spirits, and destroying their own peace, by frightful miscalculations of imperative claims, when there was no residue of time at all proportioned to such requirements.

The next rule I would lay down is, if possible, of more importance than the first. It is, that you should always be able to say what you are doing, and not merely what you are going to do. 'I am going to be so busy — I am going to get my work — I am going to prepare for my journey — I am going to study — I am going to visit a poor neighbor.' These, and many other 'goings,' with the frequent prefixion of the word 'just,' before them, are words which form a network of delusion, by which hundreds of really well-

intentioned young persons are completely entangled: 'I am just going to do this or that good work,' sounds so much like 'I am really doing it,' that the conscience is satisfied for the moment; yet how vast is the difference between these two expressions, when habit has fixed them upon the character!

To the same class of persons who habitually say, 'I am going,' rather than 'I am doing,' belong those who seldom know what they really are about; who, coming into a room for a particular purpose, and finding a book there by chance, open it, and sit down to read for half an hour, or an hour, believing all the time that they are going to do the thing they first intended; or who, setting out to walk for the benefit of their health, drop in upon a pleasant acquaintance by the way, still thinking they are going to walk, until the time for doing so has expired, when they return home with cold feet and aching heads, half fancying that they have really walked, and disappointed that exercise has produced no better effect.

Now, in these two cases, there may be as little harm in reading the book as in calling upon the acquaintance, and nothing wrong in either; but the habit of doing habitually what we had not intended to do, and leaving undone what we had intended, has so injurious an effect, in weakening our resolutions and impairing our capacity for making exact calculations upon time and means, that one might pronounce, without much hesitation, upon a person accustomed to this mode of action, the sentence of utter inability to fill any situation of usefulness or importance among mankind.

I am inclined to think we should all be sufficiently astonished, if we should try the experiment a single day, of passing quickly and promptly from one occupation to another. It is, in fact, these 'goings to do,' which constitute so large an amount of wasted time, for which we are all accountable. Few persons deliberately intend to be idle; few will allow that they have been so from choice; yet how vast a proportion of the human race are living in a state of self-deception, by persuading themselves they are not idle, when they are merely going to act. Promptness in doing whatever it is right to do *now*, is one of the great secrets of living.

By this means we find our capabilities increased to an amazing amount; nor can we ever know what they really are, until this plan of conduct has been fully tried.

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## 'NOT WITH GOLD, OR PEARLS, OR COSTLY ARRAY.'

BY MRS. MARY H. MAXWELL.

Gems, brilliant gems, were in her hair,
With many flowers entwining;
Her flowing robes, of texture rare,
With orient hues were shining.

And conscious flowers were blushing there,
For her, their bloom resigning;
And beautiful, and wondrous fair
That graceful form, reclining.

And, spirit like, those beaming eyes,
With sunny glance beguiling,
Like rays along the morning skies,
In early gladness smiling.

Thus, thus she drank the dew of flowers,
But heeded not their dying;
And hailed with joy the laughing hours,
But noted not their flying.

But on, and on those moments passed,
Till flowers of transient blooming,
Their sere and yellow leaflets cast,
Her earthly hopes entombing.

She wore the robe of texture rare,
The garment rich and flowing,
And gold, and costly pearls were there,
In rainbow lustre glowing.

But cold the brow, and dim the eye,
Cold — dim, as daylight waning;
No star upon the midnight sky —
No hope the soul sustaining.

Alas! within that fairy mould
Of Nature's fairest framing,
A precious pearl of price untold,
Unheeded, was remaining.

But who can break the fearful sleep,
Upon the spirit stealing,
When earthly love its portals keep,
No heavenly light revealing?

Can bid the soul unclose her eye
To life's deep, earnest meaning,
And pass the fleeting treasures by,
So brilliant in their seeming?

Leave gold within its mountain mine;
The pearl, where waves are swelling;
But fit the priceless soul to shine
In God's eternal dwelling.

*Boston, Mass., June*, 1846.

## A FRAGMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

ARE there any among you, my young friends, who desire to preserve health and cheerfulness through life, and at length to reach a good old age? If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

Some time since, I read in one of the newspapers of the day, that a man died near London, at the advanced age of one hundred and ten years; that he had never been ill, and that he had maintained through life a cheerful, happy temperament. I wrote immediately to London, begging to know if, in the old man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had rendered his life so lengthened and so happy, and the answer I received was as follows:

'He was uniformly kind and obliging to everybody; he quarrelled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst, and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used.'

I took a note of this in a little book where I generally write all I am anxious to remember. Very soon afterward, I observed in another paper, that a woman died near Stockholm, at one hundred and fifteen years of age; that she never was ill, and was always of a contented, happy disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm, to learn what means this old woman had used for preserving her health, and now read the answer:—

'She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet, and hands, in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered, she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweet meats; seldom coffee, or tea, and never wine.'

Of this, likewise, I took note in my little book.

Sometime after this, again I read, that near St. Petersburg a man died who had enjoyed good health till he was one hundred and twenty years old. I took my pen and wrote to St. Petersburg, and here is the answer:—

'He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he never was idle; he worked and employed himself

chiefly in the open air, and particularly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never permitted himself to sit awry, or in a bent posture, but was always perfectly straight. The luxurious and effeminate habits of citizens he held in great contempt.'

After having read all this in my little book, I said to myself, 'You will be a foolish man indeed not to profit by the example and experience of these old people.'

I then wrote out all I had been able to discover about these happy old people upon a large card, which I suspended over my writing-desk, so that I might have it always before my eyes, to remind me what I ought to do, and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of my card, and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young readers, I can assure you, on the word of an honest man, that I am much happier and in better health than I used to be. Formerly, I had head-ache nearly every day, and now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months. Before I began these rules, I hardly dared venture out in rain, or snow, without catching cold. In former times, a walk of half an hour's length fatigued and exhausted me; now I walk miles without weariness.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigor. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these happy old people — and that is, that I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.

Oh that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things; that I might be happy and long-lived as they were!

My young friends, who read this, you are the fortunate ones who are able to adopt in perfection this kind of life! What, then, prevents you living henceforward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the old men of London and St. Petersburg?

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As there is a vanity lies hid in the best worldly good; so there is a blessing lies hid in the worst of worldly evils.—*Ralph Venning.*

# LITERARY NOTICES.

GARDNER'S FARMER'S DICTIONARY. New York City. Published by Harper & Brothers: 1846.

We have here a neatly printed book of 876 pages, abounding with numerous wood cuts, illustrative of the subjects treated. It contains the technical terms recently introduced into agriculture and horticulture, and also, a compendium of practical farming.

This country is emphatically an agricultural nation. Upon agriculture must its inhabitants principally depend for subsistence. Whatever, therefore, tends to improve the modes of agriculture, or to excite an interest in its extension, is a blessing to the nation.

This is a good and useful book, and should be in the hands of every farmer and gardener.

For sale by Hill & Brodhead, Nos. 17 and 19, Cornhill.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK. By I. B. Woodbury. Boston: Published by C. Bradlee & Co. 1846.

Forty-eight pages, forty-five hymn tunes, four chants and one hundred and forty hymns. We are pleased with this little book. It is, in all respects, well adapted to the Sabbath School. The hymns are selected with care and good judgment, and the music is simple, yet chaste.

LITTLE ELLA. New York City. Published by Lane & Tippett. 1846.

If parents begin very early to instruct their children in divine things, they may effectually preöccupy the ground, and thus save them from the snares which continually beset the paths of youth, in the shape of pernicious books and cheap publications.

This book is written for little children, from three to five years of age, and is in the form of a conversation between little Ella and her mamma. The style is adapted to the capacity of small children.

For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Waite, Peirce & Co. continue to issue this interesting publication. It is, abating occasional articles of a light and trifling character, one of the best periodicals in this country. Two or three year's numbers would, of themselves, make a valuable library.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S GUIDE. By Rev. Daniel P. Kidder, N. Y. City. Published by Lane and Tippett. 1846.

In the estimation of all the good, the Sabbath School has gradually come to be an important and interesting institution, and occupies a prominent place among the facilities for religious instruction. Experience will continually suggest new and improved methods for the management and instruction of these spiritual seminaries, so as to make them more and more subservient to the best interests of the church of God.

If teachers would make themselves familiar with the system presented in this publication, they might, perhaps, be said to be 'thoroughly furnished for every good word and work,' as far as Sabbath Schools are concerned.

For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

ANNIE WALTON. New York City. Published by Lane & Tippett. 1846.

A tale from real life. The history of a family, made happy, in the midst of multiplied afflictions, by the sweet and sustaining consolations of the religion of Christ. For sale as above.

# MY MOTHER.

FOR THE YOUNG LADIES FRIEND. MUSIC BY I. B. WOODBURY.

1. The world has thrown its tramels o'er A spirit void of guile; But
2. The world's in-ces-sant trials sore, My spirit ill could brook; But
3. And oh, in pleasure's rosiest bowers, Mid mirth, the wild, the high, One
4. And if a future hour for me Reveals but heaven's pure air, I
one bright thing, my mem-o-ry Re - calls—my Mother's smile. But
oh, my heart was mild before My Moth-er's last re - buke. But
sound ar-rest-ed every thought; It was—my Mother's sigh. One
owe it to that ho-liest bliss: 'Twill be—my Mother's prayer. I
Ad Lib.
one bright thing my mem - o - ry Re - calls—my Mother's smile.
oh, my heart was mild be - fore My Moth-er's last re - buke.
sound ar - rest - ed eve-ry thought; It was—my Mother's sigh.
owe it to that holiest bliss: 'Twill be—my Mother's prayer.
Rit.

THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT

AND

# YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

WILLIAM C. BROWN, EDITOR.

'Her house
Was ordered well; her children taught the way
Of life; who, rising up in honor, called
Her blessed. Best pleased to be admired at home,
And hear reflected from her husband's praise
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye;
His praise alone, and faithful love and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her.' — POLLOK.

JULY, 1846, TO JANUARY, 1847.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM C. BROWN.
1846.

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THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. IX. JULY, 1846. No. 1.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## OBEDIENCE.

BY REV. DAVID FOSDICK, JR.

HARDLY any one will question the remark, that *filial obedience* is a rarer virtue now-a-days in our country than it was among our forefathers. There certainly existed formerly, as a constituent characteristic of society, a far higher tone of ascendency than now on the part of parents toward their children, and a corresponding tone of deference on the part of children toward their parents. This relation, too, extended often, in a very remarkable manner, far beyond the period of legal control. At present, childhood commonly manifests less filial reverence than was wont to be cherished in those days by manhood. It is a marked feature of the general condition of things in our time, that children habitually set up their wills against those of their parents, refuse obedience to absolute commands, and display a degree of insubordination and obstinacy, which once formed the strange exception, not the usual fact. The prevalent, perhaps growing, temper among children, is that of independence and self-will. All the way up from infancy, this temper is quite generally indulged, or but feebly restrained. Parents yield when they should oppose, grant when they should refuse, coax when they should command. The young and the old stand too much upon one common ground of equality.

This fact is, no doubt, attributable, in a measure, to the *principle of our political institutions.* 'Not by any means that a proper ap-

preciation and application of the principle referred to would produce such a result; but that it has been in part occasioned, with very many other evils, by a perversion of that principle. The idea of *equality* may certainly be carried too far. If it be not surrounded with due checks and balances, it must do injury. The true principle of republicanism is, that all distinctions, *not intrinsic and proper*, should be abolished. There is danger lest we should abolish some which ought to be maintained and heeded. There is danger lest, because mankind have been compelled heretofore to pay deference where they have discovered it was not due, they should hurry toward the position that no deference is due any where. There is danger that age and practice may be of no account above youth and inexperience; that learning may be taken to task and be brow beaten by ignorance; that station may command no honor; that even worth of personal character, integrity and virtue, may have no vantage-ground over delinquency and vice. When youth and age, the expert man and the novice, the learned and the ignorant, the official dignitary and the meanest member of society, the good and the bad, are placed upon one level in any community, that community must be already corrupt, and in sore peril. God's appointments and man's use of his free capacities, make intrinsic distinctions, which no application of republicanism can really do away, and which can be done away in general estimation only with the destruction of true republicanism. Freedom must become licentiousness and the worst species of tyranny, when it ceases to recognize the jurisdiction of truth and righteousness. Merely *artificial* distinctions, having no proper root in reality, in nature, and in character, ought to be done away; but we cannot do away all distinctions, without social suicide. The true pillars of the fabric must be left as pillars, or the whole will come to nought. The true proportions and relations of every part must be carefully observed and sustained.

One of the important principles of social order and of genuine freedom in any community, is, suitable regard to the distinction which exists between the old and the young, especially that which exists between the parent and the child. In ancient times, among the Jews, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, the virtue of respect for the aged was inculcated upon the young with the utmost care. It is an injunction of the Jewish law, 'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man.' It is re-

lated in classic story, that at a certain festival in Greece, where the Athenians and Spartans had taken their seats, each community by itself, an aged man presented himself first among the Athenians, to procure a place, but was treated by the young people with neglect and contumely. He then had recourse to the side where the Spartans were seated, and as soon as he came among them, they all rose from their seats in a body, out of respect to his years. The Athenians then enthusiastically applauded this act of deference. 'Ah!' said the old man, melted to tears, 'the Athenians *know* what are the rules of courtesy; the Spartans *practise* them.' Age merits respect from youth. It should always receive it. Parents should train their children to show it. But it is lamentable to reflect, that there is so little deference exhibited by children toward even parents themselves. How can it be anticipated that children will be trained to show respect to age abroad, when they are not made to entertain it in their own homes toward those who gave them birth, and who constantly provide for their well-being? The duty of reverence and obedience toward parents, rests not merely on the general basis of disparity in age. It is a dictate of the Bible and of reason, that the early years of life should be years of subordination to parental control. 'Children, obey your parents,' is an injunction which possesses the most palpable propriety. Gratitude demands compliance with parental injunctions. Children need guidance; and that the guidance may be effectual, they must yield themselves to it implicitly. It is fitting that the heads of the household should have paramount authority. A state of subjection is the best preparation for future command. Exact obedience in childhood, is a guarantee of judicious government in manhood. He who discharges the early duties of life with fidelity, will be most likely to use his mature rights with discretion. In the deficiency of seasonable parental control, may be found one of the chief sources of the insubordination which breaks forth in later years under the forms of public tumult and crime. The disregard of law, human and divine, which is manifested so recklessly by large numbers of our fellow citizens at the present day, is no doubt often attributable mainly to the want of proper discipline in the home of childhood. Those who are not trained to strict obedience when young, will not be fit either for the duties of obedience, or for the rights of rule, when they reach maturity of life.

*Sterling, Mass., July*, 1846.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## 'WE MISS HIM EVERY WHERE.'

BY LYMAN W. HALL.

'We miss him in his cradle, we miss him from his chair,
We seek him in each empty room, but do not find him there;
We see his little wagon stand, his playthings useless lie,
His clothes neglected laid aside, and then we weep and sigh.

We see his cap upon its nail, his little pictured book;
On every hand we see his marks, but O, how sad to look!
His morning song of infant glee we do not hear it now;
Our silent house is desolate! Our hearts in grief we bow!

In dreams we see his beauteous form, and print the tender kiss,
But wake to sorrow's rugged truth, and mourn the empty bliss.
When to the world we take our way, his little feet no more,
To bid another fond 'good bye,' come running to the door;

And when we homeward turn our steps, with slow and weary pace,
In vain we search the window o'er, to see his smiling face;
We enter — but no shout of joy salutes our listening ear;
The solemn, gloomy silence then, extracts the bitter tear;
Oppressed with heavy grief and wo, a burden hard to bear,
In vain we seek our darling boy — 'we miss him every where!'

But when this transient life is past, and earthly sorrows cease,
If welcomed then, through grace divine, to realms of joy and peace,
Where naught of earthly grief and wo, our joy will e'er impair,
Blessed with immortal bliss and life, O, we shall find him there!

*Ravenna, Ohio, July*, 1846.

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## THE WELCOME BACK.

BY ELIZA COOK.

SWEET is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving, as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
And care been sorely pressing,
'T is sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fire-side blessing.
O, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reckon a dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
And eyes that will beam, love-lighted?
What is the worth of your diamond ray,
To the glance that flashes pleasure;
When the words that welcome back betray,
We form a heart's chief treasure?
O, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY REV. DR. STORRS.

THE needle is not more true to the pole, than is the heart of the mother to the interest and happiness of her children. 'Can a woman forget her sucking child,' is the strong interrogatory of Him who formed the mother's heart, and who knows perfectly all its emotions. Its justice and force are attested by observation and experience. Than maternal affection, there is not a stronger principle wrought into the frame-work of humanity. It is an element, ever living, ever expanding, ever strengthening, and never expiring, till death has triumphed, and the spirit found its way to other worlds. How early are its developments, in the anxieties and labors which it prompts for the present safety and future comfort of the yet unconscious and unborn babe! And when the hour is past that opens the eyes of the tender immortal on the light of life, who that has not *felt*, can describe the mingling solicitude and joyfulness that crowd the maternal bosom! How fondly does she press it to her heart by day, and how tenderly watch over it by night! How patiently does she bear it in her arms, unconscious of the fatigue which exhausts her strength; and how heroically does she throw herself between it and every impending danger, thoughtless of life and of all she loves beside! Not a complaint does it utter which she does not hear, not a want does it have that she does not anticipate, not a tear does it shed that her tenderness wipes not away, not a smile dimples its cheek that infuses not joy into her heart!

'How manifold and how tender,' says one, 'are the ties which unite a mother and her son. She brought him into the world at the hazard of her life. She sustained his infant days with the blood of her own veins, and sleep was a stranger to her eyes, that he might sleep in tranquillity. The first object he distinguished was the smiling face of his guardian angel, the first sound which struck his ear was the murmur of maternal affection. The first idea he formed was that of seeking refuge from want, pain and danger, in the fond bosom of a parent. The very anguish and trouble which she endured on his account but endear him the more to her; a sense of early and assured protection grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength, and forms a bond of mutual attachment, which on

one side is hardly to be dissolved, and on the other is one of the most powerful securities against the inroads of vice, and is the last convulsive grasp of expiring nature.'

Nor more certainly does a mother's love follow her offspring amid the perils of infancy and childhood, than into the diversified scenes of advancing and ripened manhood. Are their purposes defeated, or their hopes disappointed? Yet, while the mother lives, they are sure of the sympathies of one undeviating friend. Are they overwhelmed by the scorn and contumely of the world, either for their virtues or their vices? Still, while the mother lives, there is one whose yearnings never cease, and whose tongue never withholds words of consolation. Even if they drag out their days in prison, or meet the just reward of their deeds in the ignominy of a public execution—still, if the mother lives, there is one who will find her way to them in the darksomeness of their confinement, and brave the terrors of death, that she may pour into their bosoms the cordials of love. All other friends may forsake them — justice may hurl its bolts into their bosoms, and even the mercy of Heaven may stand aloof in the day of their calamity; but *her* heart, however pained by their misfortunes, or tortured by their crimes, knows nothing of alienation. A mother still, like Rizpah, she spreads her sackcloth on the rock and frays away the birds of the air and the beasts of the field from the lifeless remains of her children, or wraps them in the winding sheet, and, amid her gushing tears exclaims, 'O that my life had gone for yours!'

We honor, we admire this imperishable instinct of nature. It is more — a precious and fragrant relic of Eden's purity — a sweet emblem of that higher love which says, 'I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands — I will never forget thee.'

> 'More enduring still than all,
> Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
> Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
> That humor interposed too often makes.'

Thus truthfully sang the filial spirit of the immortal Cowper, as he gazed upon the picture of his sainted mother! And what filial bosom heaves not with similar emotions, when calling to mind the tenderness of her whose early watchfulness and persevering care have made him all he is, and prepared him to become all he hopes to be in realms of light?

Jesus knows the mother's heart. To its joys and sorrows he is no stranger. Even in the agonies of death, casting his eyes on her who bore him, he said to the 'beloved disciple,' — 'Behold thy mother!' Her tears moved him. His own sufferings, for a moment, were absorbed in tenderness for *her*. He made provision for her comfort till life should close upon her. Thus hath he exemplified the workings of the filial spirit, and enjoined its cultivation on all his followers down to the end of time, as the due expression of gratitude to God for the establishment of the relationship, and as the only adequate reward of the undying love of the maternal heart.

This love admits of wise direction. Though it may be abused to purposes of ill by the unreflecting and ignorant — though the fond mother may yield her judgment to the guidance of childish caprice, and thus unwittingly or wickedly become the instrument of ruin to her children — yet, if she look upward, and combine with prayer the study of the Scriptures, and a firm resolve to obey the dictates of duty rather than the impulses of feeling, she will have occasion to bless the Lord now, and rejoice forever in the spiritual welfare of her offspring.

*Braintree, Mass., July*, 1846.

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MUSIC.

THE Swiss Guards, in a foreign land, who dared all dangers and bore all privations, were melted to desertion, if they heard the simple native song with which the cows were brought from pasture.

'The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
If chance he hears that song, so sweetly wild,
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,
Melts at the long lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks, a martyr to repentant sighs.'—*Bishop Doane.*

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[See Engraving.]

*Grein on the Danube.* — Grein, situated on the Danube, is a town of Austria, and is twenty-eight miles east of Linz.

CHILDREN. — It is sometimes said that a child's time is not worth much; some even say, they send their children to school to get them out of the way. But parents sometimes find that they do learn some things very young. Children 'learn to go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies.' And to their joy, too, they sometimes find, that when very young children have the facilities afforded them, they lay a broad foundation for such a superstructure as makes men hold up their hands and wonder. The mother of Baron Cuvier, I remember to have heard, would have her son recite his Latin to her every morning before going to school, although she did not understand a word of it, because she had an impression that, on the whole, spring was the time to cast in seed. His schoolmates and his teacher wondered how it was, that the little baron always had so good a lesson, and France has still wondered how Cuvier came to be so great a man; the secret was, he was schooled upon his mother's lap.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

A YEAR AMONG THE JESUITS. New York City. Harper & Brothers. 1846.

An autobiography of Andrew Steinmetz, who was five years in a Roman Catholic college, in England, as a student, and one year among the Jesuits, at Stonyhurst, near Liverpool, as a noviciate. Nearly two-thirds of the book is occupied with an exhibition of the Jesuits and their course of instruction, and the remainder to the constitutions, the confessional, morality and history of the Jesuits.

It appears to be written in an unprejudiced spirit, is highly interesting and instructive, and will be read with great avidity.

DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE.

This celebrated work has reached the 16th number. The Medico-Chirurgical Review, speaking of it says, 'The labor is immense, and will stamp the author as a man of great research and sound judgment.'

Published by Harper & Brothers.

THE BOSTON MELODEON: a Collection of Secular Melodies, consisting of Songs, Glees, Rounds, Catches, &c., including many of the most Popular Pieces of the day. Arranged and Harmonized for four voices. By E. L. White. Second Edition. Boston. Published by Elias Howe, No. 9, Cornhill.

This is a very beautiful book to the eye, and contains a great amount of beautiful music. The idea of arranging some of the most popular songs of the day in four parts, is a good one, as it gives sociality to the delightful pleasure experienced in singing.

We regret to say that the sentiments inculcated in the poetry on the 52, 141, 181, 182, 185, 195, 198, 202 and 212 pages, are seriously exceptionable, and should never have been admitted. We hope to see something better substituted in the next edition.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S BIBLE.

E. C. & J. Biddle, of Philadelphia, have just published a pocket edition of the Polyglot Bible, with marginal readings and copious references to parallel and illustrative passages. It is illustrated by *eleven* maps and charts, and *twelve* engravings, all of which are finely executed on steel.

The translation of the Bible into the English, and, consequently, the privilege furnished the common people of reading it, are results, glorious results of the reformation by Luther. The *study* of the Bible, until recently confined to priests and ministers, has been taken up also by the people, and the practice is rapidly gaining ground. For this, let every good man rejoice.

To render the study of the Bible, however, attractive and profitable, such helps are needed as those afforded by the edition under consideration. And for this purpose, this is altogether the best we have ever seen. We must have correct and intelligent ideas of the geography of the scriptures, to read and study them with the greatest delight and profit.

The following is a list of the maps. 1. Map of Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and the adjacent countries, in the time of Abraham. 2. Of the journeyings of the Hebrews from Egypt to Canaan. 3. Of Canaan, before its subjugation by Joshua. 4. Of Canaan, showing the divisions of the twelve tribes. 5. Of Canaan, to exhibit the two great countries of Judah and Israel. 6. Of Canaan, after the return of the Jews from captivity, when divided into three provinces, Judea, Samaria, and Galilee. 7. Of Assyria, Chaldea, and Media, with the adjacent countries. 8. Plan of Jerusalem, and map of the Tetrarchies of Palestine. 9. Chronological Chart, from the Creation to the 4th century of the Christian era, displaying the line of descent of Jesus Christ from Adam, together with numerous other remarkable persons. 10. Map of the shores of Palestine and the adjacent countries, showing the journeyings of Paul. 11. Ground plans of the temple at Jerusalem in the time of Christ. The description of this edition of the Holy Scriptures above given, cannot fail to strike with admiration our numerous readers. Let it not, however, be supposed, that this edition is exclusively adapted to Sunday School Teachers; all readers of the Bible will find its peculiarities exceedingly instructive and interesting. We cheerfully award great credit to the enterprising publishers, for this useful and elegant edition of the Bible. For sale in this city, by Crocker and Brewster, and James Munroe & Co.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

That distinguished and enterprising house, Harper & Brothers, have now in course of publication, in numbers, a Pictorial History of England, being a history of the people, as well as a history of the kingdom, down to the reign of George III.; to be profusely illustrated with many hundred engravings on wood. 'The work will be derived, throughout, as far as possible, from original authorities, and other authentic monuments of the past, compared with and read by the light of the latest inquiries by which the critical spirit of modern times has illustrated ancient annals.'

This work is a most costly, elegant and interesting publication, and cannot fail to attract the attention of a great number of readers. It is to be completed in about 40 numbers, and will make four elegant volumes, imperial octavo. The price is 25 cts. per number.

Subscriptions received at this office.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The 12th number is published, which completes the work. It embraces a vast variety of subjects, immediately and remotely connected with house-keeping, and must be exceedingly useful to every family. The author is Thomas Webster, who was assisted by the late Mrs. Parkes, author of 'Domestic Duties.' The present edition is from the last London edition, with notes and improvements, by Dr. Reese, of N. Y. City.

Published by the Harpers, and sold by Waite, Peirce & Co.

# MORNING HYMN. BY RINCK.

FROM THE MUSICAL CLASS BOOK.

1. Father! safe - ly through thy fa-vor, Passed the
Listen! hill, and plain, and riv - er, Strike a
hours of night with me;
song of praise to thee.
Sing ye woods, and dells, and
brae; Be one an - - them to his praise.

2

Be an anthem strong, e'er singing,
Joined by nature's varied voice;
Notes of birds through woods are ringing,
Come, ye brooklets, and rejoice!
Praise our God! for by his might,
We are guarded day and night.

THE

# YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

OBTAINED THE PRIZE OF $20.

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## SINGLE AND MARRIED.

BY MRS. ISAAC A. HATCH, OF BANGOR, ME.

YOUTH has been compared to many bright and beautiful things, ere yet they have reached maturity; the golden sunrise, the unfolding bud, the opening spring;—and to all with singular appropriateness, though the imagery of nature can but dimly shadow forth the beauty and importance of 'life's sweet blossoming season.' Around that period hangs always an indescribable interest; all feel its magic influence, though but few realize the unspeakable importance of this period, when character is frequently formed for the future as well as for the present life.

To those who have just entered the pathway of life, I extend the hand of cordial greeting, and, as an *elder sister*, would retrace with them the glad season of girlhood, and glance at the coming future, whose bow of promise glows so brightly in the heavens. Sweet sisters, but yesterday I was one with you, and already my heart beats again in unison with your own, chastened though it be by a brief experience of disappointment and change.

'Imagine,' says an eloquent writer, 'the loss which the year would sustain were it deprived of its Spring, and you have a faint emblem of the maturity succeeding a misspent youth.' The morning of life is emphatically its seed-time; as we *sow* then, we *reap* through all futurity. Think of it, sweet young friends, and be sure you gather a golden harvest. To you is entrusted a great work, and one you cannot too soon commence; higher far than the *enjoyment* of life, in the common acceptation of the term. To you it is given, under

God, to perfect your own nature, in its *physical, intellectual* and *moral* developments. One talent is given you, that ten may be returned to the beneficent Giver, and that the welcome plaudit may be attained, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

Will you bear with one who would fain assist you in achieving so great results, and allow her to speak to you all her heart?

Secure of a willing ear, I would say *first*, though not of highest importance, it is your duty to promote your own *physical* culture. A sound mind in a sound body, has been pronounced the ultimatum of happiness; and one is scarcely attainable while the other is neglected. The sallow cheek and delicate mien of most American females, might well-nigh call forth a sigh of regret from the graves of their sturdy ancestral dames; while they are a standing reproach upon those enervating habits contracted in the progress of civilization and refinement. The foundation of the constitution is laid, it is true, in childhood; but much may be done in the few succeeding years, either for its injury or benefit. See to it, then, that in as far as in you lies, you have a strong, well-developed, vigorous physical system. You are well aware that exercise is the grand secret of health. Not fitful, occasional exertion, but steady, daily effort, as great as your strength will sustain, taken, when circumstances will admit, in the open air, that its healthful influence may contribute to the desired effect. Mount the graceful steed, and his humble services will essentially promote a higher tone, both of bodily and mental vigor. Shrink not from the fatigue of a ramble intercepted by rocks, hills, and craggy eminences. When these are denied you, let the faithful performance of household duties bear witness to your activity and skill. Your own chamber, your mother's parlor or kitchen, will afford at once the opportunity of displaying your ability and taste, improving your health, and relieving, in some measure, the burden of her, who sustains the accumulated cares of the domestic establishment. The laws of physiology are now so generally understood, that allusion to the habit of daily ablution as essential to health, is almost superfluous. Cold water is a blessing which we cannot too highly prize, or too diligently appropriate. With its free and constant use, I believe one half the various ailments of mankind would take their final flight. But enough, perhaps, has been said. I would only remind you that the laws regulating our

physical well-being, are *fixed*, and their neglect or violation is a *wrong* both to ourselves and those around us.

The spring time of life is a season peculiarly appropriate to *intellectual* culture, when the fast shooting tendrils of the mind may easily twine themselves around the pillars of science, and the foot of the youthful pilgrim plant itself in a path filled with substantial gratification, leading ever *onward*, through verdant fields, refreshed by living waters. Now it is that a taste for useful information may, without difficulty, be acquired; a love for literature, which through life will be a well-spring of pleasure, and which, neglected now, will not spontaneously gush forth when frivolous pursuits and trifling amusements have stamped their image on the mind. I would that a well written book be to you a feast more tempting than the most daintily spread table which riches or art can procure. Love, too, the *unwritten* lore of nature, inscribed with liberal hand on mountain, forest, and rivulet; breathing in the fragrance of flowers, and poured forth with the melody of birds. This earth was not made so beautiful, that we should turn coldly away from its loveliness, failing to note the deep meaning lurking in all around. There is practical wisdom every where; it is revealed in the diminutive bee, the despised little ant, nor less through every gradation of animate and inanimate existence.

Love for the fine arts is also desirable. Painting and sculpture, music and poetry, frequently throw a joyous bow over the storm-clouds of life.

Youth, too, is the season for *moral* development. Now the heart is *unused* to sin; habit has not fixed its iron grasp; evil may be eradicated, and the spirit moulded into the image of the Heavenly, with comparative ease. Already the lines of sin are distinctly revealed; soon they will become indelibly graven. Does it seem to you otherwise? Do you say, 'I am pure'? Remember the simple law, 'thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy *heart*, with all thy soul, and thy neighbor *as thyself*.' Have you *fulfilled* it? Has *holiness* been the aim and rule of your life? If not, bow in penitent humiliation before the Holy One, and, renouncing all self-righteousness, trust in the compassionate Saviour, who came to seek and save the lost. Let not your onward path testify of continued disobedience; hasten to Him who is 'able to save to the uttermost,' and upon your helpless, erring soul, he will shed the cleansing, purifying

influences of the blessed Spirit; and, in the sweetness of filial submission, you will cry, 'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth.' You will then pass through life, and enter heaven, his own child.

All other considerations relating to the season of youth, fade into insignificance, in comparison with the importance of having the *heart right.* Soon the world, with ten thousand allurements, will place upon you her unrelenting fetters; or the cold hand of the spoiler lay you among the dead. Is it not, then, the part of wisdom, now, in the dawn of existence, to yield your being to Him who gave it, to be moulded by his will? Consecrating yourself to Him, your whole life will be ennobled. You will taste the joy of doing good, and finally meet the destroyer, deprived of his sting. There is nothing more pitiable than a human soul tossed to and fro in the sea of uncertainty, with no definite *object* of existence; no guiding star or compass, amid the tempests of life. Such is the soul that has not, as a penitent, returned to the bosom of its Heavenly Father, and begun to do his will.

Pass we now to an era which occurs in the life of most of the young. The heart has opened itself to the fascinating influence of earthly love, and an epoch of no ordinary interest is at hand. As I glance over society, and view the lightness with which this subject is regarded, — how affection is bought and sold — how the heart's treasures are subjected to unpardonable trifling, or thrown thoughtlessly away, and even the holy consummation of marriage entered upon with scarce a serious thought, — I shrink back, and *fear* for the future. If it be well *ever* to pause in thoughtfulness, it is at this period, when upon the decision of a moment, rests the character of a long futurity. Suffer a word of caution, young maiden, and be persuaded to ponder well before that eventful moment is passed. In the council-chamber of your spirit, let reason and conscience speak, nor allow softer emotions to counteract their verdict. It is *for life!* O, tread cautiously! Fascination of manner, or accomplishment of person or mind, though in themselves interesting, are not the only, nor most important qualifications in the individual sustaining the sacred relation of husband. You want, you *must have, principle;* the respect you would cherish demands it not less than the assurance of your own happiness. Good intentions are not sufficient; be sure of fixed principle — not stern adherence to an austere theory — but high-minded devotion to *right.* How often has the bud of promise,

so radiant in the bridal hour, withered and died, beneath this single cankering influence. The individual did not *intend* wrong; he would have shuddered at the thought; but unexpectedly temptation came. He was unarmed, and *fell* in the conflict! If you would insure future happiness, give yourself to one who feels his moral responsibility, and habitually acts from a sense of *duty*. With mutual adherence to this principle, you are invulnerable. Poverty may lay her hand upon you, sickness visit your pillow, death remove your loved ones, the floods of sorrow roll heavily over your troubled breast, but, like a star amid the gloom, *duty* remains; and its faithful performance will send at least one ray of peace through the surging waters. He who is mightier than the raging billows, will cause all to work together for good. I would hope farther, that in a companion for life, you secure an amiable disposition, and a kind, uniform temper. And is it so? Have you found this generous heart, and in its sanctuary a home for your young affections? Sincerely do I sympathize in the new charm which spreads itself over existence. Not that affection was *absent* before. From the cradle, it has been the sunshine of the spirit; but now, a new and peculiar emotion is experienced; the heart has found its *second self* — its *resting place* for life. The hour, so fraught with interest, which unites two loving hearts, is passed, and the young bride — far away, perchance, from mother, sisters, and early friends — is alone, with her new responsibilities and cares. It is an hour of deep rejoicing, and also of deep accountability; rejoicing, that, linked with her own so long as life endures, is a warm heart and a supporting arm; *accountability*, for from this hour she lives a *double* life; each word, act and thought, exerting an *influence* whose results may reach far into the future. If there is one word in our language sweeter than all the rest, whose very mention thrills a chord in every bosom, sending in quicker pulsations the life-blood through every heart, it is the sweet word — *home*. Around it cluster the living sympathies of all. Though 'ever so humble,' it is to them the 'dearest spot on the face of the earth,' the oasis of this desert world to every weary pilgrim. But not of *necessity*, nor without *effort*, does it become such. There are abodes bearing the *name* of home, where guilt and passion reign; and there are others, rendered miserable by the breath of suspicion, the bitings of envy, or heavings of discontent; an undue thirst for power, an inordinate desire for wealth, or the un-

guarded use of that *little member* which boasteth great things. These creeping too often within the domestic paradise, mingle bitter things with its pleasant memories.

Over the little realm of home, the youthful bride sits *queen*. Here, she may weave with her delicate fingers, garlands of unfading joy; or, by simple *neglect*, behold the fair enclosure overgrown with weeds and thistles, beyond the reach of her culturing hand. To make the home of her husband happy, should be the highest earthly aim of the young wife. She has come to be a ministering angel, not alone to be ministered unto; and, in fulfilment of her mission, she will study to *please*; anticipating, if possible, those wishes that are unexpressed; *yielding*, gracefully, in trivial matters, involving difference of opinion. *Little things* in social life are of incalculable importance; a gentle word, a trifling act of kindness, will oft dispel the rising cloud, and their daily repetition shed a mild halo over the entire life. The young wife should continue assiduously to cultivate her whole nature, and while opening the mind and heart to genial influences, forget not to bestow upon the *exterior* the same scrupulous care which she was wont to do. He who sees the neat, genteel girl, lost in the careless wife, may well be excused a feeling of impatience amounting almost to disgust.

As our young friend proceeds in the arrangement of her little domicil, will she allow me the privilege of recommending a guest or two? They have contributed to the happiness of many, and I cannot doubt will willingly perform the same kind office for her. The *Genius* of *Industry*; invite her to your new abode, and she will banish the most unwelcome visitor who could find entrance there, a very monster, whom men call *ennui*;* she will displace those troublesome intruders, *idle moments*; give grace to your fingers, cheerfulness to your spirit, and comfort to your friends. Under her kindly influence, *some* have accomplished *wonders*, unwittingly putting to the blush many a fair competitor. I have known one placed at the head of a numerous family, sustaining faithfully the relation of wife, mother and hostess; herself the instructress of her children, home being their school; frequently performing the office of nurse, though herself enfeebled by diseased; and, in addition to all, ably contributing

* A French word, pronounced ong-weé, and signifying, wearisomeness, or disgust.—Ed.

to the useful literature of the day; while her *leisure was devoted* to the acquisition of some new language, or the prosecution of some favorite study. *She* made the *most* of time. It may be *agreeable*, reclining upon the luxurious couch, to lose one's self in the last romance of the prolific press; anon employing her taper fingers on some pretty piece of useless finery; but it is not *right*. There are *serious duties* to be performed in every station of life; and without devotion to some useful object, there can be no self-respect. The kind Genius to whom I have pointed you, will ever secure these good results. Will you invite her to be a permanent guest?

And here is the *Spirit* of *Order;* no aristocratic *parlor* visitor; her fairy finger will touch every nook and corner, making crooked straight, and enacting in miniature

'The first great law of Heaven.'

Here, too, is meek-eyed *Gentleness*, subduing the loud, ungraceful tone, and checking the impatient gesture. There will arise, even in the best ordered household, circumstances of an irritating, vexatious nature. *Then* she casts upon you her imploring glance, and through your silent influence, she will shed forth peace, like oil upon the troubled wave.

Bid the *Spirit of Benevolence* dwell beneath your roof. You will find her a heavenly inmate, bringing to your mind the unwavering conviction, that 'it *is* more blessed to give than to receive.' It is hers to succor the dejected child of want, to soothe the troubled spirit, and to bless with friendly counsel, those to whom a word of kindly advice is better than silver and gold. She will find ample occasion for development in your treatment of the class of persons denominated *help*. They come to you awkward and ignorant, perhaps, to a degree exciting at once your displeasure and mirth; but *bear* with them, and in kindness endeavor to effect a reformation. Now they are subject to your influence; soon they may be away, in families of their own, or suffering from the haughtiness of undignified wealth. They are your fellow creatures. Let the brief period of their sojourn with you bear the impress of good, and they *may* bless you forever.

If you are not apprehensive of too numerous a retinue, let me recommend *Cheerfulness* as another guest, though, indeed, almost the inseparable companion of the foregoing sisterhood. Cultivate a con-

tented spirit, and its outward manifestation will naturally grace your countenance. I pity him who returns from the cold world, harrassed by the perplexities of business, only to encounter a clouded brow and troubled mien, in place of the glad smile, which, like a sunbeam, should dispel all gathering mists. Do your *duty*, and you have no *right* to be dejected. A thousand united voices from nature and intelligent creation, expostulate against such an infringement of His laws, who would have all happy, and the medium of diffusing happiness far and wide.

But I forbear, lest you accuse me of monopoly in your choice of friends. Most sincerely do I hope they will all be such as will exert a favorable influence upon your character, helping you to become a *good wife*; not the plaything of prosperity, but the intelligent companion and counsellor of your husband; his comfort in adversity, and the friend in whom he may repose unlimited confidence. When, wearied with the turmoil of life, or wounded in spirit, he can open to you his whole heart, unbosoming its sorrow as on a mother's breast, assured of encouragement and sympathy, then, indeed, you are happy. You have attained the highest aspiration of the faithful wife. It is, perhaps, seldom that we see a matrimonial connection entirely felicitous; and, in my opinion, one great cause of the lamentable failure, may be found in the want of *mutual confidence;* that open, ingenuous spirit which lays itself bare to the eye of its second self. A hasty expression remains unexplained; a slight suspicion is silently cherished, or some trifling concealment deemed expedient. Thus, the little spark is kindled which may, one day, lay in ruins the beautiful fabric now winning the admiration of every beholder. No! let reserve exist *any where* else; but in the conjugal relation, *never*. Here, perfect frankness is the only security of peace. Do not even hide your own *faults*. It were better yourself to lift the veil, and secure affectionate coöperation in their extermination.

There is one sad cloud which must ever rest over the most perfect happiness of married life; it is the dark cloud of uncertainty. To-day we press to our lips the full cup of joy. To-morrow its scattered fragments lie at our feet. The spirit of *change*, like some evil genius, hovers fearfully over prospects the most brilliant, marring the sweetest of human enjoyments, and mingling strangely with its deep-toned melodies. The fairest hopes, the dearest love, how are they oft times crushed in an hour; leaving the stricken heart to

mourn in hopeless anguish. I have seen a blooming girl, the delight of her mother and father, the joy of sister and brother, come forth in the fresh morning of life, and lay her young heart upon the altar of love. She leaves kindred and friends for a new, though not far distant home. It is delightful to witness the felicity of the wedded pair. A few weeks pass, and the young bride revisits her childhood's dwelling place; the joy of reunion perfects the overflowing bliss. A few weeks more, and in the very room where so late the bridal vow was breathed, she lies a silent corpse! I have known the young husband laid in the grave, leaving *one* heart whose wounds *earth* can never heal! I have seen bridegroom and bride, together with a sweet young germ of promise nursed tenderly at their side, all swept away within a few fleeting years, by the breath of the destroyer. O, we cannot lean upon the dearest object, with a feeling of *security!* There is no earthly prop *unfailing.* We live in constant danger of separation, and shall aught *unkind* mar the little hour we spend together? Between *us* and death, there is but a *step.* Do we well to neglect preparation for the unchanging scene beyond? It is not fitting that we tread with too *light* a step the pathway of life. Its serious duties and solemn realities forbid trifling, and admonish us to rejoice even with trembling.

If, as we have seen, peculiar obligations rest upon the young wife, what shall we say of the youthful mother? Words are too poor to express the power of this sacred relation, or develop its weighty responsibilities. Is it so, that God has opened in your soul the ever-gushing, deathless fountain of a mother's love? Has He given to your embrace a young bud of being, fresh from his own hand? Honored, happy parent! The wide universe contains not such a treasure; search through its vast domains, gather its gems, and pearls, and gold; they are *naught,* in comparison with that slight, unconscious form, which slumbers on your knee. Beneath this tiny coverlet is hid a germ which will *never die.* Young mother, your babe will live forever! When your body, with its own, shall slumber in dust; when ages have passed away; when the sun and every shining orb of night, will be blotted from the firmament; when time shall be no longer, that babe will live, a deathless spirit, incapable of annihilation or change. *Immortality* is stamped on its young brow. It is lent you a brief period, to nurture for heaven. An unwritten tablet lies before you. Inscribe, but remember, the writing

will *never* be obliterated. Says a late powerful writer, 'were God to place in your hand a diamond, bidding you inscribe upon it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown there, as an idea of your thoughts and feelings, what caution would you exercise in the selection. This God has done. He has placed before you an immortal mind, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are continually inscribing, by your spirit or example, something which will remain, and be exhibited, for or against you, at the judgment day.' Is not your task fearful, extorting the anxious inquiry, 'who is sufficient for these things?' There is *One*, whose strength is made perfect in weakness. Consecrate your child to Him, and implore his teaching, to train and guide it aright, nor neglect too long the *commencement* of this training; the child of a few months, *understands* far more than is usually imagined, and even at this early period, the foundation of his education should be laid. Be a *faithful* mother; and while, with anxious interest, you watch the unfolding intellect, neglect not the physical well-being of your little charge. He is in *your* power, and upon his corporeal or mental system, you may stamp what image you please; but be careful you reserve to *yourself* this privilege. Many a deformed body and depraved heart, have resulted from the unnatural transfer of parental care to the hands of the hireling. As the mental capacity of your little one increases, place before him truths adapted to his understanding. Take him by the hand, and lead him into God's temple of truth, directing his attention successively to the different departments of the great whole. Instil into his breast the principle of *love;* love to the great Father, and to every thing which he has made. Teach him of the gentle Saviour, who took little children in his arms, and who died that *they* might live with God forever in heaven. In preference to all other methods of instruction, let your *example* be to him a constant teacher, exemplifying whatever is good and lovely. Action is often more powerful than precept, and when both combine in the cause of truth, the effect is *irresistible.* In reviewing the lives of distinguished men, we almost invariably trace their greatness to an impulse given by a *mother's* hand. Study the character of the mother of *Washington*, and say, whether in her noble son you see no trace of the maternal prototype. Follow in his reckless wanderings, the immortal *Newton*, till, engulfed in dissipation, he feels again upon his head the gentle pressure of his moth-

er's hand, as when in childhood he knelt by her side in prayer. Behold his deep repentance, and his transition, as a burning and a shining light, to the church of God; and tell me, if parental teachings pass as the morning dew from the tender mind of the child. Note the plaintive sighing of that sweet sad poet, whose orphan sorrow, when but six brief summers had been numbered, reverberated through a *whole life;* listen to the touching reminiscence of his mother's funeral, and the succeeding period of loneliness, when, in anxious expectation, his little heart waited day by day for her *return*, longing to hear again her gentle tones and soothing words of love. Lend an ear to his own plaintive lament, as he muses over the inanimate picture of the departed, and I will not ask whether there be in existence aught so imperishable as parental teaching and parental love.

'My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss;
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers — yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy funeral day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived.
Thus many a sad *to-morrow* came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.'

There *have been* those, who, in the last moments of expiring nature, when expiating by the forfeiture of life their crimes against society, with bitter reproach have upbraided the unfaithful mother, who *encouraged* the *first* trivial act of sin. Heaven have mercy on such a parent! Too deep for mortal vision, lies the keen agony which must eventually wake in her tortured breast. Young mother, let the mingled notes of encouragement and warning fall upon your ear, urging you to singleness of purpose, and devotion of spirit, in seeking the welfare of your child. You will be grieved and discouraged, oft times, in the arduous work, weeping over unsuspected germs of evil, too frequently developed; but faint not; in due season your joyful hand will gather an abundant harvest. Give to society

one truly useful member, to the Saviour's diadem one jewel, and you have done more than the mightiest warrior in the blood-stained annals of fame.

It is painful to notice the slight views taken by many of maternal duty. To wash, dress, and feed the helpless little one, seems the extent of their idea of responsibility. The mental and moral nature is left to take care of itself, or pass under the supervision of strangers. Let not such be *your* creed. Do your *whole* duty, and do it *now*. That little form, so loved, *may* be taken from your embrace; the laughing eye closed; the prattling voice hushed, and all its loveliness hidden in the grave! O, then, neglect not your duty now, but in its faithful performance, cheerfully wait the revealings of Providence.

We have seen the mother placed in a position of vast importance. Fulfilling her high destiny, she becomes a blessing to mankind, and raises to herself a monument more imperishable than marble or stone. But there are many who sustain not this relation. Are they to consider themselves excluded from the pale of usefulness? *One* department of effort being closed, are they therefore to fold their hands in *idleness*? O, no; ten thousand voices 'cry, come over and help us;' the willing heart may every where become a messenger of mercy. If there is one lesson glowing above all others on the page of inspiration, and beaming forth from nature, it is the law of *love*. 'Not *for itself*, does the glorious orb of day pour forth his beams;' not for *itself*, the heavy cloud discharge its fulness, bringing into existence all forms of activity and beauty. The fair earth, teeming with abundance and robed with loveliness, lays at the foot of man, *her all*, gently intimating, that *his* all be consecrated to God. Selfishness reigns only in the *moral* world. Be it ours to oppose its progress *there*, securing at least *one heart* from its unhealthy sway.

We have glanced slightly at the three eras of woman's life. We have seen her a fair young girl; a new-made bride; a fond young mother. We have sympathized and rejoiced with her, in each successive situation; and now, as we part, would it were ours to awaken in her breast, in which department soever her sphere may lie, the heaven born resolution to devote her life to the single purpose of *doing good*. In *some* manner to bless her race, and render the world better and happier in consequence of *her* existence. Nor need she, with the visionary enthusiast, strike out a *new path* of effort. She, who in

the bloom of youth is a *good daughter*, a kind sister, a helper of the unfortunate, is prepared to become in turn a good *wife*, and a good *mother*. If the heart be right, and duty be performed *just where we are*, the circle of influence will gradually extend, until it reaches far and wide. It is but a brief period that we sojourn here; a few years since and we were not; a little time hence and we have passed away. Shall the fleeting interval bear no impress for good? Breathing the pure air of heaven, and drinking in innumerable blessings, shall we die as cumberers of the ground, having blessed no living thing? O! no; let life bear a decided stamp; and what impression more appropriate than that of benevolence? From the theatre of public action and the arena of popular debate, woman is wisely excluded; but to her remains the more grateful task of doing good in *private*, like the gentle rill, whose existence is only perceived by the rich verdure of its over-hanging banks. Her influence, though silent, is powerful, moulding the face of society. It *may* be used amiss, but let it not be so. Let the heart be the temple of purity, and the spirit strong in the might of a love encircling the whole human brotherhood; then will she fulfil the sacred mission entrusted her. It shall be said of her, as of one of old, '*she hath done what she could*,' and her spirit, at last, released from the toils of earth, will repose forever in the *Paradise above*.

*Bangor, Me.*

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## SONNET, AFTER A THUNDER STORM.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

Soft blows the freshened air! The gloomy clouds
Which hung above the misty mount are breaking;
The birds are bursting from their leafy shrouds,
And hill and dale with minstrelsy are waking,
With gushing rivulets sweet music making.
Earth breathes again! For she has cast away
The nightmare tempest, and in sunlight basks,
To drink its warmth, while kindly Nature tasks
Her art, to bring beneath her gentle sway,
Our late complaining souls to smile in gladness.
Thus, gladdening every bosom with his rays,
And bidding every tongue to shout his praise,
And drying Nature's tear-drops in his blaze,
The happy sun can wake mankind from sadness.

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## 'BRIGHTLY GLEAMS THE VERNAL MORN.'

BY LYMAN W. HALL.

Brightly gleams the vernal morn,
Over hill and dale;
Fresh with beauties to adorn,
And odors to exhale.

Sweet the tuneful anthems swell,
Through the balmy air,
And the dingle and the dell
Give back the notes so rare.

Feathered songsters, well-a-day,
Tune your throats to praise,
Soaring heavenward, far away,
Higher anthems raise —

Raise to Him the happy voice,
Who sees the sparrow fall;
And in his goodness still rejoice,
Who cares for thee, for all.

*Ravenna, Ohio, July*, 1846.

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## LITERARY NOTICE.

### Trumbull's Indian Wars.

Phillips & Sampson, of this city, have published a new edition of Trumbull's Indian Wars, with essential corrections and large additions.

The work commences with a short account of the discovery of America by Columbus. This is succeeded by the landing of the forefathers at Plymouth, and their most remarkable engagements with the Indians in New England, from their first landing, in 1620, to the death of king Philip, in 1679. Then follows a historical account of the sufferings of the inhabitants of the frontier settlements by the savages, during the French and Revolutionary wars. There are also added the particulars of every important engagement with the Indians in the southern and western States and Territories, to the present time.

It is much to be regretted, that, in the settlement of this country, the noble and peaceful policy adopted by William Penn, in relation to the Indians, had not been practised by all. It is to be presumed that we know but little of the aggressions and provocations endured by the Indians, as they had no books or newspapers in which to chronicle their grievances, and no friends to do it for them.

But the Indian wars, which party soever may have been the aggressor, as matters of history, are intensely interesting, and will continue to be freely read.

For sale by Hill & Brodhead, 17 & 19, Cornhill.

THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. IX. AUGUST, 1846. No. 2.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## CHARACTER AND PROSPECTS OF YOUR CHILDREN.

BY REV. BRADLEY MINER.

In the May number of this work, I offered some considerations why parents should labor for the spiritual interests of their children. I have a few more to offer.

THE FACT THAT YOU WILL RECOGNIZE YOUR CHILDREN IN A FUTURE WORLD IS A CONSIDERATION.

I cannot now enter into an extended proof of this. Probably you do not doubt it. But I will mention briefly some of the proofs on which it rests.

The mind will continue essentially the same after death. We pass through great changes here, from sickness to health, from childhood to old age. We pass from one part of the world to another; but, notwithstanding all our changes, we continue to be the same persons. There is always enough about us by which we can be identified and recognized. We have every reason to believe that this law will hold good in reference to our passing through death into another world. We shall be the same persons, easily recognized.

The general belief of mankind, which is admitted as proof in other cases, is proof in this. That such is the general belief, there can be no doubt. The pagan philosophers consoled themselves in the hour of death, that they were about to join their departed friends.

The Indian of the forest longs for death, that he may be reunited

to his lost companions, and the heathen wife burns on the funeral pile, that she may be restored to the society of her husband, in another world. However erroneous may be their opinions on the circumstances under which they will join their friends in another world, the belief, the expectation, is natural to the mind. So that we give assent to the following lines involuntarily.

'If in that world of spotless light,
Where good men dwell forever,
Those with whom here I took delight,
Should greet my warm glance never,
Its joys which eye hath seen not, ear
Heard not, will be most precious,
But meeting those, the true loved here,
Will make heaven more delicious.

'If treading yonder crystal streets,
Thoughts linked with time come o'er me,
And forms of those I longed to greet,
Should pass unknown before me,—
My partner with no glance of love,
My meek-eyed child a stranger;
Should I not turn from bowers above,
A sad and silent ranger?'

*Wm. B. Tappan.*

Take the following cases as illustrations. In 1754, there lived in Pennsylvania a pious German family, consisting of the parents, two sons and two daughters. One day, while the mother and youngest son were gone to mill, a company of Indians attacked the dwelling, murdered the father and oldest son, and carried away captive the two daughters. It was never known what became of the oldest of the little captives, but the youngest, aged ten years, whose name was Regina, was given to an old Indian woman, with whom she lived nine long years in cruel bondage. 'At the end of this period, by the good providence of God, Col. Bouquet, of the English army, visited that part of the country where these captives resided. He conquered the Indians and compelled them to ask for peace. This he granted, on condition that all the white prisoners should be given up to him. More than four hundred were brought to the Colonel, and among these was Regina. He carried them to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and published in all the newspapers of the State, that all parents who had lost children by the Indians, might come and see if they were among these four hundred captives. What a gathering was there at Carlisle! What multitudes of fathers and mothers were seen coming with throbbing hearts for the purpose of finding their long lost

children! Among others came, the poor German widow. She was seen walking up and down among the captives, pale, agitated and in tears. Now she would stop and gaze at the long-haired, Indian-clad captive, and try to recall the features of her child. But Regina had grown up, was altered, was dressed as an Indian, and neither mother nor daughter knew each other. As the poor mother stood sobbing, the kind hearted Colonel came along, and his heart was touched. "Is there *nothing*," said he, "by which your children can be discovered?"

'"Oh, sir, nothing — nothing — I can't find either!"

'"Is there nothing which you taught them which they would recollect, if they heard it?"

'"Nothing, sir, — nothing, unless it be a hymn which we used to sing with their father."

'"Sing it, sing it," said the Colonel.

'The poor woman began —

'"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hour to cheer.
I am with him and he with me, —
E'en here, alone, I cannot be."

'Scarcely had she begun to sing it, ere Regina rushed from the crowd, and joined in singing it, as she used to do when a little girl, and then threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept aloud — for the lost child was found, and the Colonel gave the captive to her mother!'*

Another interesting case is related in the same work from which the above account is taken, of a little girl carried off by the Indians, and recognized by her brother, after a separation of sixty years, partly by the absence of a thumb nail, which he had accidentally bruised off in their childhood.

Perhaps you have read of another, a deaf, dumb and blind girl, who, after a long absence from her mother, met her in Boston, and recognized her under circumstances most unfavorable to recognition. Though she could neither hear, speak nor see, she knew her mother, by the latter handing her some beads and other toys with which she used to play at home.

* From the Lost Sister, by the Rev. John Todd, D. D.

Now is it reasonable to suppose, that there will be no mementos, no traces of ourselves, by which we can be recognized in a future world? The idea is absurd. What a motive, then, this is, for you to train up your children for the judgment and for heaven! You are shaping their characters for eternity, and an eternity in which you will know them, and in which you will find them essentially the same as you aided in making them while on earth.

If you want proof of this fact from scripture, it is enough for us to say, that the whole of the Bible is written on the supposition that the fact is taken for granted. You might as well ask us to prove from the scriptures, that a man would be the same person in Italy as in America; the same at seventy as at twenty. The Bible takes this fact for granted, as it does the other, and all its promises and threatenings are predicated upon these facts.

Then you will know your children in a future world. What consolation for the faithful mother, — what a terrible thought to the unfaithful, prayerless mother!

YOU WILL BE DIFFERENTLY AFFECTED BY THE SIGHT OF YOUR CHILDREN THAN BY SEEING OTHERS,

Because, while the relation which you sustain to them is productive of an influence which will be felt in eternity, you will be *responsible* for that influence, and must feel its effects. The history of every man is so interwoven with that of others, that it cannot be separated without destroying it. It must be taken in connection with others, to be complete in itself. How then can this be accomplished without remembrance and recognition? And how can there be remembrance and recognition under such circumstances, without an overwhelming influence? You see this proved and illustrated in the case of the rich man in hell. Why did he desire that his five brethren might not come to that place of torment? Grant the coldest interpretation which has ever been given of this passage; deny that he had any natural affection for his brothers, and that his request was made, because the presence of his brothers would increase his misery, and it proves what we have been stating. And not only would the presence of his brothers increase his misery, but more than the presence of strangers, else why did he select these, in his request? And why would the presence of these brothers so affect him? Plainly, because he had sustained a relation to them on earth, the *consequences* of which, he would feel in eternity. This is true of all the inhabitants of heaven as well as of hell.

Now what an overpowering argument this presents, urging you to labor for the salvation of your children. If they are pious, you will meet them in the judgment, and dwell with them in heaven with peculiar joy. They will not be to you as the children of strangers. You will be differently affected by their presence than by the presence of those whom you did not know upon earth. Though the family relations will not extend beyond death, the *effect* of these relations will be felt forever. If your children are not pious, and continue so through your instrumentality, how painful will be the meeting at the judgment! One of the persons just now referred to, the brother who had not seen his sister for sixty years, when he was introduced into the room where she was, exclaimed, 'Is that my sister?' If you should meet your child in the judgment before to-morrow, how would the sight affect you, and what would be the effect upon you forever?` If an unfaithful mother reads these lines, O let her hear the Saviour saying to her, 'weep for yourself and for your children.'

THE VALUE OF THE SOULS OF YOUR CHILDREN IS ANOTHER CONSIDERATION.

We can do little more than refer you to this. We ask you to consider the value of one soul. Look at its capacities for improvement. How great its improvement from infancy up to twenty or forty years. What then may it not become, when it shall enjoy the greatest facilities for acquiring knowledge, and enjoy them through endless ages? Consider its capacities for enjoyment or suffering. The smallest item of pleasing intelligence, may send a thrill of enjoyment through the soul. So a single nerve, when diseased, though it be so small as hardly to be visible, as in the case of the toothache, will cause intense suffering. What, then, must we feel, when the whole soul and body shall be filled with joy or woe?

There is no object I can select as an adequate illustration of the eternity of your child's existence; but I take one which will aid you some in your reflections on the subject. If you will look at the western sky, you may see, a little above the horizon, a very bright and beautiful star. It is the planet Venus. As you look upon it, reflect that it has shone in bright beauty for ages past, and may shine for ages yet to come. Millions of persons have gazed upon it, and millions more will watch its rising and setting in future years. Still it must be a 'falling star.' Not so that little star which glows

and brightens in the mind of your child. The glory of that star will be eternal brightness. Long after the sun, moon and stars have fallen from heaven, that child will live a star of a higher and brighter heaven; will shine a sparkling gem in the Redeemer's crown forever; or lose its brightness, but retain its immortality, in the darkness of endless night!

Consider the price paid for its redemption. That infinite price, is God's estimation of the soul. Consider the Saviour's care for converted children. He said, 'whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.' Do not those who neglect the souls of their children come under this curse?

THE SHORT TIME BEFORE ALL YOUR EFFORTS FOR THE SALVATION OF YOUR CHILDREN MUST CEASE FOREVER.

They may die, and their unsettled account with God be sealed up to the judgment. Or you may die, and then millions of worlds could not purchase the privilege of offering one prayer for your unconverted children, or of once inviting them to Christ. But now, you enjoy great advantages in laboring to save them; such as your influence over them, the lasting impression you are able to make upon their minds, and the special promise which God has made to you as parents. You may so labor to save them, that 'your works will follow you' after you are dead. You may offer up prayers for them which may be kept in golden vials before the throne; prayers which will be answered on earth long after you have entered heaven.

I saw a mother on the bed of death, and her only son, a little boy, stood by her side. She was giving him her parting counsel. As she fixed her dying eyes on him, and felt that she was passing away and must leave him, there was still one bright anticipation, and she said, 'O my dear child, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.' We hope the time will come when she will feel that joy. When you are dying, and when you stand before the bar of God, may the dear Saviour say, 'she hath done what she could.' May you be permitted to stand before the throne of God and the Lamb, saying, 'here am I and the children Thou hast given me.'

A mother in the congregation to whom I minister, had heard the gospel preached in many cities in England and America, for half a century, but was still unconverted. When she heard a sermon on

family prayer, from the text, 'Pour out thy fury upon the heathen and upon the families that call not on the name of the Lord,' she was awakened and, I believe, truly converted. In relating her experience to the church, she said, that none of the sermons she had previously heard, convicted her, because she thought she was as good as others. But when the awful destiny of those families that call not on the name of the Lord, was brought before her, she knew that her family had been, and still was a prayerless family, and her mind was awfully impressed with their present state and approaching doom. But what filled up the cup of her misery, was another reflection still more bitter. She said, '*I thought of my children who were dead.*' For the living, there was still a remedy. She could confess to them, and pray for them. *But for the dead it was forever too late!*

*Pittsfield, Mass., Aug.*, 1846.

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## FAITH.

BY MISS CAROLINE FRY.

FAITH, like an unsuspecting child
Serenely resting on its mother's arm,
Reposing every care upon her God,
Sleeps on his bosom, and expects no harm;—

Receives with joy the promises he makes,
Nor questions of his purpose or his power;
She does not doubting ask, 'Can this be so?'
The Lord has said it, and there needs no more.

However deep be the mysterious word,
However dark, she disbelieves it not;
Where Reason would examine, Faith obeys,
And 'It is written,' answers every doubt.

In vain with rude and overwhelming force
Conscience repeats her tale of misery;
And powers infernal, wakeful to destroy,
Urge the worn spirit to despair and die.

As evening's pale and solitary star
But brightens while the darkness gathers round,
So Faith, unmoved amid surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.

## COWPER, ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Perhaps the writings of no poet have made a more salutary and valuable impression on the public mind, than those of Cowper. 'He had a spirit full of the sweetness and music of poetry, joined to a pure morality of purpose. He also possessed an intensity and delicacy of feeling, a tenderness of heart, and an extreme susceptibility of nature,' which peculiarly qualified him to present important truths, otherwise dry and uninteresting to many minds, in a charming and captivating garb.

Perhaps no production of Cowper has been more frequently read, or so much admired, as the poem on the *Receipt of his Mother's Picture.* In February, 1790, Cowper received, as a present from Mrs. Bodham, then residing in Norfolk, his mother's portrait. His mother was a sister of Mrs. Bodham's father. Cowper was at this time *fifty-eight* years of age. He thus expresses his thanks to Mrs. Bodham.

'Every creature who bears any affinity to my mother, is dear to me. I love you, therefore, and love you much, both for her sake and your own. The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me, as the picture you have so kindly sent me. I received it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt, had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object I see at night, and, of course, the first I open my eyes upon in the morning. She died when I had completed my sixth year; yet I remember her well. I remember, too, a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression. I was thought, in my childhood, much to resemble my mother. In my natural temper, of which, at the age of fifty-eight, I must be supposed a competent judge, I can trace both her and my late uncle, your father; somewhat of his irritability, and a little, I would hope, both of his and of her good-nature.'

To show how his filial heart, even at the age of fifty-eight, was exercised and pleased by the sight of the picture, we shall present extracts from letters written to others, about the same time. To Lady Hesketh he thus writes:

'I had rather possess my mother's picture, than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection, that her death, fifty years since, has not in the least abated. Young as I was when she died, I remember her well enough to know that it is a very exact resemblance of her, and as such, it is to me, invaluable. With an amiable character so impressed on all her features, every body loved her.'

To John Johnson, Esq., he thus expresses his feelings:

'Had not my cousin engaged me to love her, by the sweetness of her character when a child, she would have done it effectually now, by making me the most acceptable present in the world, my own dear mother's picture. Amiable and elegant as the countenance is, such exactly was her own. She was one of the tenderest of parents, and so just a copy of her, is therefore to me, invaluable. I do not forget your kindness in intimating to her, that I should be happy to possess it.'

To Mrs. King, on the same interesting occasion, he writes,

'I have lately received from a cousin, whom I have not seen for twenty-five years, a picture of my own mother. I remember her perfectly, and find the picture a strong resemblance of her. Because her memory has ever been precious

to me, I have written a poem on the receipt of it; a poem, which, one excepted, I had more pleasure in writing, than any I ever wrote. That one was addressed to a lady, who has supplied to me the place of my own mother — my own invaluable mother — these six-and-twenty years.'

The lady here alluded to, was Mrs. Unwin. We find in Cowper's writings, two short pieces addressed to Mrs. Unwin, but they both bear a date subsequent to 1790, the year in which he received his mother's picture. The date of the poem addressed to her must have been previous to 1790.

Cowper's mother died in 1737, at the age of thirty-six. His father erected a monument to her memory, upon which the following lines were inscribed:

'Here lies, in early years bereft of life,
The best of mothers and the kindest wife,
Who neither knew, nor practised any art,
Secure in all she wished — her husband's heart.
Her love to him still prevalent in death,
Prayed Heaven to bless him with her latest breath.
Still was she studious never to offend,
And glad of an occasion to commend;
With ease would pardon injuries received,
Nor e'er was cheerful when another grieved.
Despising state, with her own lot content,
Enjoyed the comforts of a life well-spent;
Resigned, when heaven demanded back her breath,
Her mind heroic 'mid the pangs of death.
Whoe'er thou art that dost this tomb draw near,
O! stay awhile, and shed a friendly tear;
These lines, though weak, are, as herself, sincere.

We have devoted considerable space to this deeply interesting subject, because Cowper's poem is universally considered an unequaled specimen of exquisite tenderness and pathos, and all parts of it are frequently quoted. In the April number of our work, page 94, is the following passage:

'We had, at one time, a long and delightful conversation respecting poor Cowper, and I remember Southey's saying, with much earnestness, that he could have given Kehama, Roderick, and indeed all he had ever written, to have been the author of Cowper's Lines to his Mother's Picture, which he characterized as being among the most touchingly beautiful to be found in the whole range of English Poetry.'

Also in the July number of our work, Dr. Storrs, on the 6th page, and Mrs. Hatch, on the 21st, quote from this beautiful poem. Many of our readers, we have no doubt, would be pleased to see it entire; we therefore give it below.

EDITOR.

## ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss;
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers — yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? — It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad *to-morrow* came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'T is now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed,
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,

That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no — what here we call our life is such
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee, to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the flood, that shew
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,'*
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain the rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed —
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell; — Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

* Garth

# THE LITTLE LADY-BIRD. J. GREEN.

1. La-dy-bird! la-dy-bird! fly a - way home, The field mouse has
2. La-dy-bird! la-dy-bird! fly a - way home,—The glow-worm is
gone to her nest, The daisies have shut up their
lighting her lamp, The dew's fall - ing fast, and your
sleepy red eyes, And the bees and the birds are at rest.
fine speckled wings Will flag with the close clinging damp.

3 Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,—
Good luck if you reach it at last!
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,
Sharp set from their Ramavan fast.

4 Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,—
The fairy-bells tinkle afar!
Make haste, or they'll catch ye, and harness ye fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

5 Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,—
To your house in the old willow tree,
Where your children, so dear, have invited the ant,
And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

6 Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,—
And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You're in luck—and that's all I've to say. MRS. SOUTHEY.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## THE DEAD CHILD.

BY REV. S. D. PHELPS.

She sleeps in beauty.— Heavenly fair,
Her little form seemed not as dead;
As though an angel slumbered there,
I gazed upon that cradle bed.
Death's hand *had* touched the silver strings,
Which bound the spirit to its clay;
And, as it soared on seraph wings,
She slept — how beautiful she lay!

She sleeps in silence.— O, how still
And soft her peaceful slumbers are!
No thunder sound, nor clarion shrill
Can wake that gentle sleeper there.
The voice of friends she heeds no more,
Nor lists, as near her grave they tread;
Nor shall that dreamless sleep be o'er,
Till Christ will call the silent dead.

She dwells with Jesus.— Not a tear
Will ever dim her heavenly eye;
For in that bright celestial sphere,
No grief is found, nor danger nigh.
Safe, in the Saviour's gentle arms,
Which once the little children blest,
And, clothed in purest, loveliest charms,
She finds a sweet and peaceful rest.

She dwells in heaven.— O, who would call
Her ransomed spirit from its home,
And cause it here, in mortal thrall,
This sad and sinful earth to roam?
Unfading are her joys above,
And happier far that blest abode,
Where all her endless life is love,
Resplendent with the smile of God!

*New Haven, Conn., Aug.*, 1846.

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## THE WAY TO LIVE.

So live, that when the summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged, to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.—*Bryant.*

# LITERARY NOTICES.

WAY TO JESUS. N. Y. City: Published by Lane & Tippett. 1846.

A small book for children, containing 'Letters to Mary, Pointing out the Way to Jesus.' These letters begin with the work of the spirit upon the heart, and thus, step by step, describe, in a familiar way, the process of experimental and practical religion.

For sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE.

We have received Nos. 47 and 54, inclusive, of this splendid work. Some of the last numbers contain illuminated title-pages to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record of Marriages, Births and Deaths, and a full Concordance.

ANECDOTES FOR THE FAMILY. Published by the American Tract Society.

The anecdotes are 308 in number, and arranged under the following heads:—Delightful Discoveries — Providential Deliverance—Irreligion and Sins—Reproofs — Instruction — Conversion — Religion — Love—Duties—Intercourse — Kindness—Deaths and Miscellaneous.

A delightful book, with which to use up the fragments of time in a family, instead of wasting them in profitless conversation.

For sale at 28 Cornhill.

SACRED MEDITATIONS.

A beautiful miniature volume, by Mrs. Professor Upham, of Bowdoinham, Me. The paragraphs are headed by a passage of scripture and closed by a few choice stanzas of poetry. The religious instruction inculcated is of a highly spiritual character.

Published and for sale by Waite, Peirce & Co.

VOYAGES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

This is the 13th volume of Harper's New Miscellany. The work is the production of Sir John Barrow.

We rarely announce the publication of a book of equal interest to this. It contains, in a condensed form, an account of all the voyages and travels of Ross, Buchan, Parry, Clavering and Sabine, Lyon, Back, Simpson, Franklin and Richardson, in search of a Northwest passage, the discovery of which would be of immense importance to the commercial interests of Great Britain and the United States of America.

A large map of the arctic regions, containing all the discoveries of the above-named commanders, accompanies the work.

For sale as above.

LOVEST THOU ME: or the Believer's Companion in his hour of self-examination. By Rev. Daniel Wise. Boston. Published by Waite, Peirce & Co. 1846.

Intended to aid the Christian in the important duty of self-examination, and admirably adapted to this purpose. A vein of genuine and ardent piety runs through its interesting pages, and highly commends it to the attention of every disciple desirous of 'growing in grace and the knowledge of the truth.'

It is a miniature volume, and designed as a *vade mecum*, or book for the pocket.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. S. P. CLARK, OF SOUTHWICK, MASS.

'Whence are those tranquil joys in mercy given
To light the wilderness with beams of heaven?
To soothe our cares, and through the world diffuse
Their tempered sunshine, and celestial hues?
O! sacred joys! 'tis yours to dwell enshrined,
Most fondly cherished in the purest mind;
To twine with flowers, those loved, endearing ties,
On earth so sweet — so perfect in the skies!'

How true is the sentiment expressed in these beautiful lines. This world would indeed be a wilderness, did not the heavenly beams of domestic enjoyment diffuse their benign radiance upon its wide waste, and shed their genial influence in the human heart. How unhappy would be our condition, should the bright sunbeams of domestic happiness be withdrawn — should the angel of affection cease to hover around us, and were not some kindred spirit near to participate in our joys, to share and soothe our cares and sorrows, and help to smooth the rugged pathway of life. There is not a holier sight on earth than a family united by the endearing bands of affection; in which all the members strive to fill their appropriate places and promote each other's happiness; where each is attentive to the other's wants; where the sympathizing tear flows from every eye when one is pressed with sorrow; and where the tide of joy runs from heart to heart in view of the prosperity of any of the circle. How happy is an inmate of such a family, and how truly blest is that member of any family, who sheds around that affection which relieves and gladdens the heart.

True affection weaves itself around its objects in all the varying circumstances incident to human life. I will relate a short history

which exemplifies this truth. It is the history of a daughter, who might be held up as a bright example for all daughters; one, who, by her filial love for her parents, whether in prosperity or adversity, was all she could be to them. When peace and happiness smiled upon their dwelling, and sorrow was comparatively a stranger there, this daughter was the star from which emanated those cheering rays that gladdened her parents' hearts; and when misfortune frowned, and sorrow entered their peaceful abode, she imparted the balm of consolation to her mother's wounded spirit, and smoothed her dying pillow. By her patience, and tender, untiring assiduity, she also reclaimed her father from degradation, and restored him from ruin's brink to the station from which he had fallen.

In the year 1823, a young German, with his wife and daughter, who was then about one year old, emigrated to this country, and located in the outskirts of a beautiful village, situated on the banks of the Delaware. The little family had known affluence in their father-land; their manners were polished, their education good, and their conduct upright, and such as secured the respect and esteem of the surrounding inhabitants. Their society was courted, and they were intimate with the best families of the place. Yet they did not sacrifice the comforts and pleasures of the domestic hearth, for the giddy and fashionable throng. Home was their paradise, and would to heaven it had always remained so! Mr. W. engaged in a lucrative business, and by his industry, steadily accumulated property. The mother minded her affairs at home, and the daughter, cheerful and gladsome as the morning lark, (when not pursuing her studies at school,) was happy in her childish sports. Nothing seemed wanting to render their happiness complete. Peace and plenty dwelt beneath their roof.

Thus peacefully and pleasantly their days glided on. The future looked bright to them all. Ellen, 'untaught of ill,' and buoyant with pleasing hopes, had reached the age of fourteen, when suddenly a change came over the spirit of her dreams. She observed that the countenance of her mother, which had always been lighted up with cheerfulness, became sad; that her cheek grew pale, and that her eye had lost its wonted brightness. She wondered at the change, and wept over it. She had always loved her mother ardently, and it grieved her much to see sorrow stealing over her brow. Her father, once so delighted with her little attentions, became, in a

measure, indifferent to them; and when, at the close of the day, she ran to meet him as he returned from his business, he did not, as he was wont to do, greet her with the fond embrace and gladsome smile.

The truth was, her father had, for several years, been accustomed to spend a leisure hour at the village hotel, with some of his countrymen, and there he gradually acquired a habit, which robbed him of self-respect, palsied his affections, and nearly proved his ruin. Ere the wife and daughter were aware that any danger menaced their peace, the husband and father had contracted an inveterate habit of using intoxicating drinks; and when, one day, he was seen returning from the hotel with a flushed countenance and an unsteady step, they both awoke to a full sense of the fearful reality. The wife had had her suspicions, the daughter none; and when the truth was revealed, it fell like a thunderbolt upon her young spirit. Mr. W. was a drunkard! A few weeks prior to this event, he had, in the kindness of his heart, loaned a large sum to a countryman and pretended friend; that day, news arrived, that his friend had absconded! It was a heavy blow to him. He dreaded to communicate the affair to his wife and daughter, and, in order to drown all recollection of the event, he had recourse to strong drink. The deed was done, and he returned to his home, a fallen man.

But why give this agonizing history in detail? Let it suffice to say, that, in a little time, the remnant of his property was scattered to the four winds. Article after article of furniture was sold, to gratify his insatiable appetite for rum. The family were compelled to leave their beautiful cottage, and resort to a miserable hovel for shelter; and here, the wife and mother, unable to bear up under her load of accumulated sorrows, sunk into an untimely grave, having, with her dying hand, presented her picture to her daughter, and with her dying breath commended her to the orphan's God.

Ellen, though thus early bereft of a tender mother, deprived of the kind sympathies of her surviving parent, and almost destitute of the comforts of life, had been nerved by her previous privations and sorrows to bear up under her present trials and afflictions. Her grief was great, but she rose above the dark wave which compassed her about, and, trusting in that Being whom her mother had taught her to love, resolved in His strength to go forward, and, if possible, win her father back to virtue. Her task was not an easy one; but,

young and weak as she was, she nerved herself to it, and set about her work with vigor. Since the death of her mother, her father, goaded by a guilty conscience, had seemed to make a continually accelerated progress in the downward path of vice! He had become a common street drunkard, and left his hovel in the morning, but to return drunk at night. Ellen, who had never deserted him, though she had often been importuned to do so, invariably treated him with filial affection and respect, and, in his sober moments, would soothe his troubled spirit, and endeavor by her sympathy and kindness to make him forget his degradation and misery. For the period of two long years, they subsisted on the scanty pittance earned by her needle; and though sorrow and care had withered the rose upon her cheek and impaired her health, yet she resolved, that while one vestige of humanity remained in her father's bosom, she would never cease or relax her efforts to reform him. She had learned to cast her care on her heavenly Father, and most earnestly did she pray that some special providence might lead to her father's reformation. Her prayer was not unanswered, nor her filial piety unrewarded.

One day her father returned at noon; a thing so unusual for him, that Ellen suspected all was not right. Her conjecture was true; for a burning fever was in his veins, and before night-fall he was a raving maniac. A physician was called, and the necessary assistance procured among the neighbors, who had always shown themselves kind; but all this could not restore the maniac's reason. Many long days and wearisome nights, did that devoted daughter watch by the bed-side of her raving parent. At length, nature having been taxed to its utmost, he sunk into a quiet sleep. The physician having informed her that the symptoms were favorable, and that he would probably be rational when he awoke, she took her mother's picture, and suspending it before the bed, so that it could not fail to meet his eye as he awoke, retired to pray to Him who 'seeth in secret,' that her father might be saved from both intemperance and insanity at once. That prayer was heard. The man awoke, and fixed his languid eye upon the likeness of that once loved object. There, before him, was the image of his wife, as he had known her before the marriage tie was consummated in their distant father-land. The past came rushing like a torrent upon him. Nature found vent in a flood of tears. It was a fearful moment,

but virtue triumphed. The spell of vice was broken. He called Ellen to his bed-side. 'My daughter,' said he, 'you have triumphed. My bondage is broken. I am myself again. You have been my guardian angel. Had it not been for your sympathy and care, I must have been lost. God ever bless you, my daughter, and save you from the snare of the destroyer!'

Since that day Mr. W. has not tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor. He is now an active member of the church, has regained his forfeited respectability, and is fast recovering his property.

But the story is not all told. The neat little cottage, once their happy home, fell into the hands of an inhabitant of the village, who, dying soon after, bequeathed it to his nephew whom he had adopted as his son. This worthy young man, having witnessed Ellen's devotion to her parents, and thinking that so filial a daughter must make a good wife, sought her acquaintance, and a mutual attachment sprung up between them. He soon after invited her to become mistress of the cottage. She cheerfully, though modestly, accepted the invitation, and is now the happy mistress of the home of her youth. Still, she is not forgetful of her father. He, too, in compliance with their united request, is an inmate of their dwelling, and a sharer of their home. Notwithstanding the past sometimes rushes upon the mind, their happiness is as complete as this sublunary state can afford, and the father and daughter are looking forward to a reunion with the wife and mother in a brighter world.

'And now, though time, subduing every trace,
Has *mellowed* all, he *never* can *erase;*
Oft will the parent's tears in silence flow,
Still sadly faithful to remember woe!
Then she, who feels a father's pang alone,
(Still fondly struggling to suppress *her own,*)
With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,
To chase the image that awakes the sigh!
Her angel voice his fainting soul can raise
To brighter visions of celestial days!
And speak of realms, where virtue's wing shall soar
On eagle plume — to wonder and adore;
And friends divided here shall meet at last,
Unite their kindred souls, and smile on all the past.'

*Southwick, Mass., Aug.*, 1846.

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No one from Heaven's love too much can hope,
If what he hopes, he labors to secure. — *Dr. Young.*

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## MY FATHER.

BY MISS SOPHIA E. LINSLEY.

'——————— He is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,
All darkness wiped from his refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from his eyes,
Victorious over death, to him appears
The vista'd joys of Heaven's eternal years.'

MOIR.

WHEN a disenthralled saint, beloved of God, ascends to his eternal abode, let it be at what time or place it may, or under whatever outward circumstances, that hour must be to him altogether glorious. If the celestial convoy first open to his view amid the wild howlings of winter's midnight tempest, or in the sweet beauty of a summer twilight; whether he first rise on aerial pinions, amid the melody of rejoicing birds, the odor of breathing flowers, the soft flow of glittering streams, and the far richer music of loving voices; or whether about him are only grim shapes of gloom and desolation, and all the forms of this world's most dismal and forlorn scenes — all is the same to him whose raptured eye is already unclosing on celestial glories, and whose ear is catching the swelling strains of heavenly harmonies. A heavy atmosphere has no power to weigh down his soaring spirit, or oppress the outstretched wing, now wafting upward by assisting gales from Paradise.

But to the weepers about his couch, there *is* a difference. If the last sigh of the beloved goes out amid the thunder of a roaring tempest, in outward darkness and gloom, that soul-rending hour may shut down upon their sinking hearts, with a weight more crushing, and a darkness more rayless, because of the outward desolation. But if all about presents an aspect whose loveliness seems to afford some faint shadow of the world in immortal beauty, — does it not seem easier to imagine the upward flight of the departing?

It was an unspeakably glorious night when my now transfigured father ascended in blessedness. As I turned from that still bed of death, where he lay, now for the first time unmoved by my bitter complaints and tears of anguish, no tones of soothing tenderness replying to the outbursts of grief and desolation; as I gazed upward to the vast clear dome above, with what a strange, new light, those

pure ether dwellers seemed to shine on my sad eyes. They were glittering in that brilliance so peculiar to a perfectly clear Winter night; and in contrast to the powerful excitement which had been preying upon my spirit, twinkled with a light so calm, peaceful and holy, that, as I gazed, the tumult in my bewildered soul seemed in some measure soothed by the quiet, and the thoughts of grandeur and sublimity which their majesty inspires.

How few hours since, and, save the deference due such a parent, he was my dear companion. Surrounding us were the same familiar scenes; we sat at the same board, and gathered at the same hearth. But now, as I gazed with awe at those bright heavens, whither this beloved one had arisen, how immense appeared the change! Of that dear friend, with whom I had a few hours since conversed in such familiarity, I could not now think, but with dim, mysterious awe. Already was he too glorious for me to behold; already had he passed into a state, and found companions, of whose untold blessedness my dark, yearning mind could form but vague and misty conceptions.

We may rejoice in deeming our loved ones heirs of the Almighty, when the voice of health is heard in our dwellings, when the sunshine of their presence makes light about us, and the echo of their glad words rings through the joyous chambers of our hearts. But let that light go out in darkness, let but our own desolate mournings sound in the silence of those hushed voices, — and then try to conceive the value of that hope which tells that the sleepers in Jesus shall never die!

When that vague messenger of gloomy power first visits our hearths and fireside altars, what a new epoch in life! We gain a sort of acquaintanceship with this dread sunderer of human ties, and all his grim retinue,

'The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,'

come to us under an entirely new aspect. They seem to become matters of our own household. We have there beheld that strange repelling object, a human corpse, with the sunken eye, the sallow hue, and the awful stillness of those cold, rigid limbs; and have deeply, tenderly loved it, in all its robe of gloom and horror — in all its cerements of humility and ruin.

We may lose friends much loved, at a distance, and think we

mourn; but tell me nothing of bereavement till it has entered thine own abode, and made vacant a conspicuous seat at the fireside, where thou must evermore behold desolation, and hushed a voice in morning and evening orisons, and written *deserted — left* — on the daily ride or walk.

Dear young sister in sorrow! hast thou lost a kind, noble, tender-hearted father, ever from the earliest breath thy guide and guardian, the director of study, the adviser and confident in all joy and grief? Was he one who taught the way to that great Father in Heaven? who pointed to the Redeemer in the moments of thy soul's bitterness, and prayed with all his heart of love that thy wavering faith fail not, after thou hadst, in weakness and fear, and much trembling, entered the visible fold? Then know you what death signifies; and O let this sad knowledge give a new impetus to that sweet, animating exhortation; 'Be ye followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the promises.'

*Stratford, Ct., Aug.*, 1846.

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Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## TO THE STARS.

BY MRS. L. PILLSBURY.

Fair stars of night, your ceaseless course pursue
Through heaven's immeasurable fields of blue.
Ages on ages since, the Almighty's voice
Kindled your fires and bade your orbs rejoice,
Sent you in different circuits round the skies,
Taught you what time to set, and when to rise,
Bade your soft fires shed light on all below,
Taught man his Maker's power and skill to know.
Thousands of years ye 've kept your mighty course,
Obedient to the great Eternal Source;
Nor ever varied from his grand design,
Who marked each planet's path and drew the line.
Fair orbs of light! to you alone 't is given
To trace the vast immensity of heaven;
No mortal goal shall end your race sublime;
Your *circuit, space* — your *pause*, the *end of time.*

*Londonderry, N. H., Aug.*, 1846.

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## 'IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME.'

BY REV. RICHARD LIVESEY.

I HAVE recently read a manuscript journal kept by Charles Herbert, of Newburyport, Mass., while a prisoner to the British in 1776. I was forcibly impressed by the following entry:

'To-day, a woman gave me a handful of bread, which I joyfully received.'

Though brief, it is full of instruction, and suggests a train of thoughts not unprofitable or uninteresting. Who was that woman? What prompted her to think of, or care for the prisoner? And who is he that is made joyful by a handful of bread? He was an *only son*, the heir of a valuable paternal inheritance, and the pride and hope of his parents. He was one trained with tenderness and care, whose every wish was anticipated and gratified. He was a youth of only nineteen years, who, at his country's call, cheerfully exchanged the home of comfort and ease for the deck of a man-of-war.

Behold him now, a captive, confined in the cable tier of a prison ship, in mid winter, without a bed, or bed clothes, or fire to keep himself warm; limited to the scanty pittance of a prisoner's fare; his hopes blasted, his ambition quenched; far from his native land, and the only prospect before him, a long imprisonment, or an ignominious death. This is he who 'joyfully received a handful of bread' of a stranger. Where are now his visions of fame? How false the plume in glory's crown! How uncertain the fortunes of war!

And who was the woman who gave this brave, but unfortunate youth 'a handful of bread'? Whence did she come? She could not have been a daughter of wealthy parents. We hear of no coach, or servants, or gold, but only 'a handful of bread.' Perhaps she was a mother. The prisoner had known a mother's care. Then a mother's heart, a mother's sympathies prompted her to this kind act. Perhaps this 'woman' had a son upon the ocean, a volunteer in his country's cause, or torn from his mother's arms by a press-gang, to meet the enemy in bloody strife. He, too, might be a prisoner. I seem to see her, as she winds her way to the prison ship, with her scanty morsel, lift her watery eyes to heaven and say, 'If my son is now, or may be a prisoner of war, in some distant land, may some

kind mother visit him and bless him. As I pity, so let mine be pitied.'

Was she a *wife*, whose husband was torn from his home to mingle in scenes of blood and carnage in a distant clime? Was she a *sister*, whose brother was on the 'bounding billows,' exposed to the dangers of the sea, and greater dangers from the floating batteries of the enemy? What emotions must have swelled her bosom, as she saw the sad results of war in the gloomy habitations of these captive strangers! Were these, or any of them, the considerations which prompted this kind act; or was it the simple impulse of woman's nature, the overflowings of her gentle heart, seeking the suffering, that she might relieve and comfort them? Man cannot be wholly miserable, while gentle woman is near. Stern man would look upon the prisoners as 'rebels' or 'pirates,' and their sufferings as justly merited; but woman considers not their offences; she sees only their tears. She has no epithets of reproach; she whispers peace and consolation; the tokens of charity are in her hand, and though her store may be small, she gives it with a cheerful heart. Upon such an act, angels might gaze with joy.

*Newport, R. I., Aug.*, 1846.

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## LITERARY NOTICE.

CULTIVATION OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

C. Bradlee & Co., of this city, have published a new musical work, entitled, '*Guide to the Development and Cultivation of the Human Voice*,' consisting of Instructions of the best Manner of Developing and Perfecting the Vocal Powers, together with Exercises, Solfeggios, &c. Selected and Arranged by L. B. Woodbury.

We rejoice that there is in this country, a commendable spirit of emulation and enterprise in relation to the study and practice of both vocal and instrumental music; and we venture to say that no country in the world, ever made more rapid advancement in the same length of time. Much, however, remains to be done.

The book under consideration is engraved, both the letter-press and the music, and is a fine specimen of the art.

After the introduction, which contains valuable hints of a general character, follow remarks upon the formation of the voice; the general qualities of the voice; intonation; time; the different registers of the voice; swelling sounds; explosive, or pressure tone; portamento; chromatic scale and execution.

The exercises and solfeggios are 152 in number, and, of course, include a great variety. In many instances, a simple piano-forte accompaniment, at the bottom of the page, is adapted to the various exercises above.

The work appears to be one of practical utility, and will prove, we should think, to be an important aid to the large class of persons who are pursuing, or intend to pursue, a systematic course of training the voice.

*Un Emigrant*

expression of its mother's countenance.

THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. IX. SEPTEMBER, 1846. No. 3.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## PERMANENCY OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER, OF SPRINGFIELD, VT.

THE daily events of infancy, and the comparatively trifling pursuits of boyhood, fix the character of later years. True, we have instances where a total change seems to take place in mature life; but in many of those cases, it is the influence of a mother's early instruction, — the springing up of seed which has long lain dormant. The cares of life, the perplexities of business and intercourse with the world, have checked its germination; these removed, it springs up fresh and green, and bears the likeness of that which was sown.

Few mothers realize that they are influencing minds for eternity, that the impressions which their children receive before they can scarcely lisp a parent's name, are more durable than if graven upon a rock with pen of iron. It is a mother's smile, which like sunshine on the opening flower, causes the heart of her babe to expand with delight; her frowns are the shadows of its baby life; and the tones of her voice are the first by which it learns to regulate its own.

We are not fully aware how much the disposition of a child is affected while yet an infant in its mother's arms. Her face is its first reading lesson, and, as the clear waters of a brook reflect each shrub and flower upon its banks, so does the heart of a babe the expression of its mother's countenance.

Parents often manifest much anxiety in the choice of schools, and selection of studies, when their children have attained an age to bid farewell to the rudiments of learning. This is right; but the farmer who would reap a rich harvest, prepares the soil before he sows the seed, and when the little plant comes forth in its weakness, it is sedulously watched and guarded. When most defenceless, it needs most protection. The frost may blight, the heat wither, and the worm devour. Let it then be carefully guarded, and as age increases, its power to resist its enemies will also increase. Let the young mother remember that the babe in her bosom, and the prattling boy at her knee, are now completely under her influence. As she would twine the tender vine, so can she give bias and direction to those pliant spirits.

At that age, too, she can control, in a great measure, the *external* circumstances of her children. Home is their world, and the mother has certainly the influence of a sovereign in the little kingdom. She is the arbiter in their difficulties, the soother of their sorrows, and their refuge in sickness. Blessed, thrice blessed is that mother who fulfils her high and holy duty with an humble, patient, trusting heart, remembering that her work will be tested in heaven, and her reward rendered there.

To such mothers, these hints upon little things, will, I hope, be acceptable. We bring them to the Mother's Assistant as an offering of small jets to the pearl setter; they may enhance the beauty of the valuable gems.

One of the subjects which claim the early attention of the parents, is the choice of toys for the child. I know it is the custom to consider playthings as mere sedatives to the very young child, something to amuse him for the passing hour, for the purpose of securing to the nurse and mother leisure for other duties. A miniature sword, or horsewhip — any thing to occupy a restless spirit, or quiet a fretful one. But as the business and amusements of a man, influence his character for good or ill, so do the employments of a child his impressible mind, much more.

To the little being full of active curiosity, the very articles which we term toys, are, to him, subjects of much thought, and assist in unfolding his intellect. Every thing in life is new to him; all is to be learned. Not a door is opened or shut, or the most simple household operation performed, but some new idea is gained. Long

before a child talks, he has learned the names of those things with which his eye is familiar. Ask him to point them out, and his little hand moves almost unerringly toward them. The simplest event gives him pleasure, and, when happy, his whole frame sympathizes in the delight. The motions of his feet are as expressive as the bright glance of his eye. Experience teaches us to subdue this expression, and manhood finds us concealing our sorrows beneath a smiling brow, or, what is still more painful, shrouding the bliss of a happy heart from all, save a chosen few, because we fancy a cold world will have little sympathy with our joy. Not so with the little novice just entering upon life. Nothing is to him indifferent. The smallest flower, the gentle breeze which bids it wave upon its slender stalk, a father's footstep, or a mother's song, are to him sources of exquisite delight. Like plates of the Daguerreotype he catches each passing shadow, and the defects as well as the beauties are indelibly fixed.

'Mother,' said a thoughtful, pensive child, a few days since, 'come out into the garden and see what I have been making. It is the prettiest little grave-yard you ever saw. I have turfed the graves, and gathered beautiful white flowers to put round them, and made a nice little fence, and gravelled the walks. Is n't it pretty, dear mother?'

One glance at the play-ground sent a thrill through that mother's heart. There were four small graves, or rather mounds, (just the number of her children,) with little head and foot-stones. Chasing back the tears which were ready to start, for a superstitious fear had seized upon her, she took the hand of her little boy, and, seating herself upon a grassy bank near by, improved the occasion to give him correct views of death and the resurrection. He had thought only of a beautiful resting-place for the perishing body. She told him of that home of the spirit which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, surpassing in glory the most brilliant human visions. She spoke of Him who is 'the resurrection and the life,' and reminded her child of the chrysalis and butterfly, the decaying seed, and springing grain. Curiosity, wonder, and delight filled the heart of her hearer, and, when that mother turned from the interview to her daily duties, impressions were left which will be as durable as eternity. It is a simple incident, and is merely referred to as showing how occasions may be improved. Such are afforded daily to the

mother who is the companion of her children. She who entrusts them to strange hands, will, of course, feel little interest in our subject. We would that such might realize their responsibility, and take back into their own keeping, the precious jewels which their heavenly Father has entrusted to them.

Children often manifest their predilections and tastes in the use of their playthings. The eye of a parent should be watchful to observe and encourage those which seem likely to be of use in later years. It was when West was watching by the cradle of his sleeping sister, that his boyish fancy conceived the idea of transferring the likeness of the beautiful babe to paper. An observing parent encourages such early indications of genius, and the world is indebted for many of its most distinguished artists, to the first approving smile of a mother.

The mother of Doddridge spent many hours in explaining to her child the scripture illustrations upon the chimney tiles. Those pretty tiles, the playthings of a leisure hour, were the means of impressing religious truth upon the heart of the boy.

The pens of Rousseau and Edgeworth have both given us a dissertation upon dolls; the former commends them as exerting a happy influence upon little girls; the latter maintains that they feed their love of dress, and encourage vanity. If a doll be dressed in lace, silk and gaudy colored ribbons, and laid in a drawer to be brought forth only on special occasions, and then carefully handled, lest the finery should be soiled, it might, I think, lead to an undue estimation of dress. But give a child a doll which can be dressed and undressed, and let a number of changes be provided for it, and presented to the little proprietor with the understanding that the wardrobe of her favorite must be kept in order by herself, and an agreeable employment will not only be afforded, but taste cultivated and invention exercised.

A toy, complete and perfect in all its parts, and which gratifies only the eye, is not as welcome to the child, as an article which can be employed for some useful purpose. A box of little tools, or a small wheelbarrow adapted to his strength, affords far more amusement than the gilded coaches or painted automatons of a city toy-shop.

The incentive powers of children may be early exercised by choosing suitable toys. Let the little boy be furnished with models

of ships, such if possible as he can dissect, and learn the names of different parts. Suitable blocks of wood, of which he can build houses himself, are preferable to the painted Dutch villages, now sold for the amusement of children.

The models presented to children, even if made of the roughest materials, should be correct and harmonious in their proportions. If the *boy* is familiar with such models, the *man*, though he may not be able to talk learnedly of Grecian, Doric, or Corinthian orders, will insensibly practise the rules of beauty and proportion, even in the erection of the humblest farmhouse. It is to be regretted that the subject of architecture is so little understood in our country. The eye of the traveller is pained by the shabbily built and gaudy dwellings which are so frequently seen in our small towns. The snug English cottage, with its shade trees and garden, its orchard and apiary, is, at present, rare with us. May not something be done to form a correct taste in our children, that they may not imitate the shingle palaces of our fathers?

As far as we can ascertain, the early employments of Napoleon corresponded with those of mature years. The miniature gun and sword, and mock battle, prepared the way for those scenes of blood and slaughter through which he waded to an emperor's crown. A fond mother little realizes the influence she exerts when she trims the little trainer cap, and decks her boy in the mimic pageantry of war. The seeds of an unhallowed ambition are thus sown, to ripen afterward upon the battle field.

John Randolph has said that nothing but the remembrance of his mother's early instruction and prayers, kept him from falling into infidelity.

I love to trace the influence of a mother's early instruction in the writings of Willis. A traveler in foreign lands, thrown often amid scenes of mirth and revelry, and surrounded by the fashionable and gay, there was much to drown the remembrance of early religious instruction. But it would seem that the memory of his mother was round him, like an invisible chain, and when tempted to plunge into the vortex of fashionable vices and follies, this gently drew him back. How beautifully he describes this influence in his own poetic language!

'My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.'

And again, when, with a sick heart and fevered brow he has gone forth from some hot and crowded drawing-room, into the cooling night air, it would seem that in contrast with the voice of the flatterer, and the hollow tones of adulation, came the sweet remembrance of her love and prayers; and kneeling, he has prayed that her blessed hope might be his, and their eternity be

'To dwell in heaven like stars of night
And tread a living path of light.'

In his capacity as an author, he has catered for the public taste, and written much nonsense, redeemable from oblivion only by his peculiar gracefulness of style. But we forgive such a writer many errors for his frequent and beautiful reference to a mother's love. He has struck one note in nature's great key-board, which has awakened a response, and kindled pleasant memories in many hearts.

We have also another instance of the powerful influence of a mother in those beautiful buds of promise, the daughters of Mrs. Davidson. Washington Irving, in his memoirs of the younger, has shown us, that though their genius was the gift of Him from whose hand alone cometh the lilies of the valley and flowers of the field, yet it was a mother's love and culture which caused the buds to yield their sweetness and perfume. He says, 'Among the earliest indications of her poetical character, were her perceptions of the beauty of natural scenery; and one of the most beautiful parts of the maternal instruction which she received, was the guiding of these kindling perceptions from nature up to nature's God.' It will be remembered that they resided much in the country. And here, what a beautiful opportunity is presented for the instruction of children! We have spoken of toys as the invention of man; but here, our heavenly Father, from his great laboratory, has opened boundless sources of amusement. Flowers and birds, brooks and trees, the sheep upon the hills, and the cattle in green pastures, all speak of his goodness, and afford rich subjects for a child's first lessons.

Mrs. Davidson herself, says of her daughter, 'Although she loved play, she would at any time prefer seating herself beside me, and, with every faculty absorbed in the subject, listen while I attempted to recount the wonders of Providence, and point out the wisdom and benevolence of God, as manifested in the works of creation.'

Not long since, a gentleman visiting the Sailor's Home in New York, observed, immediately after family worship, a sailor, weep-

ing. He ventured to inquire the cause of his trouble. 'Oh! sir, said the honest tar, while the tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, I have not heard a prayer before for thirty years, and this has carried me back to the days of my childhood, and my home in old Scotland, when with my parents I knelt at the family altar. Thirty years had that man been a wanderer, exposed to peril and temptation in all the various forms which beset a sailor's life. And during those weary years a stranger to the voice of prayer! It is wonderful that his heart did not become so callous, as to be almost incapable of one serious impression. But no, — one prayer recalled the scenes of early life, the fireside, the family Bible, and the praying mother. The rock in the wilderness was struck, and the waters gushed forth.

Oh! remember this, mothers. The hand which now nestles in your bosom, may, one day, guide the proud ship in its course; and the little foot which now totters in its first essay to reach your knee, may walk its deck with a firm tread, or fearlessly climb the dizzy height of the quivering mast. The impressions you now give that child, will follow him there. As you guard him by day, and watch his slumbers by night, pray. Let him remember your voice as the voice of prayer, that, amid the howling of the tempest and the oaths of rude companions, it may come to him like that of Jesus to the troubled Peter. If your instructions are what they should be, it will be, indeed, God speaking through you.

'There are teachings in earth, and sky, and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare.
But more loud than the voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.'

*Springfield, Vt., Sept.*, 1846.

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## FRIENDSHIP DIVINE.

BY LYMAN W. HALL.

THERE is a friendship pure and bright,
Which angels feel before the throne,
Where, basking in eternal light,
Nor sigh, nor woe, nor pang, nor groan,
Can come, to mar ecstatic bliss,
To fill the soul with doubts and fears,
To cheat our hopes with poisoned kiss,
And drown us quite in grief and tears.
Such friendship be it ours to prove.
The friendship of our glorious Head,
Whose character is grace and love,
Whose saving blood was freely shed.

*Ravenna, Ohio, Aug.*, 1846.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## A MOTHER'S CHARGE.

BY MRS. SARAH A. CAMPBELL.

Fond mother, knowest thou the gem, that God to thee has given,
Within that little casket fair, to train for Him and heaven?
Say, dost thou feel the awful weight which rests upon thee now,
While gazing with such pure delight upon thy infant's brow?
'Tis spotless yet, as the new snow, from its own actual sin,
And yet are sinful passions there, its little breast within;
Without a mother's anxious care, without her watchful eye,
That precious one may never reach God's dwelling-place on high.
She must inspire the tender mind with its first thoughts of love,
Must lead it with an angel's care to look to God above.

Oh! weighty, fearful is the trust committed to thy care!
Devoted all thy life must be to watching and to prayer.
Pure as the dew-drop on the spray, thy daily walk should be,
That thou mayst keep thy precious charge from every evil free.
Ten thousand snares beset the way, rough is the sea of life,
Wild winds are warring with its waves and stirring them to strife;
At best our tiny bark is frail; we scarce can reach the shore;
Jesus alone can guide us safe to life forevermore.

The mother then should learn of Him, that she may teach her child,
The blessed precepts that He taught, so holy, pure and mild.

With what implicit confidence those eyes are raised to thine,
And as it listens to each word how glowingly they shine!
Each look an impress, good or bad, makes on that trusting heart,
Which after years cannot efface, — that never will depart.
Thy secret motives e'en, it scans with philosophic eye,
And reads, when little thou dost think, the wherefore, and the why.
Seek then, young mother, first to know the gem that God has given,
And then to train thy precious charge for happiness and Heaven.

*Francestown, N. H., Sept.*, 1846.

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## HINTS FOR PARENTS.

It is important that the first notions children have of their heavenly Father should be correct and scriptural. His displeasure at sin, his watchful care, and his readiness to forgive, may be explained by reference to the conduct and emotions of a kind earthly parent. Every rule and every example on this subject should be in strict accordance with Scripture, or it is unsafe. When they are enjoying their little comforts, their food, their warm clothing, the blazing fire, or the cheering sunshine, tell them, at these times, who it is that sends them these comforts, and thus try to make them feel a degree of love and gratitude to God, and, at the same time, a fear of offending him; for *the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.*

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## HOME EDUCATION.

BY MRS. ABBY B. HYDE, OF BECKET, MASS.

I PROPOSE in this communication to throw together a few thoughts on the domestic training of the young. It is not necessary to enlarge on that essential point which lies at the foundation of all right education, namely, the early establishment and firm maintenance of parental authority. Any theory of which this primary element is not a component part, must be fatally defective. This is an established position, and I therefore proceed to suggestions which may aid in some degree in perfecting the structure reared on this basis.

It has been very justly remarked by Hannah More, that the question whether a home or a school education is best, must be decided by the state of the individual home and the individual school. A condition of society has never been realized, and cannot well be imagined, in which every home shall furnish any tolerable substitute for the literary training of the school. But the sorrowful fact that masses of children thrown together, inevitably exert a corrupting influence upon each other, unless a most minute supervision and a most incessant watchfulness be employed to counteract the depraved tendencies of our nature, so that our schools are, to some extent, hot-beds of moral evil, has rendered the question one of very grave import to parents, whether there be any method of securing their advantages without incurring their dangers, or what conservative influences may be put in operation at home, in cases where the aid of the school cannot be dispensed with.

The writer, having often heard from mothers the remark that in most works on education which they have read, a state of things is pre-supposed which does not exist in their case, and a standard held up which they cannot hope to reach, — would here premise, that the hints which follow are not intended for those in the most favorable situations and possessing superior qualifications for the education of their children, but for those who, conscious of incompetency, feel the need of such helps. They are the result of experiment and observation in the ordinary walks of life.

In considering what may and should be done *at home*, in the culture of the olive plants around our tables, an obvious thought is,

that *home* should be rendered attractive. Many children and youth seem to feel that their *pleasures* are all to be sought abroad. The presence of their nearest earthly friends, their father and mother, is not only a restraint from evil, as it ought to be, but it is also a restraint upon enjoyment. They are most at ease, most communicative, out of sight of these their natural guardians, and have perhaps many things to tell their companions which they 'would not on any account have father and mother know.' Such children are peculiarly exposed to evil influences. But the child whose home is the radiant spot whence his joys emanate, carries abroad into the world with him a life preserver, and may pass comparatively unharmed through exposures by which the principles and reputation of others are wrecked. His home exerts upon him a magnetic influence, from which it is not easy to escape, and by which, while his companions are ingulfed in the vortex of dissipation, he is drawn back from its dangerous confines into the sheltered harbor. How early and how carefully then, should the effort be made to render our children happy at home! Their confidence should be invited and encouraged. An interest should be manifested in their pursuits and amusements. Trifling as these may often seem to us, engrossed with our own business and cares, they are not trifles to the feelings of the little group around us, nor trifling in their influence upon their characters. Often have I seen the affections of the little one chilled and repulsed by being told, with a look and tone of indifference, that what had delighted or occupied him was of no consequence.

A gentle and affectionate demeanor toward their children on the part of parents, a condescending sympathy in whatever gladdens or grieves them, will exert a mighty influence in binding those children to their home. The writer knows families where the children have grown up without ever manifesting any desire to participate in the diversions and scenes of gaiety ordinarily so attractive to youth, or to enjoy independence of parental supervision. To them the home circle was the most agreeable company, and the presence and conversation of their father the highest treat. The atmosphere of such a home makes an oasis in this desert world. And this is not all; it is not less favorable to the development of intellect, than to the growth of every gentle and lovely element of character.

*Becket, Mass., Aug.*, 1846.

## THE FUNERAL OF THE FLY.

BY ELIZABETH O. SMITH.

I sat indulging in one of those long reveries peculiar to the sick, in which I strove to fathom the mysteries of the eternal world, and felt an almost unconquerable desire to know its realities, to penetrate its sublime obscurities, and to be admitted into that glorious, that exalted state of holiness and enfranchised intellect, which the mind figures to itself in its lonely musings. We wrong Death when we call him the 'King of Terrors.' He may be so, indeed, to the guilty, the irreligious, and the skeptical; but to the mind taught faithfully to perform its duties of love and kindness here, and to abstract its best and purest affections from earth, and place them upon heaven; to him that turns from the physical sufferings and convulsive sobs of the last agony, and looks upon death only as a birth to a more spiritual and happy world, to such an one Death is not the King of Terrors, but a friendly power necessary to assist him in laying aside his corporeal frame, which has become burdensome to the spiritual body.

But I wander from my subject. I was roused from thoughts like these by the innocent prattle of a little boy, whose childish soliloquy seemed to accord strangely with my own speculations. He was a thoughtful but happy child, three and a half years old, whose innocent feelings seemed to rise as naturally and affectionately to heaven, as to the friends he loved here. I shall give exactly his own sentiments in his own language. He had found a *dead fly* upon the window, and laid it upon his little fat palm, and was looking down upon it with a beautiful expression of childish hope and sorrow. 'Poor fly,' said he, 'you shall not lie here, and burn up in the sun, if you *are* dead. I will take you, and when the bell tolls I will carry you up in the burying ground, and I will say, here is a poor fly wants to be buried up; and they will take you and put you away down in the ground. But it wont hurt you, little fly; for you will go to heaven, and be very happy there, with all the pretty flowers, and you will never die again. And when I go to heaven, and my mother goes to heaven, we shall see you again, little fly.' As he uttered this, he raised his blue eyes, half filled with tears, to my face, and asked, '*Wont the little fly go to heaven?*' How could I tell him that our selfish philosophy excludes everything, however lovely, that we regard inferior to us in the scale of being, from that bright world? I could not thus check the beautiful sympathies and the kindly affections of his little heart.

### MY MOTHER.

BY DR. JOHN C. M'CABE.

Thou art in the grave, my mother! shall I see thee never more?
Though I thank my God, with weeping, that thy sufferings are o'er;
Thou art in the grave, my mother! Ay, the turf is on thy breast,
But I thank my God, rejoicing, that thy spirit is at rest.

Affliction cannot reach thee, mother,— disease cannot dismay,
Nor consumption, light thy thin, pale cheek, with its deceitful ray;
Thine eye, oft dimmed with weeping, mother, shall shed no tears again,
Nor shall thy head, with its thin gray locks, e'er feel a thrill of pain.

Thou art in the grave, my mother! ay, thy sickness wasted frame,—
And thy loved ones call, ah! vainly, on thy loved and cherished name;
But we know that thou art happy in thy resting-place above,
Where the followers of Jesus taste that 'God,' indeed, 'is love.'

Thou art in the grave, my mother, we have laid thee there with weeping,—
The dark green cedars mark the spot where thy wasted form is sleeping;
That *form* alone is all, thank God! that to the grave is given,
For we know thy soul, the better part, is safe, yes, safe in heaven.

We shall meet again, sweet mother, in a brighter clime than this,
Where the anguish of this world of ours is lost in deathless bliss;
Till then, farewell!— but thy memory shall ever be to me
A guiding star to heaven, mother, to blessedness and thee!

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THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

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Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## WHO IS THE TRUE FRIEND?

BY MISS CAROLINE E. ROBERTS.

'WHO is your confidant, Mary?' said Kate Grey one morning to her gentle friend. 'I do believe that you tell Lucy Arnold all your secrets. I try to be your true friend, and surely you see much more of me than you do of Lucy; but you never tell me anything at all; it provokes me, Mary, to think what a one-sided affair our confidence is. I open my heart freely to you, and tell you all my secrets; but I declare, you never tell me a word you would not be willing the whole family should hear.'

'I have no confidant, Kate,' (said Mary, smiling at her friend's vehemence,) 'perhaps for the best reason in the world, that I have nothing to confide.'

'Nothing to confide!' interrupted Kate; 'why how singular, Mary! We all have something to confide. I told you all about George Percy's attentions to me last winter, and you seemed interested for me, but took my confidence as a matter of course. I really get vexed with you, Mary, to think how *close* you keep your own affairs. Everybody knows that Henry Alton offered himself to you last winter; he came from New York for nothing else; and if James Wilson did not make proposals, it was not his fault, everybody knows. You never spoke to me particularly of either of those gentlemen, and I was too proud to ask confidence of one from whom I had every right to expect it. I gave you opportunities enough to tell me, if you had been disposed. This morning, when I told you I knew that Mr. Townsend never would marry Annie May, (and I had good reasons for saying that he is falling off in his attentions to her,) you looked as solemnly at me as if I had told a falsehood. I

wish you would just tell me how I am to please you, and how our intimacy is to be kept up, if I tell you everything concerning myself, while you keep your concerns to yourself.'

A tear glistened in the sweet blue eye of the orphan, for Mary Conner was an orphan. Her father died when she was very young, and she still wore deep mourning for her mother, who had been taken from her a year and a half before. Perhaps she was a little vexed at being thus accused of unkindness by her friend, and perhaps the magic name, Henry Alton, had aroused within her breast feelings which she had hoped were under subjection. He had '*offered himself*' to Mary, as Kate had so confidently affirmed, and Mary had loved him from a child. He was an elegant young man in person and appearance, and had those frank and polished manners which are generally so acceptable to young persons; but like many quiet, home-bred youths who seek employment and advancement in our great cities, he had fallen in with young men of his own age, who waste the time and talents God has given them, in unprofitable amusements, and light and sinful company, and he had become as vain and sinful as any among them. Still he retained in his heart, that hopeful germ of good, the love of his old home and friends; and the affection which he had ever felt for sweet Mary Conner, 'which had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength,' was still paramount in his heart. But it grieved the gentle spirit of Mary to notice the change which had come over him, though he never had spoken openly to her of his religious views. Now, his total disregard of all which is holy struck her forcibly. She dared not trust her future happiness with one who had not the fear of God before his eyes, and she told him she could not marry him, unless he became a new creature in Christ Jesus. In vain he pleaded that she could reclaim him, and that he would be anything under her gentle teachings, but she dared not trust him. If the love of God, she reasoned, is not enough to make him repent of his sins and turn his feet into the paths of holiness, dare I trust that my poor weak human love may do it. If he will not believe Moses and the prophets, the gospel of Christ, and the teaching of his apostles, dare I imagine he will believe me? If my prayers and intercessions can do aught toward reclaiming him, they never shall be wanting.

I know this is all a digression; but, my young friends, was Mary

right in this case? I hope you will believe her decision was as it ought to have been. How many pious young persons have been led by blind impulse to marry young men of loose principles, and who, to say the least, were indifferent to every thing of a religious nature, in the vain belief that they could reclaim them. I know that there have been instances, when, by long and prayerful watching, by earnest and undeviating continuance in the duties of prayer and supplication, such a change has, under God, been effected; but is it not oftener the case, that the unbelieving husband is a hindrance to the believing wife, and lessens her trust in God? Does it not oftener prove that she yields to him, that no family altar is ever erected within the sanctuary of home; that no *mutual* interest is felt or expressed on that point; and that, in time, she becomes a lukewarm and an indifferent Christian? God has promised always to be at hand, and ready to shield us in spiritual dangers. He says His grace is sufficient for us, and that we shall not be tempted above that we are able to bear; but He has not promised to keep us from such spiritual dangers, if we voluntarily place ourselves on wrong ground, and directly in the way of great temptation. I would have all young persons weigh this subject well, and deliberate long and earnestly, before they take a step in which their whole welfare here and hereafter may be involved. Let not youthful love and strong impulse get the better of the judicious instructions of pious parents, the holy teaching of God's word and the voice of that blessed Spirit within us, warning and exhorting us, lest 'they who have been enlightened and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and have been made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, should 'fall away through temptation and lose their portion of the inheritance of the saints of light.'

Mary Conner was an orphan; she had no parent to consult on this subject, no mother to encourage her in the sacrifice of self to principle, no father whose wise counsels and manly truthfulness would confirm her in her noble resolution; but with the true and trusting spirit of a child of God, she laid the case open before Him, and she felt, that, by the aid of the Holy Spirit alone, had she come to this conclusion; and that she received the blessing and approval of her heavenly Parent. She once thought of asking her aunt's advice; her aunt who had been so kind to her since her mother's death; but, upon reflection, she concluded that God would grant her

strength to do what she *knew* to be right. She never once thought she would tell her friend, Kate Grey, of Henry Alton's love, and her resolution. She considered the subject a sacred secret; it had never been mentioned to her before by any one.

The other young man of whom Kate had so carelessly spoken, was truly a most pious and excellent person, one whom almost any one would have thought a suitable match for Mary Conner; but there is no accounting for fancies in young people. Though she felt he was all she wished Henry Alton to be, still she did not love him; she could not tell why, unless for the simple reason that *he was not Henry Alton.* When he opened his heart to her, and professed his deep love for her, it seriously grieved her to tell him openly and candidly that she did not love him. He left her with feelings only of great respect for her character, and a manly resolution to continue to deserve the friendship she generously offered him. It was under these circumstances Kate Grey had called Mary to account, for not speaking freely and openly of these two friends, whose names were almost sacred to her.

To return to our friends. Mary looked tearfully at Kate as she answered, 'We have different views on the subject of confidants, I see, my dear friend; but I truly love you, and believe you would cheerfully acquaint me with my faults, and assist me with all your heart and means in any emergency. God has left me without natural protectors, and perhaps you fancy I seem more in need of a friend, than most young ladies; and so I am, no doubt; but I often think it would be better —'

'Yes, — yes, Mary, go on, — do pray, go on,' said Kate.

'Well then,' continued Mary, 'I often think it would be better if we did not see so much of each other; or, if when we met, our conversation could be confined to something useful; or, if we should read some book when together, with our sewing; we talk too much of ourselves and our neighbors, Kate, which affords us no instruction and by which we make no improvement.'

'Go on, Mary, go on,' said Kate; 'why do n't you speak out plainer and bolder, and say, Kate Grey, you do me much more harm than good, you abound so much in gossip; I have to listen to you out of politeness; you injure yourself as well as me, by your continual tittle tattle; when we meet, though we are remarkably fond of each other, we must never speak of each other, but discuss moral philosophy, and occasionally enliven our conversation with a little

theology, or law. Mary, I do wish you were more like other girls. I shall really dislike you before long, your sanctimonious silence is so wearing.'

'Forgive me, dear Kate, if I have offended you,' said Mary gently, 'but listen to me a moment; at heart we do dearly love each other, for have we not knelt side by side at God's holy altar, and solemnly named ourselves with the name of Christ, and do we not both trust that our names are written in heaven, and yet do we try to assist each other as far as is in our power, in thought, word and deed, to become meet for our heavenly inheritance? Oh! Kate, I have long wished to talk with you on this subject! I blame myself for not having done it before.'

'Well, I'll listen Mary,' said Kate, 'provided your sermon is not more than a half an hour long. I never blame myself for inattention to a sermon, if ever so good, provided it exceeds half an hour.'

Mary seated herself quietly by her friend upon the sofa, and commenced what Kate was pleased to call a sermon; but as she neglected to name a text, here is one for her: 'If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain.'

'I have often heard you complain, dear Kate, that you had no true friend; but from your remarks, I had concluded that though you were not wanting in true friends, still, you were really without what young ladies commonly call *a confidant*,—one who will readily listen to all your imaginary secrets, and encourage you in light and useless conversation. You doubtless remember what a lovely example of holiness I enjoyed in the society of my dear mother as long as she was spared to me. From her I learned much on this subject, namely, the proneness of young people to meet together and discuss matters which do not concern them, and from this, they are led to magnify slight events into some glowing tale. You know, dear Kate, what is generally the commencement of these intimacies of which I speak; they begin at school. During the last year, and sometimes two years which young ladies remain at school, they affix an ideal appendage to their brains and persons, which, for want of a better appellation, they call "a beau." Often very clever youths, who have never dreamed that they are so highly honored, are selected as these unconscious victims. A young lady selects some foppish clerk, or intellectual student whom she happens to meet, perhaps, every day,

and generally by accident, as her "particular star;" although nothing more than the common civilities which society requires pass between them, yet she imagines a great deal, and finally convinces herself that she really receives marked attentions from him. As soon as she has concluded that he really says "good-morning" to her with a smile, or mentions the weather casually, it is enough for her; he is the selected hero for the romance of her life. The first step she takes, is to seek out among the girls of her acquaintance, a confidant, and the secret is poured into her ear; all the hopes and wishes on "this all-absorbing theme" are discussed; the whole truth — and *sometimes more* is told; and you and I Kate, both know, well enough, what foolish things will be said by each; the confidant generally has some tale of her own to impart, only double in extent and interest to the one to which she has been listening, and each will assure the other, that, no doubt, her fate in life is sealed. How often do these confidants prove traitors! and is it to be wondered at? However rational such an affair may seem to the one who has dwelt upon the subject long, and magnified words and looks tenfold, till she really believed all to be real, still, may it not strike an indifferent person in an absurd light? There is nothing in the world which makes a girl of *common sense* appear *so foolish*, as speaking of her fancied love affairs. If a girl will have these light fancies, and few are without them, let her keep them to herself and try to overcome them; they will die soon enough if no gentle confidant adds her fuel to the flame. If it affords a *girl* great pleasure to build these castles in the air, let her inhabit such castles alone, and I assure you they will soon fall; but let her remember that she is wasting her energies in this. By strict attention to her studies, her rational amusements, her home duties, and her private devotions, she will find little time to waste in these sickly fancies. These confidants of whom I have spoken, often prove tyrants. They have us, as it were, in their power, and resent it highly if we withhold anything from them they choose to know. They are often retained for these reasons, when they would be gladly dispensed with.'

'But Mary,' said Kate, 'what are we to do? Do you not approve of *friendship*, even? I never saw a person with such singular notions.'

'Oh! yes, Kate,' she answered; 'I do approve of friendship most highly, and value it above price; but of such friendship as will improve both parties, which will make us wiser and holier, and not

worldly and sinful. A true friend will do her utmost to turn us from all sinfulness, and will deeply feel for us in all our joys and sorrows. I trust we shall be the right kind of friends one of these days, dear Kate. Shall we not try? The first step toward it, it seems to me, is to put a guard upon the door of our lips, and, as the Psalmist says, take heed unto our ways, that we offend not in tongue. How often do two or three young persons get by themselves, and give expression to vain and sinful thoughts. Has not the amount of foolish talking and jesting at our sewing circle, never struck painfully your ear and heart?'

'Why no, Mary,' said Kate; 'not in particular,— no, I do not think we gossip much in the sewing circle; harmless, pleasant chat, that is all.'

'I have been thinking a great deal lately on this subject, continued Mary. Last Tuesday, at the sewing circle, I took particular notice of the conversation and noted down some of it — I trust not in ill will. I felt then as if something might be done to break up these gossipping meetings, well meaning in themselves, and doing good to the poor whom we assist to clothe; but I fear sadly injurious to us all. Now here is what I noted down, word for word; the names are not the same, but you will probably recognize each voice. I will read it to you and you will remember it all, no doubt. You know I came in late on Tuesday, and conversation was very lively as I entered.

Here Mary read to Kate the notes she had taken at the meeting.

'Now,' said Mary, 'does not this sound light and trifling, — nay, even sinful, as I read it to you? Ought we to indulge in it, and does it not sound insipid and uninteresting as I repeat it? May we not do something to prevent this gossipping at our meetings?'

'I do not call that gossipping, or sinful, Mary,' said Kate, a little subdued as she recognized herself often in the conversation just quoted; 'it is *useless* Mary, that is all useless."

'Let me quote the words of a pious writer when defining the word gossip, Kate, and then, perhaps, you will agree with me. "Gossip is no other than the repetition of such unimportant matters as take place in families of our acquaintance, or as affect their affairs. This kind of conversation is always unimproving, and it is more or less sinful, according to the feelings by which it is dictated, and the spirit in which it is uttered. To say the best of it, if it does not excite bad passions in the hearers, it fills their minds with

a sort of rubbish which leaves little room for useful matters." The same author observes, (I do not exactly recollect her words,) that we cannot too much regret that our sex are much more addicted to this evil than men. We have almost become proverbial for our indulgence in gossip. When men meet together, they speak of something rational; their studies, their occupations, or politics; but women lose many advantages by entirely throwing aside study and books, and all which might improve themselves, to discuss their neighbors' affairs. Is it not so, Kate?'

'Yes, a good deal,' said Kate, musing; 'but *we can't help it; we* have no power to prevent gossipping. I do not see that we can do anything.'

'Oh! yes, I trust we can,' said Mary; 'our own example may do much Kate; who can tell? We have our own sins to answer for, and are we not grossly culpable, if we neglect attending to this important subject? You know how wisely the apostle James speaks on this point. He says, "the tongue is an unruly member, full of deadly poison;" and again, as if to encourage us, he says, "who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him show, out of a good conversation, his works with meekness of wisdom; but if you have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth;" and again, "if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle his whole body;" and that text, which, of all seems so appropriate to you and to me particularly, Kate: "If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, and deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain." I think, dear Kate, that sometimes we fall under this great condemnation; that our religion is vain. Are you not willing to unite with me and try to do your best in the suppression of the spirit of gossipping which is growing up among us? I will take a book to the next meeting of our sewing circle. We will propose loud reading, and that may give a turn to the conversation, which will then become *useful*, instead of injurious.'

'Well, I will try to help you, dear Mary,' said Kate. 'It seems a Herculean task; nevertheless, I will help you as far as I am able; but first, you must tell me what all this has to do with the question which commenced our conversation. I blamed you for not making me your confidant in affairs which you knew could not fail to interest me. Why did you not tell me about Henry Alton and James Wilson? Everybody knows they were both dying of love for you.

If you had asked my advice, I should have told you that either of them would be an excellent match for you, and that you stood very much in your own light not to take one of them.'

'There again, Kate,' said Mary, 'you and I widely differ. It seems to me that if there is one subject which ought to be kept to one's self, it is this of which you are speaking. Does it seem a fit subject for merriment and light discussion, that a young gentleman loves you enough to offer to devote his whole life to you? My experience in these matters is limited, for which I cannot be too thankful; but could I be justified in confiding to a third person, any thing of so sacred a nature? If we really love deeply, we feel very little disposed to make our love the subject of common conversation.'

'Well then, Mary,' said Kate laughing, 'I am to conclude from this, that you really love deeply Henry Alton, James Wilson, and a half a dozen others for all I know, as you say nothing about them, and deny me the privilege of a common friend; namely, the liberty to congratulate you upon your charming prospects.'

'You are incorrigible, Kate; it seems to me that you are incorrigible. You certainly value my friendship lightly, if you talk thus, and I shall conclude that I am more in the right than ever on the subject of confidants. If when you and I are together we spend our hours in conversing on such subjects as you have advocated to-day, I think the fewer these hours of *mutual confidence* the better for us both. I strive and pray daily for grace to learn not "to offend in tongue;" and I trust I may never so far forget what honor and principle dictate, as to converse lightly and freely on the subjects which you have blamed me for keeping to myself. You say you told me of George Percy's attentions to you last winter. I know you did, Kate, and to be candid with you, it troubled me much at the time. I longed to tell you how much more becoming it would be in you not to speak of it at all.

'Well, Mary, I will not longer contend with you. I admit that you are right. Since I have been conversing with you, I have gradually felt a weakening of my confidence in my positions, and I now yield fully. With the blessing of God and your assistance, I will endeavor to follow your advice. Continue to admonish me if you see me, in any degree, relapse, and let me have your prayers, that I may adorn my profession by a holy life and a well-ordered conversation.'

*Portsmouth, N. H., Sept.*, 1846.

## NIGHT WATCHING.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

She sat beside her lover, and her hand
Rested upon his clay cold forehead. Death
Was calmly stealing o'er him, and his life
Went out by silent flickerings, when his eye
Woke up from its dim lethargy, and cast
Bright looks of fondness on her. He was weak,
Too weak to utter all his heart. His eye
Was now his only language, and it spoke
How much he felt her kindness, and the love
That sat, when all had fled, beside him.

Night
Was far upon its watches, and the voice
Of nature had no sound. The pure blue sky
Was fair and lovely, and the many stars
Looked down in tranquil beauty on an earth
That smiled in sweetest summer. She looked out
Through the raised window, and the sheeted bay
Lay in a quiet sleep below, and shone
With the pale beam of midnight; air was still,
And the white sail, that o'er the distant stream
Moved with so slow a pace, it seemed at rest,
Fixed in the glassy water, and with care
Shunned the dark den of pestilence, and stole
Fearfully from the tainted gale that breathed
Softly along the crisping wave, — that sail
Hung loosely on its yard, and as it flapped,
Caught moving undulations from the light,
That silently came down, and gave the hills,
And spires, and walls, and roofs, a tint so pale,
That death seemed on all the landscape, — but so still,
Who would have thought that any thing but peace
And beauty had a dwelling there?

The world
Had gone, and life was not within those walls,
Only a few, who lingered faintly on,
Waiting the moment of departure; or
Sat tending at their pillows, with a love
So strong it mastered fear, — and they were few,
And she was one, — and in a lonely house,
Far from all sight and sound of living thing,
She watched the couch of him she loved, and drew
Contagion from the lips that were to her
Still beautiful as roses, though so pale
They seemed like a thin snow curl. All was still,
And even so deeply hushed, the low, faint breath
That trembling gasped away, came through the night
As a loud sound of awe. She passed her hand
Over those quivering lips, that ever grew
Paler and colder, as the only sign
To tell her life still lingered — it went out!
And her heart sank within her, when the last
Weak sigh of life was over, and the room
Seemed like a vaulted sepulchre, so lone
She dared not look around. The light wind,

That played among the leaves and flowers that grew
Still freshly at her window, and waved back
The curtain with a rustling sound, to her,
In her intense abstraction, seemed the voice
Of a departed spirit. Then she heard,
At least in fancy heard, a whisper breathe
Close at her ear, and tell her all was done,
And her fond loves were ended.

She had watched
Until her love grew manly, and she checked
The tears that came to flow, and nerved her heart
To the last solemn duty. With a hand
That trembled not, she closed the fallen lid,
And pressed the lips, and gave them one long kiss —
Then decently spread over all a shroud;
And sitting with a look of lingering love
Intense in tearless passion, rose at length,
And pressing both her hands upon her brow,
Gave loose to all her gushing grief in showers,
Which, as a fountain sealed till it had swelled
To its last fulness, now gave way and flowed
In a deep stream of sorrow.

She grew calm,
And parting back the curtains, looked abroad
Upon the moonlight loveliness, all sunk
In one unbroken silence, save the moan
From the lone room of death, or the dull sound
Of the slow moving hearse. The homes of men
Were now all desolate, and darkness there,
And solitude and silence took their seat
In the deserted streets, as if the wing
Of a destroying angel had gone by,
And blasted all existence, and had changed
The gay, the busy, and the crowded mart
To one cold, speechless city of the dead!

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### FILIAL LOVE.

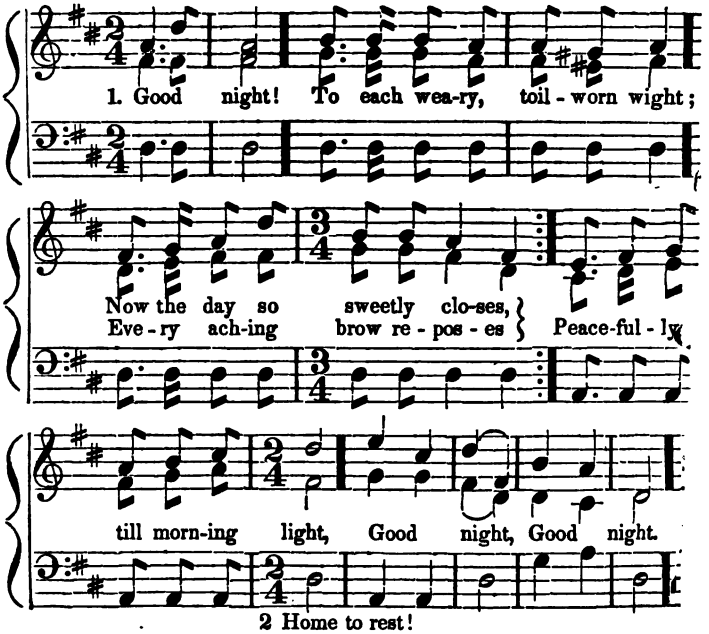
FILIAL love should be cherished. It has, especially, a softening and ennobling effect on the heart. It has been remarked that almost all illustrious persons have been distinguished by love for their mother.

A beautiful feature in the character of the Turks, is reverence for the mother. Their wives may advise or reprimand unheeded, but their mother is an oracle, consulted, confided in, listened to with respect and deference, honored to the latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret even beyond the grave.

'Wives may die,' say they, 'and we can replace them; children perish, and others may be born to us; but who shall restore the mother when she passes away and is seen no more?'—*Miss Pardoe.*

# GOOD NIGHT.*

MUSIC BY WM. C. BROWN. WORDS BY KORNER.


1. Good night! To each wea-ry, toil - worn wight;
Now the day so sweetly clo-ses,
Eve - ry ach-ing brow re - pos - es
Peace-ful - ly
till morn-ing light, Good night, Good night.

2 Home to rest!
Close the eye and calm the breast;
Stillness through the streets is stealing,
And the watchman's horn is pealing,
And the night calls softly, "haste!
Home to rest!"

3 Sweetly sleep!
Eden's breezes round ye sweep,
O'er the peace-forsaken lover,
Let the darling image hover,
As he lies in transport deep,
Sweetly sleep!

4 So good night!
Slumber on till morning light!
Slumber till another morrow
Brings its stores of joy and sorrow;
Fearless, in the Father's sight,
Slumber on, good night, good night!

* In the 1st stanza the word "*good*" is to be slurred in the 1st & last lines. In the last line of the last stanza, no slur is to be used.

THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. IX. OCTOBER, 1846. No. 4.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## FORM AND PRINCIPLE.

BY MRS. J. S. LUNT, OF GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

It was a cold December day. Boston presented its usual winter appearance. Sleighs of all sorts and loaded with all sorts of people thronged the streets, while foot-passengers in as great variety, and almost as numerous, hurried along the side-walks. In the midst of the crowd, passing up one of the principal streets, were two little boys, apparently similar in their age, but in no other circumstance. The dress of one was rich and warm, that of the other poor and thin in the extreme. Both seemed to be not far from seven years old. The former was talking rapidly and eagerly to his more silent companion.

Thus they walked on, not observing a little girl, as most people would have called her, or a young lady, as she would probably have styled herself, a miss of some twelve years, who was hastening after them; apparently deeming it beneath her dignity to run, and yet too eager to reach them to observe a lady-like walk. She soon gained upon the shorter, though quicker steps of the little boys, and placed herself by the side of the better dressed of the two.

'Eugene!' she said, in a hasty, reproving tone, 'what are you going to do with that horrid boy?'

The 'horrid boy' looked up meekly, as she spoke, and disclosed a face, pale and sad indeed, but as far from being repulsive, to a benevolent heart, as were his poor but tidy garments. It seemed that

he had raised his eyes involuntarily, in the first start of surprise at her abrupt words, for they quickly fell again, and were suffused with tears. Eugene glanced first at the girl, then at him, and saw the effect of her harsh words with that intuitive perception which a kind heart seems always to possess, even though that heart be a child's, and vehemently exclaimed, 'for shame, Cornelia! Never mind her, Willy, we 'll tell mother how wicked she is.' Upon this he ran off, pulling his companion with him.

'Was that your sister?' asked the boy.

'Yes,' he replied, but seemed half ashamed of the relationship. The other boy gently drew away his hand, saying at the same time, 'I guess I wont go to your house.'

Eugene stopped, with a look of surprise. 'Why not?' Then, as if guessing the reason; 'yes, you will too. My mother wont treat you as Cornelia did. She 's *real good!*' Oh, that the high estimate children are wont to put upon the character of their parents, were always the true one!

They soon reached Eugene's home. He dragged Willy after him into the parlor, observing in his haste and eagerness, no one but his mother, and exclaimed, 'Mother, I've found a poor boy; oh, so poor, and so cold, and his mother 's sick, and they are all so hungry! Tell her all about it, Willy!'

'Eugene,' said his mother calmly and with dignity, though her face was flushed with mortification and anger, 'do you not see Mrs. Norton?'

Eugene saw her now, though he had not before, and, reminded more by his mother's looks than words, of his duty in such a case, and of the penalty he had repeatedly incurred for forgetfulness, he bowed to the lady, and was again eagerly addressing his mother. But she motioned him to be silent, and, pointing to a chair, said, 'sit down, Eugene.' Before Eugene had collected his scattered senses sufficiently to obey her command, she ordered the boy whom Eugene had brought, to be taken to the kitchen. Then, turning to Eugene, who still stood, shocked and bewildered, she said again, in the same cold, quiet tone, 'sit down, my son.' Poor Eugene obeyed her. But as he did so, he burst into tears and sobbed aloud. He could not help it, this was so different from the reception he had expected from his mother. He did not half comprehend it all, but he felt that Willy had met with a second and more cruel rebuff, and his little heart was sadly wounded.

'Eugene!' said his mother. He only sobbed. 'Go to your room, my son.' Eugene quickly left the parlor, and his mother resumed the conversation with her visitor, as if nothing had occurred.

Mrs. Howard, Eugene's mother, had been herself motherless from early childhood. Her mother died when she and her twin-sister were but six years old, leaving an infant daughter of only a few days. A sister of their father, received Eveline and welcomed her to all the privileges of a luxurious home. Emeline was folded to the heart and transferred to the quiet, country home of a beloved maternal aunt. She had earnestly craved the privilege of receiving both the little orphans, but their father had judged it better to accept the offer of his more wealthy brother-in-law, in behalf of one of the daughters. For himself, his home was on the sea. But none refused to the kind aunt permission to assume the wearisome task of nursing and rearing the feeble infant. So the little Clara found a home with her sister Emeline.

It was a sad thing for the twin-sisters to separate. Hitherto they had been united in everything. They wept as children weep, but they soon forgot as children forget. Each learned to love the mode of life to which she was destined. Emeline grew up, a gentle girl with simple tastes and quiet manners, but with the firmest and purest principles. She was twenty-one when she married George Willis, the son and heir of a rich farmer near. Clara could not be separated from her beloved sister, and was thenceforth an inmate of her family. Years passed on and there was little change in the quiet, happy home of George Willis, save that one little curly head after another appeared at his table. His gentle Emeline was more than content to forego the careless freedom of girlhood and the leisure of early married life, and devote herself to the laborious, anxious, but delightful duties of a mother.

How different Eveline's life! She was educated for a fashionable young lady, and such she became. At eighteen she married Alfred Howard, and found herself the mistress of an elegant mansion, and the wife of a rich young lawyer, in a large town. Alfred Howard was rich, but some of his friends were richer. He and his wife were both ambitious, and they finally removed to Boston in pursuit of wealth and fame. Both promised to be theirs in large measure, and for these they lived; he for wealth, she for fame. But hers was a feminine ambition, namely, to be famous for the perfection of her own and her children's manners. For this she lived.

About a year and a half before the winter to which we have alluded, Mrs. Willis had visited her sister in Boston. She became much attached to the little Eugene, whose health was then delicate, and, at her earnest request, she was permitted to take him home with her. His health improved so rapidly in the country, and he was so exuberantly happy there, that his mother, contrary to her original intention, permitted him to prolong his stay month after month, until a year had passed away. This year had been not only the happiest, but the most profitable of Eugene's little life. The *moral* atmosphere which he had breathed was as healthful as the *natural*, and his mind was benefited quite as much as his body. His aunt had taken special pains to encourage and confirm the benevolence which seemed natural to his young heart.

We left Mrs. Howard in her parlor with Mrs. Norton. This lady was, for certain intangible reasons, considered a shade more fashionable than the fashionable Mrs. Howard. She was very rich, and her manners were perfect. Of course, she was an object of especial reverence in Mrs. Howard's eyes. But she did not know that it was religion, pure, deep, heart-felt religion, which gave the finishing touch to Mrs. Norton's *perfect* manners. She wished she could herself acquire her apparent forgetfulness of self and her polite interest in all which interested others. Ah! these things were realities with Mrs. Norton. Could Mrs. Howard hope that the appearance would charm equally with the reality?

Cornelia soon came in. Her manner of saluting Mrs. Norton pleased, but did not satisfy her mother. It was not quite sufficiently *studied* to appear *unstudied;* the *ne plus ultra* of Mrs. Howard's ambition on this important point.

As soon as the lady had taken leave, Cornelia began to relate to her mother, in her own style, the disgraceful conduct of Eugene; how he had walked through the streets, hand in hand, with that wretched looking boy. 'Only think, mother, hand in hand, as if it were an intimate friend! I should have laughed, only I was so provoked. I tried to prevent it, but he would n't hear a word, and they ran off together. For my part, I have more respect for myself than to be seen even speaking to such creatures. I always pretend not to see them.'

At another time, Mrs. Howard might have reproved this unfeeling speech, for she was not herself naturally hard-hearted. Beside,

her better acquaintance with the world had taught her that it was by no means considered ungenteel to appear charitable, provided one's dignity was not compromised. But just now her thoughts were busy elsewhere, so she took no notice of Cornelia's report. 'There were so many things to engross her time and thoughts, that she could not,' she often said, 'and it was not to be expected that she should, notice every little fault in her children.' Thus gross violations of the plainest rules of morality and religion often passed unreproved; deviations from the forms of politeness, never.

Mrs. Howard summoned a servant and bade him call Master Eugene from his room. The servant knew that Eugene was not there, for he had been in the kitchen ever since he left the parlor, endeavoring to comfort and detain Willy, who was anxious to be gone. But Thomas knew that the kitchen was a prohibited place for Eugene, and he was too good-natured to expose him to his mother's displeasure. Eugene begged Willy to stay till he returned. He then passed up the back stairs, opened and shut the door of his room, and then descended the front stairs to the parlor. It was not the first time, since Eugene's return home, that he had *acted* a lie, though as yet, he had never directly told one. Perhaps, like most little children, he had been accustomed to think that every thing his mother did, was, of course, right. Alas! he had yet to learn the sad lesson so often forced upon young hearts, to doubt, distrust, disapprove, but at last to imbibe and imitate.

We will not detail Mrs. Howard's conversation with her son. She did not succeed in convincing him that it was so very disgraceful as she deemed it, to forget, or disregard appearances, when a deed of charity was to be done. But he did feel a little ashamed, and half wished he had made Willy run behind him.

His sympathy, however, soon revived for his little protege, and he wept freely when he found that poor Willy had broken away from the servants and had run off, none knew whither. Doubtless he had gone back to that sad, sad home he had told him of, none the better for his long detention, only with a few cakes in his pocket, given him by the cook. Eugene's kind heart would have been comforted, had he known that God had provided an abler friend for poor Willy. Mrs. Norton's residence was just opposite. She had been grieved and indignant at Mrs. Howard's course, for Eugene's sake, as well as for Willy's. But she was young and diffident, and

said nothing. During the few minutes she sat with Mrs. Howard, however, she had formed a plan which she had purposely hastened home to execute. She bade a servant watch till the poor boy left Mrs. Howard's, and bring him to her. She inquired kindly into his circumstances, went with him, '*hand in hand*,' to visit his family, and they found in her a judicious and constant friend.

One day Mrs. Howard had company to dinner. It was an intellectual party, invited to meet a certain Mr. Atherton, a learned and wealthy gentleman just returned from a voyage to the East. After dinner, Mr. Atherton was relating to the company a variety of interesting facts in relation to the places and people among whom he had travelled in India. Eugene listened in silence for some time. He was naturally very inquisitive, but since he had been at home, he had been so often reproved for asking improper questions, or questions at improper times, that his thirst for knowledge was becoming less ardent. The conversation became very animated; questions were rapidly asked and as rapidly answered. Eugene was as much interested as any one, and, forgetting his mother's lessons on politeness in the excitement of the moment, he suddenly inquired, 'Did you see any of the little Indian boys and girls, Mr. Atherton?' Mr. Atherton turned to him with a kind smile and was about to reply, but Mrs. Howard, greatly shocked and mortified at Eugene's impertinence, for such she deemed it, and supposing all her company must so consider it, adopted her favorite form of dignified reproof, and said, 'Eugene, my son, go to your own room.' Poor Eugene felt all at once as if he had done something very disgraceful. He dared not look up. Had he done so, he would have received many a kind and pitying glance. He darted hastily from the parlor, sprang up stairs to his room, shut the door, and then threw himself on the floor in an agony of passionate tears. Shame, anger and vexation were raging together in his little heart. He was angry with his mother, for he felt that she had been unjust and cruel, and he bitterly regretted the loss of Mr. Atherton's interesting conversation. There was a brief silence in the parlor after Eugene was gone. Mrs. Howard glanced round the room and felt conscious, from the expression of almost every countenance, that her treatment of Eugene was disapproved. This surprised as much as it vexed her. But she endeavored to pass it off gracefully. 'Eugene mortifies me extremely,' she remarked to Mr. Atherton, 'by the rustic

manners he has acquired during a year's residence in the country. I find it necessary to be very particular in checking his improprieties. I trust I have not offended you, my dear Mr. Atherton,' assuming a winning smile, for she saw that the cloud on the old gentleman's brow was not dispelled by her words.

'I have no cause to be offended, madam,' the gentleman replied; 'a mother has a perfect right to use her own judgment in the management of her children. But you will pardon me if I say that I was gratified by the evident interest of your son in our conversation, and should have replied to his question with a great deal of pleasure.'

Mrs. Howard was abashed, though not convinced; but she strove to conceal it under an appearance of extreme amiability and candor, and said, 'Well, Mr. Atherton, I presume I have done wrong. And now will you be so kind as to tell me what I ought to have done? for you will acknowledge that Eugene's question was rather abrupt and *mal-apropos*, and that for so young a child his manner was quite too forward.'

Mr. Atherton hesitated a moment, and then, not regretting the opportunity her question had afforded him, yet not wishing to offend her, he assumed a playful manner and replied: 'Well, madam, had the case been mine, I should have taken no notice of his manner, but should have allowed the question to be answered, and should have permitted him to ask as many more as he pleased. Then, when the company had retired I should have said to him, 'My son, I am pleased to see in you an eager desire to acquire knowledge, but you were a little too forward to-day. You must learn to be very modest in the company of those who are older and wiser than yourself; and so I should go on to deliver a lecture upon politeness and propriety, for the benefit of my son. Will that do, madam?'

Mrs. Howard thought it would be most courteous to declare herself charmed with Mr. Atherton's plan, and thoroughly convinced of her own error. This she accordingly did, and even sent to recall Eugene, though she secretly believed that the course proposed by Mr. Atherton would be utterly useless, and that her own plan was much the wisest and the most effectual.

The most effectual it certainly was; and if to teach children fashionable manners is more important than to cultivate their minds or their hearts; if to suffer a child to be a little over-forward is a

greater evil than to stir up such a host of evil passions as were now raging in Eugene's heart — *if Form is better than Principle* — it might have been the wisest.

And now we will take our leave of Mr. Howard's family. We hope that Mrs. Howard will, before it is too late, see how fearfully she is failing to discharge a mother's duty; we hope that Cornelia may yet become an amiable, kind-hearted, and, consequently, a truly polite young lady; we hope that Eugene's fine traits of character will not be destroyed, or even marred, though he should grow up under the deleterious influences which are now about him. We *hope*, but we also *fear*.

[To be concluded in the next number.]

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Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## THE MOTHER'S PARTING GIFT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Come near, my little ones,' the mother said,
And to her side they came, — two gentle ones,
While her emaciate hand, some treasure drew
From 'neath the pillow.
'Take my parting gift!
God's blessed Book, my babes. When ye are skilled
To read its pages, love them for my sake,
And every morn and evening, from your hearts
Pour the warm, gushing prayer. So shall He be
Your Comforter and Guide, when I am laid
In the cold grave, that God who was the stay
Of my young orphanage, and all my life,
Hath led me tenderly. And now, good night!
Good night, my darlings.'
Much they wondered why
Their mother in such feeble whisper spake,
Broken with sighs, and why her wasted cheek
Was pale as marble. Then she bade them go
To their sweet rest, for well she knew that night
Her struggle with the Spoiler must be strong
And full of anguish.
Yet, when morning came,
Breath stirred her bosom, and once more she saw
The brother with his little sister stand
Close by her couch; then pressed her whitened lip
One long, cold kiss, upon their polished brows,
And with a wondrous lustre in her eye,
The last, bright sunbeam of a mother's love,
Ere it became seraphic, the freed soul,
High o'er the bondage of all earthly ties,
Went forth with hallelujahs, at the call
Of its Redeemer.

*Hartford, Ct., Oct.*, 1846.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## PRAYING MOTHERS.

BY REV. D. WISE.

THERE is music, sweet as the strains of an angel's song, in the name of *Mother.* It has power to move the hardest heart and to call out responsive emotions from the most marble-like spirit. But sweeter far is that word when joined to another; when to the word 'mother' we prefix the term 'praying,' and repeat the phrase '*praying mother.*' Oh! then, how overwhelming is the idea which it paints to the mind! A mother on her knees pouring forth the earnest love of her soul at the throne of the All-Powerful, and thus bringing to her aid the infinite love of God for the salvation of her child! If ever angels pause in their flights between our world and their own clime of light and beauty, to gaze with loving admiration on any earthly scene, it must be when they behold a mother on her knees.

I had a mother who loved me tenderly as a mother without the religion of Christ could love a child. Honor to her beloved memory! But alas! she was not a praying mother. I never knew that sublime feeling which a child must know when a mother leads him to her quiet chamber, and with the soft eloquence of maternal affection, first points him to the cross of Christ, and then, with moistened eyes kneels over him, her soft hand laid upon his young head, and pours out the swellings of her soul for his conversion. I would, even now, give worlds could my mind fall back and linger on such a spot. How much of sinful wandering and of bitter experience it might have saved me, God alone can reveal; and how much of consolation it would have afforded me, now, that without her prayers, as by a miracle of mercy, I, as a brand, am plucked out of the fire, my pen refuses to tell! Oh! I could almost peril my own soul to be *sure* of that beloved mother's salvation.

But there are many praying mothers who often pray in doubt. They do not see their prayers answered in a day. Their children walk on in the broad way and they often despair.

This is wrong. A mother's prayers are not lost. Nay, I believe that the child of a *truly consistent* praying mother has never yet perished! This is strong ground. But who ever knew the child of *such* a mother die unconverted?

I wish to present a fact for the encouragement of mothers. I heard it related by the gentleman who was chief actor in the occurrence, at a recent public meeting. He was at the time master of a merchant ship, which sailed out of Boston. When he was once on the eve of sailing, a woman brought him her son, — a bright, active looking lad, — and wished to send him to sea. He consented to take the boy, and earnestly commending the spiritual interests of her child to the care of the captain, she left him on board.

This excellent officer was a pious man. He was faithful to the mother's request, and, during the voyage, the lad became truly converted. On the return of the ship to Boston, just as they were taking in sail, this converted boy lost his hold and fell from the topmast to the deck. He was taken up by the captain apparently dead, and carried below. It seemed at first that there could be no hope of his recovery, for the height from which he fell was very great. But to their inexpressible surprise he soon opened his eyes and rose up unhurt! 'Why,' said the master, who loved him tenderly, who could scarcely believe the scene was a reality; 'how is this? Is it possible you are not hurt after such a fall?'

'Sir,' replied the boy, 'this is the hour when my mother prays for me, and I could not be killed while she was praying.'

Beautiful reply! How illustrative is this whole fact of the potency of maternal prayer. It saved the soul and body of that dear boy. He felt it too. He had faith in his mother's prayers. Perhaps more than she, in her humility, had in herself. And her faith saved him.

Pray on, then, ye mothers. Let nothing daunt you. Let nothing stop you. Besiege the throne of grace incessantly, and He who listens there will bring all his wisdom, love, and power to bear upon your child's heart. He will spare no efforts to place your children beside you in the beautiful world of glorious rest.

*Nantucket, Mass., Sept.*, 1846.

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When faithless Peter asked a sign, and not a sign was given,
He learned that faith should ever trust, though clouds obscure the Heaven,
For faith is like the summer flower that opens its petals wide,
If the warm sunshine be bestowed, or if it be denied.

*Miss Margaret E. Robinson.*

## TO MY BOY IN HEAVEN.

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball,—
But where art thou?
A corner holds thy empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there
But speak to us of our despair.

Even to the last thy every word
To glad, to grieve,
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade.

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills!
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All, to the wall flower and wild pea,
Are changed — we saw the world through thee!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam,
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at our evening prayer;
All day we miss thee, everywhere.

Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy!
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With Him in joy;
There, past are death and all its woes;
There beauty's stream forever flows;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows.

Farewell, then — for a while farewell —
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart;
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And howe'er dark life's night may be,
Beyond the grave, I 'll meet with thee.

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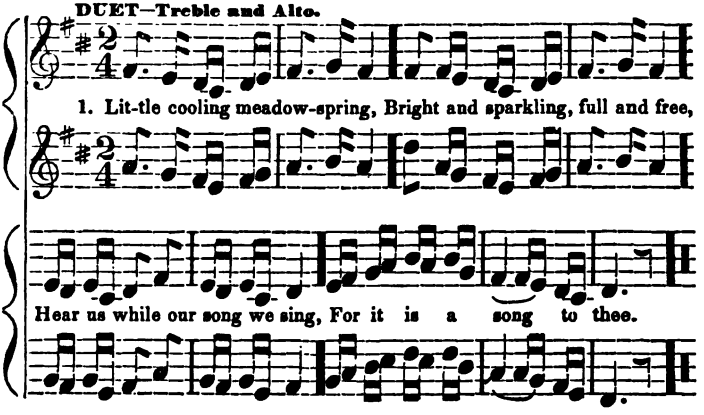
Though God suffers his people not to sin in revenging their adversaries, yet he suffers not their adversaries to sin unrevenged. — *Ralph Venning.*

# "Little Cooling Meadow-Spring."

FROM THE PRIMARY SCHOOL SONG BOOK.


DUET—Treble and Alto.
1. Lit-tle cooling meadow-spring, Bright and sparkling, full and free,
Hear us while our song we sing, For it is a song to thee.

2

Oft we wander to thy brink,
Faint and thirsty from our play;
And we gather, as we drink,
Strength and vigor for the day.

3

Often on thy border green,
Plucking flowers, we sit and rest;
When we rise, ourselves are seen,
Pictured on thy glassy breast.

4

Many joys to thee we owe,
Silver fountain, cool and clear;
In thy cheerful stream we throw
Every care and every fear.

5

Haste thee on and never stay,
Bright and sparkling full and free,
We will follow in thy way,
Singing still our song to thee.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## THE EMIGRANT.*

BY H. KNIGHT.

TOWARD the close of a long voyage, the emigrants began to look with restless anxiety for land; many of them were short of provisions and many lay sick, gasping for pure air and water in the fetid atmosphere, between decks. Here, in a space only one hundred and fifty feet long, thirty wide, and seven feet high, three hundred men, women, and children hived together for seven weeks, with no ventilation except from a small opening on deck, which also formed their place of ingress and egress. Perhaps under almost any circumstances, quarters so dark and crowded might be considered uncomfortable, but added to the untidy and unthrifty habits of many of the emigrants, their reckless waste of provisions during the first part of the voyage, followed by a stinted supply or an almost total destitution during the last, bringing on languor and disease, and we have a scene between decks, of a ship loaded with emigrants, at once painful and revolting.

The usual manner of shipping freight of this kind may not be generally known. Individuals and families coming to this country, go to the office of a shipping master, situated, perhaps, near one of the docks at Liverpool, and pay him the price of a passage,—from one to three pounds. He then contracts with the captain of a vessel. The emigrant must provide himself with food sufficient for the voyage, the stated quantity of which is fixed by law; this the ship-

* See Engraving in the September number.

ping master oversees, the captain engaging only to provide sixty gallons of water for each individual, and coal for cooking.

Our voyage had been a long one, and now land was in sight; but a dead calm prevailed; the ship seemed spell-bound on the glassy ocean. 'A fair wind! A fair wind!' was the hearty prayer of every one on board, as we turned our eyes with a home-sick longing toward the low, dark ridge in our western horizon. Two birds flew over the ship; they came and fluttered about the rigging and at last alighted upon the main yard. 'They came from home!' exclaimed Mary, and burst into tears; for did not every spot on that dark, low ridge seem like home? I, too, felt like hugging them to my heart, the dear, happy land birds. Did they come to welcome us? Ah! what sent them so far from that blessed green shore, whither we were wistfully, longingly looking? 'A fair wind!' yet still the same dead calm for days, one, two, three, four, five. 'A fair wind!' for oh! we were fairly sick of the sea. The sea! I felt that, should I ever reach the shore, I must move so far into the country that I could never smell its salt breezes again. Every one, in cabin and steerage talked of port. 'When shall we get in?' 'Where are we?' 'What prospects of a change of weather?' Every one, did I say? Every one but one, and he a tall, brawny emigrant, an Englishman; for four days and four nights did the man sit on the lee of the long boat, speaking to no one, heeding nothing, holding in his arms a little girl of three years or so, who had none of the ruddiness of a healthy or happy childhood. Its small thin hand and warm cheek, as it lay on his rough jerkin, seemed to ask for a softer cradle — a more devoted nurse it could not have. When it mourned, he wrapped it in his bosom and rocked it to and fro; when it stretched out its limbs in the warm sunshine and smiled with its sickly smile, he fondled it, like a tender mother; when the night air grew chilly, he took off his coat and folded it carefully over and around it. There he sat four days and four nights, his eyes fixed on the child, except now and then he arose and looked anxiously toward the distant land speck.

'Why not take the young thing down,' asked Mary, whose heart yearned over the child. 'Down there! Jenny die there — Jenny is my all,' answered the man in a tone hollow and sad, and he pressed it to his bosom so tightly that it started and moaned. No wonder! The stench from the emigrants' passage-way had become so in-

tolerable, that we could not walk near it. The cold sea-breeze were better for Jenny than that.

'Let me take her, let me carry her to the cabin, to my berth,' entreated Mary.

'No, thank ye — no — no, thank ye — Jenny is my all,' and he dropped his head upon his bosom, fixing his eyes upon the child's face, with a wild, anxious stare.

I took Mary's arm and led her away into the cabin. 'That poor, poor child!' exclaimed Mary, at midnight, awaking me from a half dreaming, half sleeping stupor; 'that poor child — do you think it is out in the cold night air still?'

Not fully awake, and yet with the sense of something painful upon me, I hastily arose and went upon deck. 'Ah! the child!' and I seemed to be yearning for our own precious lost one. 'The child!' and then the pale emigrant child came up before me. I took a turn by the long boat and by the dim light of stars, beheld the outlines of the man bending over his little all.

I spoke to him, but he answered not. 'He never speaks to nobody,' whispered one of the watch. I spoke again; then he rocked his body to and fro as if soothing his sick charge. 'It's no use,' said the sailor. 'The thing has been making a noise, and now it's just still.' The night at sea always fills me with a mysterious awe; now as I leaned over the rail and looked abroad over the dark, boundless waters, their low deep voice seemed like the wail of a mourner.

'No prospect of fair winds,' remarked the first mate, passing me.

I hastened back to my berth. 'Are they there?' asked Mary, anxiously.

'Still there — he is hugging the child to his bosom,' I answered.

'Poor thing,' said Mary, with a broken voice, 'I dreamed it was dying — dying, like little Willie.' Ah! it is a time when the sad past comes back with a painful vividness, with nothing to lull your spirits but the ceaseless dashing of the water against the sides of the ship. The fifth day of calm came upon us, as the morning sun rose more placidly than ever.

'What of the poor man?' asked Mary, when I came from a look at the heavens and a turn on the deck.

'The child is dead, Mary.'

'He has lost his all, and going to a foreign land too!' The child

is safe; poor Jenny knows no suffering now,' said Mary, tearfully, 'but the father! the poor emigrant!'

The man held the cold body wrapped up in his jacket, for many long hours, sometimes rocking it to and fro, sometimes gazing upon it with a look of unutterable sorrow and anguish. The whole ship's crew, the roughest and hardiest sailor now and then brushed away a tear at the sight.

As there seemed no prospect of getting into port, preparations were made for its burial. When the father gave it to the sailor, he drew up his knees, and leaning his face upon them, his great hard frame shook with the grief of his heart. The little emaciated body was sewed up in a white cloth, with pieces of iron attached at each end and laid upon a board. A few of the passengers with the officers then assembled on deck. The captain feelingly read a portion of the fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians. The 'weakness' and 'corruption' of the 'natural body' and the natural life never struck me so forcibly, and the strength and glory of the spiritual body and the heavenly inheritance never seemed to me more blessed, and so worth striving after, as we stood by the frail ship's side, at the mercy of the storm or the calm, in the presence of that rough, stalwart Englishman, literally stricken with grief. A prayer was offered and two sailors approached to do the last sad office. The board, or rather the bier, was raised upon the railing; it poised there for a moment — a plunge! and the waters closed over the emigrant's child forever! The father rushed to the railing, and wildly stretching out his arms, shrieked, 'Jenny! Jenny! my child! my all!' then reeled and sunk upon the deck!

Poor Mary hurried away, overcome with emotion.

As I looked upon the hard, dark face of the smitten parent, where oppression, fierce strugglings, discontent, and sorrow had graven deep furrows, I felt that the warmest and most intense affections of the heart had a place beneath that rough outside, not yet dried up, or driven away by the hard lot which he had borne. A great humanity was there, which, cherished and well directed, would make him a true man. Ah! what fresh struggles, or sore temptations await him on the foreign shore, whither he was tending. Childless, friendless, homeless, a stranger in a strange land, what balm had his bleeding heart? Kindness will redeem him, oppression will outrage him.

Ever since this occurrence, I have felt a deeper interest in the emigrant. While we must deplore the great influx of foreigners, which we have no power to prevent, often only the refuse of an European population, it becomes an important question, what shall be done for them when they land upon our shores. Ignorant, vicious, and totally incapable of appreciating the nature of our government, the fears of many are not without foundation, that their presence may endanger our liberties, as it has already given rise to many serious disorders in some parts of our country. We have ignorance and sin enough of our own to take care of without the introduction of foreign vice. But, as we must cope with it, whether we will or no, let us do it as bravely as we can. We deem it our duty to send missionaries out to heathen lands, and their success rejoices us, while almost every arrival brings a vast body of heathen to our very door; heathen in almost every thing which renders them valuable and virtuous citizens. Here, then, is a work for us to do; good for us to accomplish. Let us set ourselves courageously about it. We must meet the emigrant at his landing. If he have a portion of his earnings left and desire to go into the country to buy a few acres, let us get him safely through the harpies of the city, and see him set off for his distant home, wherever it may be; for it is a fact not generally known, perhaps, that the last dollar of the emigrant is often pilfered by pretended new-found friends, lying in wait, ready to deceive him. Let us put the Bible into his hands when we leave him, and what other good works we can find suited to his wants, in his own language, and with friendly advice.

We must follow up those who remain in the town and city, and prevent, as far as possible, their herding together in large bodies. Meet them with kindness and sympathy, and operate upon their better feelings. Seek out for them the kind of employment they are in quest of, and let their employers take a little pains to teach them the importance of virtuous and thrifty habits. They will receive your honest efforts for their welfare with gratitude and willingness. Let provision be made for educating the children, and see to it that they attend some school, either charity or public. Above all, let their religious wants be attended to; gather them to some place of worship on the Sabbath day, where they can be faithfully taught obedience to the law of God.

If a portion of the benevolence of our cities can operate persever-

ingly in this channel, a vast amount of good can be accomplished. A vagabond, suspected, despised population, could be converted to decent and orderly citizens and useful members of the community. Forbearance and a warm hearted Christian love will sustain you in your efforts.

If these suggestions should serve to stimulate any one to do good in the way we have pointed out, to her we would say, the emigrant, poor and tattered as he may seem, separated from kindred and country, has a human heart, brimful of affections, to be wasted, or to be exercised upon virtuous and worthy objects.

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Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

The following lines were written upon the beach on Martha's Vineyard.

## APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

How grand to view the rolling flood
And hear the surge's roar,
When rushing from the distant sea,
They dash upon the shore!
But grander still to think that God
Controls the restless deep;
That He can hush its thundering voice,
And put each wave to sleep.

Yes, Ocean, though thy billows roar,
And fiercely lash the main,
Though louder still the warring winds
Can make thy thunder strains;
With all the varied ways at hand,
Thy mighty power to prove;
If God should utter, 'Peace, be still!'
Thy waves would cease to move.

How easily thou couldst ingulf
Yon gliding ship I spy,
If nought but human power control
The waters 'neath the sky;
But God, who holds thee in his hand,
Can curb thy furious sport,
And bid that ship ride proudly on
To reach its destined port.

How sad the thought, Oh, boundless sea!
That in thy bosom lies,
Ten thousand mortals, bound to friends
By life's endearing ties;
Who, far away from native land,
No friend to hear their cry,
Were merged beneath the billows there,
In agony to die.

There lies the merchant with his wealth
From India's richest store,
And there the sage is sleeping too
With all his ancient lore;
There lies the warrior stained with blood,
In all his princely pride;
And there the sea-tossed mariner
Is resting by his side.

There lies the father, dearly loved,
The idol of his home,
And there the widow's only son
Is buried 'neath the foam.
There lies the partner in his youth,
His winding-sheet the tide;
No angel voice to bear '*adieu*'
To his afflicted bride.

But all these bodies, angry sea,
(The thought elates the soul,)
Shall quit thy mighty sepulchre,
As Time's death-knell shall toll;
When Christ shall blow the final trump,
And rend the flaming skies,
Thy floods shall open far and wide,
And all thy *dead* shall rise.

Then mountain-billows rolling back,
And breaking on the land,
That through the opening sea, the dead
May rise a marshaled band,
And all the ocean wrapped in flames,
One sheet of fire abroad,
Shall picture in sublimer view
The mighty power of God.

*Edgartown, Mass., Oct.*, 1846.

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## A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE softening, refining, and elevating influence of a sister's love, upon even wild, high-spirited, or obstinate natures, is often strong, and distinctly visible. Of a young man, who evinced high moral principle, with a tenderness of heart unusually developed, it was once said by an admiring and accurate observer, 'I will venture to predict that he had a good, well-trained sister, and that she was older than himself.' — *Letters to Young Ladies.*

## HINTS TO A VERY YOUNG LADY ON DANCING.

BY A FRIEND TO YOUNG LADIES.

The following communication was written for this work by a distinguished clergyman of this city. May the salutary instruction it contains make a deep impression upon the class of persons for whom it is designed. — ED.

MY YOUNG FRIEND:

Unless you are unlike most of your age and sex, you have a desire to go to a dancing school, and to become an accomplished dancer. Have you ever analyzed the *motive* which prompts this desire? Is it that you may the better prepare for heaven? Is it that you may live a more pure, holy, benevolent life, and thus do more good in the world? Is it that you may be more intellectual, intelligent, refined? Is it that you may be the better prepared to perform the responsible duties of future life — to be a source of richer blessing to your husband and children? Do you expect, by learning to dance, to benefit either your head, or heart, or conscience, or purse, or health? to secure any real good, either to yourself or to your fellow beings? There can be no doubt as to the answer. Is not the plain truth this? You wish to attend the dancing school, and to become an accomplished dancer, to gratify vanity. You think you shall thus *appear* better, possess more *attractions*, engage more interest, and vie with other young ladies in the same chase of vanity. Would you be willing to have such motives weighed in the balances of *eternity*? Nay, in the sober and just balances of *time*? A few words, then, upon learning to dance; first, as related to this world; secondly, as related to the future.

I. *As related to this world.*

1. It will not benefit your *health.* Dancing has been falsely called a healthful exercise. Taken as a whole, and as it actually exists, it is not. It brings on diseases of the heart, lungs, spine, nervous system, and head, in ten instances, where it benefits in one. It always tends to a premature old age, often produces immediate illness, and not unfrequently sudden death. Few things can be worse for health than the dissipation of the ball room.

2. It will not enrich your *purse.* Few children count the cost of

dancing. It is the most expensive of all amusements. A single *dress* for the ball-room often costs what would educate a young lady, at one of our best schools, for a year. Then think of the sums spent upon physicians, in consequence of the colds, coughs, spinal diseases, &c., which date their origin in the exposures and excesses of the ball room. If the sums spent for dancing were devoted to education and the purposes of benevolence, what a happy exchange! Few parents can really *afford* to educate and furnish their daughters for the ball room; and those who can afford it, can certainly find a better use for their money.

3. It will not improve your *manners*. The manners acquired in the dancing halls frequently have an air of ease and grace, but it is as frequently spoiled by an air of affectation. All *true* manners are, like dress, *simple;* they attract no attention. Now the manners acquired at dancing schools usually *do* attract attention. The rolling, twitching, swinging gait; the flourish and airs of entering and leaving a room; the artificial modes of address, and display of fine limbs and figures, cannot have escaped the observer's eye, as constituting no small item of the acquisitions brought from the dancing school. All that is beautiful in walking erect and gracefully; in entering and leaving, and, what is more important, in being *present* in a room of intelligent and genteel company, — in short, all that is implied in the most refined and accomplished manners, may be learned without going to the dancing school. It is a great mistake to suppose that learning to dance will learn you to *walk* well. On the contrary, good dancers are usually bad walkers.

4. It will not improve your *intellect*. What mental faculty will it improve? Will it enable you to reason and think better? Will it elevate and refine your imagination and taste? Will it correct and strengthen your judgment? No, no. Will it then add to your mental furniture? Will it open to you the riches of ancient and modern languages? Will it teach you to solve the problems of mathematics? Will it teach you philosophy, history, botany, geology? Will it teach you to write the English language with elegance and ease, and furnish you with something worth writing? Are not the most fascinated and fascinating dancers usually the most unintellectual ladies?

5. It will not make you more *refined*. True refinement implies a pure and chaste mind. Dancing has a tendency to defile it. Facts

have long since proved, that in all ages and countries the tendency of dancing has been in that direction. The mode of dress, of moving, approaching, embracing, &c. &c., witnessed, on the floor of the ball room, is enough to convince any intelligent observer, of both the origin and tendency of the amusement. It came from heathenism, — to heathenism it tends. It is in its nature essentially vulgar, and no pruning and dressing can make it truly refined or refining. No considerate lady, in her thoughtful moments, conceives that there can be any true refinement in standing up before a man, in a dress suited to expose her form and person, in allowing him to put his arm around her, and in thus beating around with him to the exciting sound of music. It would require but a slight stroke of the pen to make it appear both ludicrous and shameful, especially as sometimes witnessed in the waltz and polka. *Refinement!*

6. It will not increase your *happiness.* That there is pleasure in dancing, I do not deny. So there is pleasure in many other indulgences, which yet give more pain than pleasure. The envies, jealousies, rivalries, are not among the least of the tormentors, that attend and follow the ball room. The wasting anxieties that precede, and the cruel disappointments that follow, the exhaustion, languor, ennui, saying nothing of the stings of remorse and painful consciousness of misimproved time and strength, are set off in sad contrast to the few moments of feverish pleasure. Dancing is one of the *fascinations*, whose pleasures are of course unnatural, and are sought after, as those of gambling and intoxication, with a greediness entirely disproportionate to their intrinsic worth. Some of the unhappiest creatures I have known, have been ladies devoted to the dissipations of the ball room; and certainly some of the happiest I ever knew, had never learned to dance.

That dancing will make you a more affectionate, dutiful, useful daughter and sister; a more devoted, faithful, contented wife; a more self-sacrificing, benevolent, successful mother and guardian of your future household, you will not presume.

If, then, learning to dance does not promise to benefit your health, nor purse, nor manners, nor intellect, nor add to your refinement and happiness, nor yet to make you more useful, we may well interrogate, Why, even in a worldly view, should you wish to do it? There is enough to be learned, and more than you will ever learn, that would give you real and lasting advantage in all these particulars.

II. *As related to the world to come.*

Can you seriously think that dancing will make you a better Christian? Will it make you love the Bible, and prayer, and the house of God more? Will it make you more humble, spiritual, heavenly? Will it make you more self-sacrificing and benevolent? Will it make you hunger and thirst after righteousness with a more keen relish? Will it give you a better conscience? Will it make you feel more deeply for the poor heathen? — not surely because they have not the blessings of dancing; for dancing is their very element, alike in their religion and their pleasures, and they dance probably five times more and better than you can ever expect to. Will it make your dying pillow softer? Will it give you a more welcome entrance into heaven, or shed the beams of a brighter immortality on your soul?

Do you seriously think that dancing ever led one soul to heaven? Has it not sent millions to perdition? How impossible to wed dancing with the religion of a bleeding, dying Saviour! How awful, how blasphemous the union, which some would fain consummate! Go, sinner; go, redeemed immortal! go to weeping, agonizing Gethsemane; go to bloody Calvary, and return and tell me the religion of Jesus is a *dancing* religion! Who does not know, that the moment dancing begins, Jesus, prayer, religion, heaven departs? Who does not know, that the meeting of inquiry after the salvation of the soul, and the ball room, are as incongruous as light and darkness, as heaven and hell? And who does not know, that if you learn to dance, you will of course wish to go where you can display your skill — you will wish to attend balls — and if you attend balls, you will reject all means for your moral renovation, and will probably *lose your soul!* Dear youth, you are in a dying world. The hour of sinful mirth is short; the day of retribution is at hand. *'Wo to them that put far away the evil day, that chant to the sound of the viol.'*

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Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing which his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strown,
Will shed its fragrant beauty on our own.

## THE SLIPPERY WAYS OF VICE.

He who once sins, like him who slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice;
Though conscience check him, yet, these rubs gone o'er,
He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.
What! sinners finish where they first begin,
And with one crime content their lust to sin?
Nature, that rude, and in her first essay,
Stood boggling at the roughness of the way,
Used to the road, unknowing to return,
Goes boldly on and loves the path when worn.—*Juvenal.*

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

WORKS OF DR. DICK. — E. C. & J. Biddle, of Philadelphia, have published in an uniform edition of four volumes, the complete works of Dr. Thomas Dick. These volumes contain about three thousand pages, are bound in half muslin, and are sold, the entire set, at the exceedingly low price of $2.50.

It is needless for us to attempt a recommendation of Dr. Dick's works. His philosophical deductions from science and revelation of a *Future State* — his illustrations of the harmony which subsists between nature and revelation in the *Christian Philosopher* — his happy delineations of the moral bearings of the Christian Revelation in the *Philosophy of Religion* — his popular illustrations of the advantages of a general diffusion of knowledge in the *Improvement of Society*, and how this work may be accomplished as exhibited in the *Moral Improvement of Mankind* — his excellent *Essay on Covetousness* — his *Celestial Scenery*, combining genuine piety with abstruse science — and his sublime descriptions in the *Sidereal Heavens*, are monuments of the learning, industry, benevolence, and piety of the author.

For sale by Saxton & Kelt.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. — This magazine is conducted with a degree of literary judgment, skill and taste, rarely met with. In this day of hot-bed literature and sentimental trash, which are widely corrupting young readers, this work is highly deserving the patronage of a reflecting and judicious community. It is an instructive and valuable periodical.

WORCESTER'S NEW DICTIONARY. — Wilkins, Carter & Co., of this city, have published a New Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language, by Joseph E. Worcester. To the words found in Todd's Johnson, nearly 27,000 have been added in this.

It contains a much improved edition of Walker's Key to the pronunciation of Classical and Scripture Proper Names, and to Walker's Vocabulary, about 3,000 Classical Names have been added.

It also comprises a Pronouncing Vocabulary of about 4,000 modern Geographical Names.

The several Vocabularies are computed to contain upward of 106,000 words.

The author possessed facilities superior to any other man for the compilation of this great work, and the work itself furnishes abundant evidence of extensive and practical erudition, indefatigable industry, sound judgment, and almost unlimited research.

ITALIAN PEASANT GIRLS.

Main St



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All persons indebted for this work, are respectfully and most earnestly requested to make immediate payment (except where there is an explicit agreement to the contrary) at this office, or to any authorized agent.

Those persons who owe for one, or more years, are inflicting a serious injury upon us, by withholding what is due. Every dollar justly due us, is immediately *wanted*, and we expect will be immediately paid.

Wm. C. Brown.

*Boston, Nov.* 1, 1846.

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☞ *See second page of cover.*

HARVARD COLL

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PRIZE ESSAY. — The Essay which obtained the prize of TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be published in the next number.

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BINDING.—The subscriber will bind *The Mother's Assistant and Young Lady's Friend*, in handsome cloth, for 25 cents. Two volumes in one, in half morocco, for 42 cents.

Binding of any kind, also, neatly done.

WM. C. BROWN.

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Twenty-five energetic men, of pleasing address and good moral character, are wanted as agents to obtain subscribers for this work, to whom a liberal premium will be given.

WM. C. BROWN, Editor and Publisher, No. 21, Cornhill.

*Boston, Nov.* 1, 1846.

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NOTICE.—No returned numbers of this work are taken out of the Post Office, *unless the postage is paid.*

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BOUND VOLUMES.—We have a large number of these on hand, more than we have room for. The owners are respectfully requested to take them away as soon as possible.

In case of fire, the loss will fall upon the owners.

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Each person who obtains a new subscriber will be entitled to have his own copy bound gratuitously.

☞ *See third page of cover.*

THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. IX. NOVEMBER, 1846. No. 5.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## FORM AND PRINCIPLE.

BY MRS. J. S. LUNT, OF GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Concluded from our last number.]

Let us visit the home of George Willis and his family. Mrs. Willis's face is still as indicative of cheerfulness and love as it was ten years since. But added to all its other charms, and sweetly blending with them all, is that expression of anxious tenderness which only a mother ever wears. Three bright, happy children call her mother, and a fourth *feels* that she is its mother, though yet too young to know or to utter it. George, the eldest, is in his eighth year; Susan is five; Willy is three; and Emeline, darling little Emeline, is just ten months.

The children are gathering blackberries on the knoll. Their aunt Clara, a young lady of twenty-two, sits under the shade of a large tree near, overseeing the little ones and reading Arthur's 'Sweethearts and Wives,' a recent gift of her brother-in-law. Already they have gathered several quarts of the ripe, rich fruit. They are tired, and Willy wants to go home. 'I don't believe aunt Clara is ready yet,' says thoughtful little Susy. Let 's sit down in this good shady place, and pick over our berries. Then they 'll be all ready for Sally to make the pies. Mother likes to have us help Sally, you know.'

'So we will,' says George.

So all three sat down; little tongues and little fingers are equally

busy for a few minutes. Presently Willy draws a long breath, his head falls gently back, his tiny fingers relax their hold upon his little pail of berries, and in half a minute he is asleep. Sweet sleep of innocent childhood!

'Willy's fast asleep, and all his berries are spilling!' shouts laughing George.

'Poor Willy,' says Susy, as she hastens to gather up his treasure. Both the children are silent for some minutes. George is thinking very busily. Susan is wondering what he is thinking about.

'I'll never speak to Edward Morris again!' at length he exclaims vehemently. Susan's blue eyes are dilated with surprise, for George and Edward had always been fast friends.

'Not speak to Eddy Morris! Why not, Georgy?'

'Why, you know, Susy, we have two teachers at the academy, Mr. Lee and Mr. Everett. Well, Edward don't like Mr. Lee, though I am sure he is as good and as kind as Mr. Everett. So he does every thing that he dares do, to let Mr. Lee see that he hates him. To-day he looked so cross while Mr. Lee was explaining his sum to him, and took his slate so rudely, without even saying "thank you, sir," that I could n't help looking at Mr. Lee to see whether he noticed it. I know he did; for he watched Edward till he had gone to his seat, and looked so sober all the time.'

'Poor Mr. Lee!' said Susy, sympathizingly.

'I felt provoked, I tell you, Susy. Edward is a wicked, ungrateful boy, and I'll never speak to him again as long as I live.' George grew yet more vehement.

'I do n't believe that would be right,' said Susan.

'Why not, Susy? If Edward Morris is going to treat Mr. Lee so shamefully, he sha'n't have George Willis for a friend, I can tell him.' George was ever ready to espouse the cause of the injured, or of those whom he deemed so.

'But, Georgy, do n't you know the Bible says we must love our enemies?'

'Edward is n't my enemy, as I know of; but he 's Mr. Lee's, and so I sha'n't be his friend,' replied George, sturdily.

'I do n't know,' said Susy, thoughtfully; 'I do n't believe that makes any difference. Let 's ask aunt Clara.'

'Well, when we 've finished our berries.'

Clara had been an unobserved listener to their conversation. So

she came and sat down by them. George felt rather reluctant to propose the case, for he was suspicious that aunt Clara would decide against him. Susan waited for him to speak.

'Well, George,' said Clara, 'what is it about Edward Morris?'

'Why, aunt Clara, he treats Mr. Lee dreadfully,' and George proceeded to relate the affair to his aunt. 'I don't mean to have anything more to do with him, and I told Susy so. She says that it is n't right, because the Bible says we must love our enemies; but I tell her he is n't *my* enemy, he 's Mr. Lee's, and I think that makes a difference. Don't you, aunt Clara?'

'I think it does,' said Clara, soberly.

George glanced triumphantly at Susy; but Clara added, 'If Edward is n't your enemy, George, I suppose he 's your friend. So I should think it would be doubly wrong for you to become his enemy.'

George looked as if this was a new view of the subject. But he said nothing.

'If you think Edward Morris acts wrongly toward Mr. Lee, I would tell him so kindly. Edward is n't a boy of bad disposition; and if you talk rightly to him, I rather think you can convince him of his fault. At any rate, I would n't cherish unkind feelings toward him, and I would be careful to treat him as affectionately as ever.'

The lessons of wisdom and goodness which Clara imparted to the children she had received from their mother, and she delighted thus to repay, in some measure, the care and kindness which had been lavished upon herself. 'Well,' said George, 'I suppose that would be the best way. But I do n't believe I can ever love Edward quite as well as if this had not happened. I know I can't.'

'I can do all things through Christ strengthening me,' whispered little Susy. The whisper was intended only for George's ear; and the little girl blushed when she saw, by Clara's quick glance and affectionate smile, that she had overheard her.

Clara drew the sweet child to her, and kissed her fondly as she said, 'I am glad you are learning to remember and apply the precious lessons you learn from the Bible, Susy.'

'I should n't have thought of it, aunt Clara,' said little Susan with ingenuous modesty, 'only it was our verse this morning, and mother explained it to us so sweetly.'

The little sleeper was now aroused, and they all returned to the house. George walked thoughtfully along. Susy's verse had apparently touched his heart. A happy little Christian was Susy. So, even her ever watchful mother trusted; for she judged her by the gospel rule, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and she felt that 'even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right.'

That evening after the children had retired, as Mrs. Willis and Clara sat sewing together, Clara related to her sister the conversation with the children in the blackberry field. The mother's eyes were filled with tears of gratitude and joy at this fresh evidence that the seed she was so carefully sowing, day by day, was planted in good ground and already bearing precious fruit.

Then Clara spoke of the book she had been reading — 'Sweethearts and Wives.' She related to her sister the conversation in the former part of it between Mr. Armstrong and Grace Harvey, in which Mr. A. reproves Grace for having refused to dance on a certain evening, although she deemed it a proper and useful amusement, because a lady was present who, she knew, was conscientiously opposed to dancing. Grace defended her conduct, as having arisen from a commendable unwillingness to give the lady pain by acting contrary to her prejudices. Mr. Armstrong severely censured it as deceptive and unprincipled; laying down the general principle, that we should never omit to do anything which we deem it right and proper to do, merely out of respect to the prejudices of others. Clara, as usual, asked her sister's opinion.

'It seems to me,' said Mrs. Willis, smiling, 'that Mr. Arthur is in this case, as I think he not unfrequently is, *extremely right* — by which I mean, that he pushes a correct principle to an undue extreme. I admire Mr. Arthur's writings for their pure and elevated morality, united with their adaptation to common minds. But I think his style is not without faults; and among them, it seems to me, is this *extreme* propensity to which I have alluded, joined with a fondness for spinning out, or refining his sentiments, which is sometimes wearisome.'

'Something of this sort had occurred to me,' replied Clara; 'and yet, sister, if a principle be correct, how can it be too completely carried out?'

'It cannot, most certainly. I do not mean so. Perhaps, instead

of saying that Mr. Arthur carries correct principles to an undue extent, I should rather say that, starting upon correct principles, he goes beyond them and adopts those that are incorrect. For instance, in this case, it is undoubtedly true that we should never omit anything which we are convinced is *duty*, out of respect to the prejudices of others. But Mr. Arthur goes farther than this, and says we should never for this reason omit anything which we deem it *proper* to do. And the reason he assigns for this is, that we should thus become guilty of deception, or of placing ourselves in a false light. The young lady must dance, on the occasion referred to, lest she should give the old lady the impression that she was not in the habit of dancing. Such, if I understand it, is Mr. Arthur's theory. Now let me give you mine. We must never omit anything which we deem a *duty*, even though it meet the disapprobation of our dearest friends. But in respect to things which we deem it equally innocent to do or to omit doing, — and there are many such, — it is often proper and even praiseworthy to omit them out of regard to the conscientious disapproval of others. Such, I think, is very obviously the principle laid down by the apostle when he says, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." Of course we are not, in such a case, to study to *conceal* our own views. But I can hardly conceive that we are always under obligation to proclaim them. In the case already alluded to, I cannot think Miss Harvey would be bound to say to Mrs. P——, "I do not think there is anything wrong in dancing; and were you not here, I should probably dance. I omit it solely because I know you disapprove it." She should not study to conceal this opinion, but neither need she take special pains to make it known. She would not be lacking in truthfulness, because she had sufficient modesty to consider her opinion on such a subject of too little consequence to others to be needlessly forced upon them. One thing more let me say. I think Miss Harvey's course would have been more strictly in conformity with that of the apostle, had she relinquished dancing altogether out of regard to the conscientious scruples of others. And so in all similar cases.'

'I think I shall adopt Mrs. Willis's theory in preference to Mr. Arthur's,' said Clara, gaily.

'Not merely because it is mine, you know, Clara. Think and believe for yourself.'

'So I will,' said Clara; 'but nevertheless I like to know your opinions, sister. So tell me some more of Mr. Arthur's faults.'

'I do n't know that I have noticed more than one other. I think, in his commendable endeavor to adopt a familiar, colloquial style, he has sometimes descended to coarseness and vulgarity. Some of the expressions he has put into the mouths of young ladies are certainly not very lady-like.'

'But young ladies do use coarse expressions, sister,' said Clara.

'Too often, I know. But it is customary, and I think desirable, for writers for the press to refine a little upon common conversation. Mr. Arthur certainly has not done this. So far as my observation has extended, I think well-educated young ladies are in the habit of expressing themselves with rather more refinement than he has represented them.'

'I wish you would write a book, sister,' said Clara, abruptly.

'You are laughing at me, Clara,' replied Mrs. Willis, slightly blushing, 'and I do not blame you. I know it is much easier to point out faults than to rectify them.'

'But, indeed, I am in earnest, sister,' said Clara. 'You have thought and read a great deal, and I wish you would write and publish. I am sure you could write a better book than a great many which find a ready market.'

'Thank you, Clara;' and the blush deepened on Emeline's cheek. She paused a moment, and then said, 'I will confess to you, Clara, that in my early days I had many a dream of this sort, many a lofty aspiration for the honors of successful authorship. I really thought I might one day stand side by side with the most gifted. But I have learned to take a more sober view of my own powers. Now, too, I feel that God has placed me in a sphere of action less extensive, indeed, than that of an author, but the duties of which are more responsible and more difficult. A mother's whole time, thought, and care, save what are necessarily demanded by other duties, are none too much to devote to the welfare of her children. I love and honor those mothers whose maternal love first nerved them to encounter the toils and trials of authorship, who have, as it were, turned the treasures of their own minds into gold, wherewith to purchase for their children the means of increasing

theirs. Thus did Mrs. Hemans, and thus, among our own writers, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Wells, and others. Should such a motive ever present itself to me, perhaps I might become an author.' Mr. Willis now came in, and new topics of conversation were introduced.

Mr. Willis's residence was not so retired but that they could, not unfrequently, draw around them a choice collection of friends, of taste, cultivation, and religious principle, similar to their own. As they were ever kind and obliging to all their neighbors, they were permitted, without incurring the charge of pride or aristocracy, to choose for themselves their more intimate associates; a privilege rarely accorded to the more wealthy residents in country towns.

The children enjoyed 'having company' quite as well as their parents. They were always permitted to be present, and were not forbidden to take part in the conversation under suitable restrictions. Among Mrs. Willis's most intimate friends, and those to whom her children were most fondly attached, were Mrs. and Miss Merrill, a widowed lady and her daughter, who resided about a mile distant. One day, at a small party at Mr. Willis's, — invited to meet Mrs. Warner, an old friend of Mrs. Willis, then passing a few days with her, — Mrs. Merrill exhibited a miniature of her daughter which she had just procured for herself. It passed from hand to hand, all uniting in praising it. Willy was standing by Mrs. Warner, who kindly held the picture so that he could see it; and as he gazed on it with much interest, she said, 'It 's a beautiful picture, do n't you think so, Willy?'

'No! Mrs. Warner,' said honest little Willy, 'I do n't think it *beautiful;* and I should n't like it so well if it was, because then it would n't look like Miss Merrill. She 's *homely,* you know.'

Some of the company smiled at Willy's answer, and Miss Merrill looked a little discomfited. But Mrs. Willis, without appearing to notice it, just then called the little boy to her, and bade him bring her a new book of engravings from the table. This soon engrossed the attention of the company, and the miniature was returned to its owner.

When the visitors were gone, Mrs. Warner spoke of the circumstance to Mrs. Willis. 'I could not help being amused with Willy's honesty,' she said, 'though I feared it annoyed Miss Merrill. The little fellow promises to be a correct judge of beauty. I was sorry I called the picture *beautiful,* though I did n't mean it in the literal

sense Willy attached to it. I hope you 'll not chide him very severely; for the fault was more than half mine, in using so unfortunate an expression.'

'Why should you suppose I should say anything to Willy about it?' asked Mrs. Willis, looking up to her friend with a smile.

'Oh! I know you are very particular to have your children speak properly to others, and I think you are right. I heard you reprove Willy very severely yesterday for calling little Chloe 'an old black girl.'

'Because Willy was angry with Chloe, and showed an unkind spirit. I was surprised and sorry to hear him, for I had no idea he had learned so young to deem poor Chloe's color a reproach. In calling Miss Merrill homely, he was actuated by no such motive.'

'True, my dear Mrs. Willis. Still, had it been my own child, I should have felt that I must at least tell him that the remark was uncivil, and caution him against being quite so blunt in future. I know you will not be offended with me, dear Emeline.'

'No, dear Mary; we have known and loved each other too long and too well for you to suppose I should be offended with you because you differ from me in opinion, and tell me so frankly. You know I love frankness almost above everything. But let me explain myself a little more fully. I have two reasons for not noticing this little affair. Willy, you know, is himself decidedly plain, much more so than George or Susy. He came to me one day a few weeks since, much grieved, because George had been foolish enough to tell him so. I do n't think the idea of the comparative beauty of countenances had ever entered his little head before. 'I 'm as handsome as George, am I not, mother?' he said, sobbing. I took him on my lap, and told him he was not; that George had more handsome features than he, and so had Susy. But I added that this was a matter that sensible people thought of very little consequence; that those children who behaved best were considered most agreeable. I pointed out to him the goodness and love of God in giving us a taste for the beautiful, and so many means of gratifying it; referred to the flowers, many of which seemed made for this purpose alone. But human beings, I told him, were made for higher purposes, and it was of little consequence whether their features were such as to please the eyes of men, if only their life and character were pleasing to God. A great deal more I said to

him, and finally he seemed to consider the new ideas he had acquired concerning beauty as a source of pleasure and amusement. He began to enumerate his friends, pointing out whom he thought beautiful and whom otherwise, and asking my opinion. I gave it freely, as if upon a perfectly indifferent matter. Miss Merrill, we both agreed, was quite plain, but so good that we loved to look at her. He will discover quite soon enough, that everybody is not quite so indifferent to beauty as I would have him. I would rather he should not make this discovery till his own feelings concerning it are more fully established. But I fear I have so wearied you with this long exposition of my first reason, that you will hardly have patience to listen to my second.'

'Oh! no, go on. Though I am quite convinced already that you are right.'

'The other is, that I cannot bear needlessly to mar the simplicity of a child's character. There is to me something delightful in the spontaneous outbursts of their little hearts. I love to leave them, as far as possible, to act out their guileless natures.'

'You are not a believer in the doctrine of infant purity, Emeline,' said Mrs. Warner, smiling.

'No. You know I am not. I recognize and mourn the sinful propensities of their little hearts, and the evidence they daily give that they belong to a fallen race. But fallen as human nature is, it still retains something of its original loveliness. And one of the most beautiful features of untaught childhood, is, to me, its utter artlessness. So fearful am I of sullying this delightful trait, that, rather than run the risk of doing so, I prefer to have my children remain in ignorance of many rules and customs usually deemed essential in polite society.'

'And do you really mean to say, Emeline, that you disapprove of the refinements and courtesies of polite society? Would you have us all act out ourselves and express our opinions as bluntly as Willy did to-day? If such is your creed, you must pardon my saying that you sadly fail of *living up to it.*'

'I have no such creed, dear Mary. On the contrary, I consider the customs of polite society as parts of itself, necessary to be understood and practised by all who would be admitted within its pale. Nor have I any fellowship with that levelling system which would place all sorts of people, no matter what their previous education or

habits, on a footing of equal intimacy, provided only, that all are equally *good.* I believe there always will and must be a distinction of rank, and that this distinction is a wise arrangement of God for the good of society.'

'And on what would you have this distinction founded? Not on wealth, surely.'

'No, not on wealth. And yet wealth will always have more or less to do with it. There is one reason why it must naturally be so. Those who have most wealth have the greatest means of purchasing for themselves the refinements and luxuries of education and habit. As a general rule, to which, I grant you, there are multitudes of exceptions, the wealthy are the refined, and the refined are the wealthy. But I would have *refinement*, and not *wealth*, the foundation of the distinction to which I have alluded; refinement with or without wealth.'

'But not without virtue, Emeline.'

'No. There can be no true refinement associated with vice. Yet virtue alone will not, cannot, ought not, to be the ground of this distinction of rank. At least, so I think. I would love and honor virtue equally wherever I see it, but I cannot make one an intimate friend, simply because he is virtuous; can I, Mary?'

'No, your natural tastes must be similar.'

'Yes; and our *acquired* tastes too, — our customs and habits; our modes of thinking, acting, and living. If these have been wholly dissimilar, they will, at least, diminish the pleasures of intimacy, if they do not render it wholly impossible. I wish everybody would acquiesce cheerfully in this obvious truth. What a world of vexations, heart-aches, envies, jealousies, and all sorts of uncomfortable feelings, it would save! There are plenty of good people whose circumstances and habits are similar to my own, from whom I may choose my friends. Why should I desire intimacy with those whose superior wealth enables them to command and enjoy a thousand luxuries to which I am wholly unaccustomed? Were such an intimacy brought about, either they must forego, in their intercourse with me, many things which custom has rendered highly desirable to them, or I must make a painful and probably awkward effort to conform to customs which, being unused to, would only be an annoyance to me.'

'But do you not think it foolish for very rich people to spend so much as they do, merely for the sake of living in splendor and luxury?'

'Whom do you mean by "*very rich people*," dear Mary? I know hundreds of good people who would apply this epithet to you and me, and who think our mode of life very extravagant, because it is so much more expensive than theirs. We are none of us capable of judging what is fitting for those whose means are superior to our own. Much of the judging and censuring of this sort which abounds in the world, could it be traced to its true source, would, I believe, be found to spring from *envy*. "Very rich people" have a perfect right to their luxuries, provided they do not purchase them by the neglect of any duty to God, to themselves, or to others. Of this they must judge for themselves.'

'But there will be no distinction between the high and the low in another world.'

'Most true, dear Mary. This truth I would never lose sight of. And while I would teach my children, as soon as they become of proper age, to pay due regard to these external and temporary distinctions, I would, at the same time, teach them that these are of but very little consequence in comparison to the more important distinction between the good and the bad, the holy and the unholy. I would impress upon their minds that this last is the only *permanent* distinction, the only one which God will regard in the final award of justice to men. In one word, my dear friend, while I would not, in the education of my children, wholly disregard the claims of *form*, I would strive first and most earnestly to lay the foundation of correct, pure, and holy *principle*.'

*October*, 1846.

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## HUMILITY.

BY JAMES HURDIS.

The storm,
Which makes the high elm bend, and rends the oak,
The humble lily spares. A thousand blows,
Which shake the lofty monarch on his throne,
We lesser folks feel not. Keen are the pangs
Advancement often brings. To be secure,
Be humble. To be happy, be content.

# LITERARY NOTICES.

WELLS'S SCHOOL GRAMMAR. — Andover, Mass. Published by Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell.

All sorts of persons undertake to make books of Grammar; some few who are qualified and many who are incompetent, each disparaging his predecessor's, and eulogising his own. The fault of most of the books on English grammar is, that the most prominent thing about them is the *notions* of the author.

But here is a work free from these objections. The author is a man of good, strong, common sense. To this important qualification he brings to his aid, sound erudition, a great fund of practical knowledge, and a vast amount of study and research. It is an excellent treatise; we will not say the best ever made, but it has excellences not found in any other.

OUTLINES OF SACRED HISTORY. — Philadelphia: Published by E. C. & J. Biddle.

This work was originally published in London, by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. The narration commences with the creation of the world, and extends to the destruction of Jerusalem. The work is illustrated with numerous engravings, and has a chronological index. To adapt it to the use of schools and families, there are questions for examination.

LEGAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN. — By Edward D. Mansfield, A. M. Published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.

This is rather a novel undertaking. It treats of the legal rights, liabilities and duties of women, and has an introductory history of their legal condition in the Hebrew, Roman, and Feudal civil systems. It also includes the law of marriage and divorce, the social relations of husband and wife, parent and child, of guardian and ward, and of employer and employed.

We find that, in the same proportion as women are elevated in mind and in heart, just in the same proportion is a nation elevated in all the constituent elements of greatness. For men, therefore, of discernment and practical wisdom to give attention to these things, is highly commendable. In this country, to our praise be it spoken, the civil disabilities of women are less, and their influence in society is greater, than in any other country in the world. Still, there is something remains to be done, and we are happy to know, that there appears to be an increasing disposition to do it.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY. — By John R. Bolles, of New London, Ct.

The sentiments inculcated in this book of poems, are of a pure and noble character, though the poetry is not of the highest order. We rarely take into our hands a book so beautiful and substantial in all its mechanical execution. We take the following lines from the 17th page. They contain excellent advice.

'Where duty points, there let thy footsteps tend,
Regardless who 's thy foe if God 's thy friend.'

THE

# YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

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Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## ORNAMENTAL EDUCATION.

From an unpublished work for girls, by Rev. Harvey Newcomb.

Nature abounds with profusion of ornament. The trees of the forest are clad in beauty. The flowers of the field are arrayed in the most gorgeous combination of beautiful colors, surpassing the power of imitation. The bowels of the earth enclose the richest gems; and even its dens and caverns are garnished with beautiful workmanship, far exceeding the highest achievements of art. The animated creation also displays the same love of beauty. The wild beasts are arrayed in the richest furs. The fowls of the air, and even the serpents that crawl on the earth, are adorned with a profusion of beautiful colors. And man, the crowning work of the Creator, is adorned with symmetry of shape and beauty of features. But above all, the mind itself has one entire faculty for ornament. The imagination is the flower of the mind, which crowns the intellectual tree with beauty and glory.

The voice of Nature, therefore, forbids us to banish *ornament* from our systems of education. But equally does the same voice forbid us to make ornament the chief end of education. It is neither the *beginning* nor the *end* of it. The rose does not grow on the root of the tree, nor does the plant, at its first growth, display its gorgeous colors. The trunk of the tree, the stem of the plant, the branches and the leaves, all precede the flower. Those are the *substantials*, this the *ornament*. The former must be matured before the latter can appear. So, likewise, must the substantial parts of education take precedence of the ornamental. And the flower itself is not merely nor mainly for *beauty*, but it is *in order to fruit*.

So, the ornamental branches of education, in their proper place, are to be pursued with an eye to usefulness. However, the flower must be a long time budding before it blooms; and so may the ornamental branches of education be commenced and pursued a long time before they arrive at such perfection as to display their beauty, or discover their usefulness.

The solid branches, then, are to occupy the first place, and receive the chief attention. But the ornamental branches, at the proper time, and in their proper places, are not to be neglected. Young people, however, are inclined to give them an undue importance, and disposed to pursue them to the neglect of that which is solid and substantial. David compared the daughters of Jerusalem to 'corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.' But the stones must be quarried, and beaten out into the proper shape, before they can be *polished*. Polishing is the last work. This shows the place that is to be given to ornamental education. No one can receive an ornamental education merely. There must be a solid foundation laid. The polish comes last. There are, however, some ornamental branches, which need to be pursued a long time before they arrive at any degree of perfection. Such are music, drawing, and painting. They cultivate particular faculties, and this cultivation must necessarily be slow in its progress. Music, as a science, is perhaps as useful a discipline of mind as any other study. The cultivation of the voice and of the ear are also of great importance. So also is the skilful use of the fingers, in playing on instruments; which is much more easily acquired in childhood than at any other period of life.

Drawing and painting cultivate the eye, and impart a quick perception of beauty. They also give the power of transferring to paper the images imprinted on the mind through the sense of sight.

A good education is that process by which all the powers of the mind are developed in due proportion. That is a *one-sided* education which cultivates highly some particular faculties, while it neglects others. Such a mind will be deformed and out of proportion. To produce a well-balanced mind, the solid parts of education must receive the chief attention, because they constitute the very foundation of character. But it is a great mistake to conclude that they are all that is necessary, especially for females. By an exclusive attention to the solid branches, and that in a high degree, the char-

acter is rendered too masculine. There is need of the softening influence of those pursuits which are designed chiefly to embellish. And this should not be forgotten in the pursuit of letters. The imagination and the taste should be cultivated, within proper bounds, so as to give symmetry of character.

*Taste* is perhaps not a distinct faculty by itself, but rather a combination of the faculties, concentrating them upon an object, and giving a nice and quick perception of beauty or deformity. It is exercised with respect to language in discovering its correctness and beauty, or its incorrectness and deformity, without any process of reasoning, or any comparison with rules of grammar or rhetoric. In a similar manner, it detects and points out at a glance the excellences or defects of a picture or a landscape, the attire of a lady, or whatever object it beholds. This faculty, or combination of faculties, is cultivated by the study of music, drawing, painting, &c. with respect to the eye and ear; and by the study of language with respect to the conceptions of the mind, and the manner of expressing them. I know of nothing, in the whole process of education, which contributes more to personal enjoyment than the cultivation of a correct taste. It also greatly recommends one to the regard of others. And, if chastened with piety, it may contribute to devotional feeling, by increasing our admiration of the beauties of creation, and through them leading us to adore the wisdom of the Creator.

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## TO-MORROW.

BY LONGFELLOW.

[From the Spanish of Lope De Vega.]

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me? — that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O, strange delusion! — that I did not greet
Thy blest approach; and O, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!
And O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
To-morrow we will open, I replied;
And when the morrow came, I answered still, To-morrow!

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## 'FRIEND OF MY HEART.'

BY REV. S. D. PHELPS.

As o'er the past, the hallowed past, reflection softly sweeps,
And quick revives the pleasing scenes that memory fondly keeps,
A thrill of joy, in these blest thoughts, steals o'er my spirit's chords,
And wakens there a melody too pure for mortal words.
I cannot sing that rapturous song:
The *heart* alone can still prolong
Its blissful, life-inspiring strains, so sweet, so deep, so strong.

How like an angel near to me thy lovely image seems!
It comes to bless my solitude — to beautify my dreams.
I hear again thy pleasing voice, I see thy winning smile;
And oh! how favored to commune with one so free from guile!
I would not break the magic spell;
I would not those emotions quell,
That fill the fountains of the soul, as from a crystal well.

How sweet the time, how full of joy, how swift it rolled away,
When in thy presence I have passed the lingering hours of day;
When we have gazed on nature fair, around, beneath, above;
And felt her inspiration deep, and heard her voice of love;
Or when we sought the place of prayer,
And paid our soul's devotions there;
Such hallowed hours of fond delight, oh! would we oft might share.

When other scenes shall greet your eye, and other friends are found,
Where nature in her loveliness smiles gloriously around;
Oh! say, will then, as back you gaze, a thought to me be given?
And shall I be remembered in the prayer you breathe to heaven?
Friend of my heart! where'er I turn,
Thy lovely image I discern;
With me it dwells and still shall live in memory's sacred urn.

*New Haven, Conn.*

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## STATED SEASONS FOR PRAYER.

STATED seasons, returning at regular periods, are peculiarly necessary to preserve this duty in its full vigor. He who prays at such seasons will always remember the duty; will form his schemes of life, so as to provide the proper place for performing it; will be reproached by his conscience for neglecting it; will keep alive the spirit of prayer from one season to another, so as to render the practice delightful; and will be preserved uninterruptedly in the practice by the strong influence of habit. He who prays at accidental seasons only, will first neglect, then hate, and finally desist from the duty. — *President Dwight.*

## A WEDDING AT SEA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the 'New England Review' gives the following sketch of an interesting scene which occurred on board the ship in which he sailed from the United States:

'A novel circumstance took place, while on our passage, which I must relate. There was a Mr. H. on board, who was formerly a merchant in Massachusetts, since in Connecticut, and late of New York. He was a kind, open-hearted fellow, full of fun, and withal very intelligent as well as handsome. His age was twenty-seven. He came on board an entire stranger to us all; but, as we made it a point to have but one family on board, and as we soon discovered his amiable qualities, he very soon made a welcome member. On our sixth day he came to me, and inquired the name and circumstances of an elderly gentleman passenger, who was accompanied by his daughter, with whom Mr. H. seemed deeply smitten. For my own part, I could see nothing exceedingly attractive about Miss J., save that she was very agreeable in her manners, and highly intelligent. I informed him, and, at his request, gave him a formal introduction, which terminated in the following manner: — Soon after the introduction, it became evident that a mutual liking and affection existed between Mr. H. and Miss J., who, from their open expressions of fondness, began to attract the attention of all, and the admiration of many of the passengers. They were frequently observed in close conversation.

'On the second Sunday of our passage, we solicited the Rev. Mr. G., who was on his way to Italy, to preach a sermon. By the politeness of the captain, a large awning was spread over us, seats were prepared, and a congregation of seventy-six persons, including the steerage passengers and sailors, was collected to participate in the religious exercises. A small desk was used for a pulpit, and a choir was formed by "going into a committee of the whole." The text was read and the sermon delivered, of which I need not speak. At the conclusion of the sermon, our minister rose and read the following card, which lay on the desk: "William Bently H——, Esq., of New York, *intends marriage* with Miss Maria Louisa J."

'We were more surprised at the novelty of the thing, than the fact itself; and, indeed, such was the feeling created by the sudden and unexpected announcement made, that we all forgot the serious

impressions made on our minds by the minister, in our hearty and vociferous congratulations of the happy pair. But it did not end here. A proposition was made to the parties to have the affair consummated that evening, which was cheerfully acceded to by them, to the great pleasure of all on board. Accordingly, things were arranged in order, the best state-room was given up to them, and every one felt gay and happy as the hour approached which should witness the consummation of their nuptial vows. The evening was calm and delightful; not a sail fluttered in the breeze, not a voice was heard, not the least stir or bustle about the deck, and the moon looked down in loveliness on that tranquil scene.

'At the time appointed, every soul gathered to the temple which had been erected for religious worship; and in less than fifteen minutes, the marriage ceremony was performed by our worthy minister, who made a few remarks, and closed with prayer. The scene was as truly sublime as romantic. The fair bride came out, dressed in a robe of pure white satin, leaning on the arm of her lover, bound to the altar, and heard her marriage vow pronounced where only an hour or two before, she had uttered her vows to God. Many a tear of joy stole down the cheeks of those who looked on. Not a care cast the shadow of its wing across that scene of triumph, love, and bliss. The novelty of this affair threw us all into excitement, and nothing has been talked of but weddings, wedding parties, marriages at sea, love, honey-moon, &c.; and I was at times tempted to make a similar proposition myself to the queen-like Miss. C., if for nothing else, but the purpose of having the joke pass round.'

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Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

BY LYMAN W. HALL.

WHEN friends forsake and men betray,
And hope's bright visions seem to flee,
When joys seem fading fast away,
And nought but gloom and doubt we see,
How fitting, then, to cease from man,
To turn our ardent gaze on high;
The glories of that world to scan,
Where garnered hopes can never die!

*Ravenna, Ohio, Oct.*, 1846.

Written for the Young Lady's Friend.

## ITALIAN PEASANT GIRLS.

[See Engraving in this Number]

BY MR. E. W. ROBBINS.

TRAVELERS on the Continent have been struck with the peculiar air of cheerfulness and contentment which characterizes, generally, the lower classes of peasantry in Europe. In countries, where, from the political character of their institutions, and the tyrannical manner of their administration, nothing but the most abject servility and degradation could be expected to exist, they have been surprised to find among this order in society, a light heartedness, and even gayety of disposition in one sense, wholly inexplicable. In the low countries of Holland, on the banks of the Rhine, in the *rues* of Paris, beneath the glaciers of Switzerland and by the Bay of Naples, this appearance of vivacity and contentment of disposition seems to be stamped visibly on the lineaments of the people. As we may say of Moliere, that the smile which he raised in comedy has not yet faded away from the countenances of the French nation, so in the case here cited, there would seem to have been implanted in the breasts of the European peasantry, an inexhaustible fund of liveliness and good humor, which, being part of themselves, could only be perpetual. The gayety of the Italian cottager is proverbial. Whether this trait is constitutional, or owing to the nature of his climate, it is not necessary to inquire. The facts, however, are certain. In the open fields singing at their work, or lying at ease on the smooth shorn grass, listening at the corners of the streets to the impromptu tale of some *improvisatori*, or chatting and eating macaroni in the public stalls, the inhabitants still retain the native characteristics of Italian peasantry. Everywhere in Italy, the disposition to rural indolence and luxury is proverbial.

The engraving in this number represents a scene of this kind. A group of young girls are collected, apparently about a fountain, as may be gathered from the grotesque image half hidden in the trees, which appears in the back ground of the sketch. One young girl is evidently making her toilet, with the clear blue wave as her mirror, not at all displeased, apparently, to see her figure in its transparent depths. The appearance of the female, supporting at the same time

the unsteady vessel, and the tottering footsteps of the little child, having in its hand the cluster of grapes, are strikingly delineated. The atmosphere has the warmth of Titian or Lorraine. The whole group is such as forms an important part of every Italian landscape, and the etching is highly creditable to the engraver.

In every picture which may be drawn of Italian character and manners, the Italian female forms a conspicuous attribute. Young, graceful, and winning, she seems to be the very impersonation of that beauty which hovers over a land rich in shrines and flowers. The shrinking delicacy of her step attests the modesty of her mien; and her light form bounding in the open air, flits by you like some sweet vision, which the observer never forgets.

As the Italian girl is poetical herself, so also, she is the *theme* of poetry in others. Tasso's Aminta is a complete image of a young Italian shepherdess; and the high-born maiden, Leonora D'Este, was the real prompter of the inspiration of the imprisoned bard. The vales of Vaucluse have scarce yet ceased to echo the accents of Petrarch's 'Laura,' whose love-memory still lives in the inimitable *ottava una* of the Italian minstrel. Dante dedicated his strains of fire to a divine Beatrice, but not till he had etherealized the lineaments of the original.

*Boston, Nov.*, 1846.

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## SOMETHING NEW.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

STILL sighs the world for something new,
For something new;
Imploring me, imploring you,
Some will-o'-wisp to help pursue;
Ah! hapless world, what will it do!
Imploring me, imploring you,
For something new!

Each pleasure, tasted, fades away,
It fades away;
Nor you nor I can bid it stay,
A dew-drop trembling on the spray;
A rainbow at the close of day;
Nor you nor I can bid it stay,
It fades away.

### QUARRELING.

Do not quarrel, we beg of you, do not quarrel. It is better to have a fit of sickness, or the toothache for a week, than to quarrel with a neighbor. It would not be half so wearying, half so perplexing. Why not live in peace? You appear to think you are not to blame when you quarrel. It is a mistake. You are. There never was a difficulty between two individuals, when *one* was determined not to be angry. You would never quarrel, if you were not more or less to blame; this you may rely upon. What a hell upon earth, where people live in constant broils, each laboring to say or do something to displease his neighbor, and both speaking against each other, and when they meet, casting a sneering look, or flinging out a provoking word! A savage life must be preferred.

Oh! reader, did you ever quarrel? Have you an enemy? Is there one of God's creatures, whom you despise and turn from, as if he were a venomous reptile? Do you labor to make him feel your indignation and scorn? If so, you are as wicked, wretched, and miserable as you can live; and you never will be happy till you divest yourself of this malignant disposition, and become reconciled to your brother. Reflect seriously on your duty and interest, and twenty-four hours will not pass before you become reconciled. Did you ever read what the poet says? Every word is true.

'The fine and noble way to kill a foe,
Is not to kill him; you with kindness may
So change him, that he will cease to be so;
And then he 's slain. Sigismund used to say
His pardons put his foes to death; for when
He multiplied their hate, he killed them then.'

---

### RURAL SOUNDS.

Sweet was the sound, when, oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh which spoke the vacant mind.

*Goldsmith.*

## THE NETTLE AND THE WOODBINE.

BY J. H. B. BAYLEY.

'T was in a grove the woodbine grew,
And blossomed all the summer through;
The wild bee wooed it, and the bird
From off its trailing stem was heard;
The schoolboy, as along he tripped,
The honey from its petals sipped;
The zephyr with its perfume strove,
And bore it through the fragrant grove;
The flower was loved by every eye,
And never passed unnoticed by.

Chance had it that a nettle sprung
Up where the woodbine blossoms hung;
The herb was tall and strong — not fair,
Yet might have had a welcome there,
And made a pleasing contrast too,
With colors of so bright a hue;
But scarce a hand escaped its sting
Which touched the former lovely thing;
And thus from spring to autumn's fall,
'T was hated and despised by all.

'T is so with life. There's many a one
Mid mirth and beauty might have shone,
And even claimed withal a part
In every wise and virtuous heart,
Though nature has combined with fate
To make them never truly great.
But too often envy fills the breast,
And stings companion, friend, and guest;
And one who only treads the earth
To wound the loved, and injure worth,
Will, like the nettle, surely find
The utter scorn of human kind.

## HOPE.

You will scarcely find a man in all the range of our creation whose bosom bounds not at the mention of Hope. What is hope but the solace and stay of those whom it most cheats and deludes — whisperings of health to the sick man, and of better days to the dejected — the fairy name of which young imaginations pour forth all the poetry of their souls, and whose syllables float like aerial music into the ear of frozen and paralyzed old age? In the long catalogue of human griefs, there is scarce one of so crushing a pressure that Hope loses its elasticity, becoming unable to soar and bring down fresh and fair leaves from some far-off domain, which itself creates. — *Rev. H. Melville.*

## HOW A GOOD HUSBAND WAS FOUND.

In the year 1800, Alexander Brown, of Yorkshire, England, removed with his family to Baltimore, Md., and entered into business under the firm of Alexander Brown & Sons.

In 1808, it was deemed necessary that one of them should return to England and open a business in Liverpool, in connection with that at Baltimore. This devolved on the eldest son, William. He had not been in Liverpool long, when he paid a visit to Ballymena, his native town in Ireland, to ascertain if the relations of the family were still there. He had left that place a child, and did not know it, nor where the expected friends lived whom he was in search of. Seeing a door open as he approached the town, he turned aside to it to make inquiry, and was answered by a young woman. She was engaged in the domestic duties of her father's house, and seemed at once to the stranger to be so well employed, and to become her employment so well, that he lingered in her presence, and ultimately remained long enough to ask her, and to have her for his wife. Mrs. Brown is the mother of a son and daughter, both now married. It is not the least pleasing trait in the character of this amiable lady, that, surrounded as she now is, and has long been, with all the elegances of life which a refined taste can desire and wealth procure, she is not ashamed to refer to the period of her life when, having just finished the milking of her father's cows, she saw her husband for the first time.

To write the history of the rise and progress of this Liverpool establishment, from 1808 to the present time, would involve the commercial history of the Atlantic Ocean for that period, and of much of the world lying beyond the Atlantic. The commerce between Liverpool and America, through the agency of this house, became so great, or rather it should be said, that the commerce of England with the four quarters of the world became so great, and such a large current of it was attracted through the firm of which William Brown is the principal in Liverpool, that in the year 1836, his transactions amounted to ten millions sterling, equal to forty-six millions of dollars.

Mr. Brown has recently been elected a member of Parliament.

# AUTUMN.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE "MOTHER'S ASSISTANT," BY I. B. WOODBURY.

Andante.
1. The sum-mer's de - part - ed, so gen - tle and brief; Pale
autumn has come with its sere yel - low leaf. Its breath in the vale, its
voice in the breeze, A many - hued garment, is o - ver the trees.

2

In red and in purple the leaves seem to bloom,—
The stern slayer comes—it hath spoken their doom;
And those that may seem with rubies to vie,—
They tell us that beauty blooms only to die.

3

Yet sad as the whispers of sorrow its breath,
And touching its hues as the garment of death,—
Still autumn, though sad and mournful it be,
Is sweetest and dearest of seasons to me.

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☞ *See next page of cover.*

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OF THE

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Vol. IX. No. 6. DECEMBER. Whole No. 72.

THE

# Mother's Assistant

AND

# Young Lady's Friend.

WILLIAM C. BROWN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED AT No. 21 CORNHILL,
1846.

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THE

# MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

Vol. IX. DECEMBER, 1846. No. 6.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

[OBTAINED A PRIZE OF TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.]

## HOW CHILDREN MAY MAKE THEIR PARENTS HAPPY.

BY MISS MARY A. BRIGHT, OF BANGOR, ME.

THERE is something more than magic in the word HOME. There is an inspiration in it which few other words possess. It comes to the heart linked with the tenderest scenes and enjoyments of life. Its very sound — the mere sight of it on paper brings up from the soul's hallowed depths, memories which never slumber, associations the dearest and purest which belong to earth, and such as give to earth whatever it possesses of the harmony and bliss of heaven.

Who that has ever known the blessedness of a *Christian home*, needs to be told, that there alone is found

> 'The only bliss of Paradise,
> Which has survived the fall'?

Occupations the most delightful, pleasures the most satisfactory and refined, relationships the most endearing, sympathies the most tender, and influences the most ennobling and holy, belong to its economy.

To the young, the paternal home is emphatically the paradise of earth; the birth-place of their hopes, the sanctuary of their hearts. And it is in their power to do much toward rendering it all, and more than all, that their vivid imaginations, in their happiest moments, sometimes portray it.

There is a satisfaction in addressing the young which is not felt in addressing any other class of persons; for, however it may be with those who have long been accustomed to repel all impressions from without, and seal up all the fountains of emotion within — the young, we know, have hearts *willing to feel;* and they are not slow to recognize a friend in the individual who comes to them with the aspect and language of kindness. Among *them* I never feel myself a stranger. The face, the voice, the forms, and movements of childhood are to me the poetry of life. They come home to my heart like the music of Spring's earliest bird; like morning showers upon the leaves of summer.

Permit me, then, my young friends, as one of yourselves, — for I have not yet advanced so far in the pilgrimage of life as to be quite separated from you in years or sympathies, — permit me to converse with you a few moments about that little world, your HOME. It is, as I have said, a delightful spot, and it may with propriety be called your world. For is it not nearly all the world to you? Where will you look for hearts as fond, as faithful as these,

'The early, loved, and true'?

What scenes so happy, what hopes so inspiring, what joys so satisfying as those which cluster round your childhood's home?

When absent from it for a little season, where do your thoughts most love to wander? And whither does your heart turn with the most earnest longings?

No matter how humble the paternal roof, or how obscure the group it shelters, there are the ones who love you best, and who of all the world are most beloved by you. That cherished spot you desire should ever be the abode of happiness; and surely, if there be any soil this side of Paradise where that heaven-born plant may flourish, it is here: but happiness, you know, is not a plant of spontaneous growth on earth; it must be cultivated with care by all who would possess it.

Allow me, then, kindly to ask my young readers, what efforts are you making to render happier the beloved ones around you?

In your intercourse with your parents, do you make it an invariable rule to yield your own preferences and opinions to theirs? Do you cheerfully conform to all their family regulations; confiding in their superior wisdom and experience, even when you fail to un-

derstand the reasons that actuate them? Are you careful to avoid whatever would give them pain? Do you take pleasure in *anticipating* their wishes, and, by the thousand ways which an affectionate child so well understands, continually strive to make them happy?

To make your parents happy! Does not your very soul, my young friend, kindle at the thought? I will not ask if you love your parents. I know you do, and that you feel at this moment there is nothing you would not do to render their future years prosperous and happy beyond all the past. The joy which lights up their features is readily caught and reflected by your own. When you return from school, from the pleasant visit, or delightful walk, to whom do you seek, before all others, to communicate your happiness, that they may share it with you? And, oh! with what saddened feelings do you sometimes witness the shade of anxiety or sorrow gather over their brow, and think that you would give the world, if you might, to know and remove the cause!

Affection is skilful in making such discoveries. The face we are used to gaze upon in love, be it that of a parent, a brother, or sister, or whatever friend, is easily read by us. If any of my young readers have not learned thus to study a father's or a mother's countenance, it is because they have not yet loved them as they might and ought. It is not a skill belonging to age, but to affection. Many of you, I know, perhaps the most of you, possess it.

But while you thus sincerely desire to see your parents happy, have you sufficiently reflected how much it is in your power to render them so? If you have heretofore thought less of this subject than its importance demands; if you have been less desirous of contributing to the happiness of your father and mother than to secure your own; I would most earnestly request you now to ponder seriously the past and present, and see if there may not be some room for improvement. It is possible some of my young readers may have thought so little about it, that it has never occurred to them, there is any thing in particular for them to do to make their parents happy.

It may be presumed, that the larger part of the faults of the young results more from inadvertence than from any deliberate intention to do wrong; hence, there is every reason to hope, that an ingenuous young person, who is accustomed to reflect upon his conduct, and has been taught to feel in some degree his moral responsibilities,

when convinced of his faults, will at least desire to reform. And I have no doubt that many such who may read this, will not only detect and regret delinquencies in their past conduct, but will sincerely resolve to attempt an improvement.

Do not suppose, however, my young friends, that it is the more glaring defects of character only, or chiefly, against which I am anxious you should be on your guard. If you should, the principal design of this article will be defeated. If your faults have been only those of omission, — if you have but neglected to do what you might have done to lessen a mother's cares, or increase a father's comfort, even then you have cause enough for repentance and reformation.

But it is not my purpose to employ the language of accusation or reproof; for it is not in the grave character of a teacher, you will recollect, that I have come before you, but as a sister; an elder sister, indeed, but one who can enter into your feelings, and understand your difficulties, and sympathize in whatever affects you as children of kind parents, and in the relation you sustain toward brothers and sisters.

My simple object is to awaken remembrance, and help you to furnish an answer to a question, which I doubt not many of you have already felt desirous to have answered, namely, 'In what way can I increase the happiness of my parents?'

This question supposes that you not only wish to see your parents happier than they now are, but that you are willing to *do* something for their sake. Instead of answering the inquiry by a set of abstract rules, which you might think difficult to remember, and more difficult to apply, I will try to give you a very simple illustration of what I mean by doing something to make your parents happy. And perhaps your own observation, and the experience of some of you, I hope, may furnish similar illustrations.

'Mother,' said Julia, as she returned from school, 'Sarah Jones is going to have a little party this afternoon, and has invited me to go home with her. She has called for me, and I told her I should like very much to go if you were willing. But, dear mother, you look sick. Is there any thing I can do for you?'

'Yes, my dear,' replied her mother, 'your little brother has been quite troublesome to-day, and I have been obliged to hold him in my arms ever since you went to school; and my head is aching very

badly. I should like to have you spend the rest of the day with your young friends; but if you can amuse little Charles, I will go and lie down, or walk out a little while, which may relieve me.'

Julia did not wait for her mother to inquire which she would do, nor did her mother think the question necessary; but laying off her things at once, with a voice not quite so merry indeed as that with which she had talked a little before, about the expected visit, yet with a cheerful look, she replied to Sarah's question, 'Can't you go?' 'Oh! no; I should not be happy at all to go, for mother is not well, and Charley is always willing to stay with me. Come, Charley, sister is going to play with him now'—taking him from her mother's lap. 'Good bye, Sarah,' she continued, as the latter turned to go away, sadly,—'I hope you will have a pleasant time.' Sarah closed the door, not a little disappointed; for Julia was a general favorite, and much of the anticipated pleasure would be missed with her.

'Now, mother,' said Julia, as soon as Sarah had left, 'shall I go up stairs, and get your bonnet and shawl? Come, Charley, go with sister;' and up they went, Julia carefully helping the little toppler along all the way.

What were the feelings of that mother, think you, as she took her bonnet and shawl from the hand of her affectionate daughter, and printed a long, sweet kiss upon her forehead, while a tear stood glistening in her eye? Was that a tear of sorrow, such as parents too often weep? 'Oh, no!' I hear a little bright-eyed girl reply; 'that was a tear of joy.' See to it, my dear young friends, that all the tears which your conduct brings to your parents' eyes are tears of joy.

How, think you, Julia felt during the remainder of that afternoon, as she collected her own toys and picture-books, to amuse the little brother; encouraging him all the time with promises to tell mother when she came home, that Charley had been a good boy? Would it not be difficult to decide which was the more happy, that mother, or her faithful child?

Would that all the families of our own country daily presented such scenes of happiness; but alas! in how many would the disappointment in an expected visit, or the care of a troublesome child, be sufficient to destroy the comfort of all their inmates!

How many a father returns home from the fatiguing employments

of the day, and, instead of the cheerful countenances which he hoped would greet him, finds one wearing the frown of displeasure, another the air of resentment, and all, perhaps, of vexation; for such feelings are singularly contagious, and all arise from causes similar to those above mentioned. A most wonderful man must he be, who wholly escapes the infection. Thus the happiness of a whole household is often effectually destroyed by the unamiable spirit of a selfish child.

That individual would be the benefactor of his age, in no ordinary degree, who should convince the rising generation that their happiness is dependent, not so much upon what they receive, as what they impart. This sentiment was taught long ago by one who perfectly understood the human heart, and could not mistake. Ages since elapsed, have not impaired its force, nor experience proved it incorrect. In view of the relations which you, my young friends, at present sustain in your paternal homes, and in view of whatever other relations you may in the providence of God hereafter sustain, I feel anxious to impress deeply, indelibly if I might, this sentiment upon your hearts. You cannot have been attentive students of that book of books, — God's own guide to happiness for man, without observing how frequently sentiments similar to the one referred to above, are inscribed on its pages. In one place we have the injunction, 'Look not every one on his own things, but every one also on the things of others.' In another, it assumes the form of aphorism: 'None of us liveth to himself.' In a third, the language of warning: 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.'

I have sometimes thought, had the latter text been penned with especial reference to the day in which we live, none more appropriate or important could have been inspired. It is a serious fault of our times, that the daughters of our land resemble too closely their sister 'lilies of the field.' The mother, the father, and the brothers toil; but the daughters, the sisters, 'neither toil nor spin.' And if the comparison may not in most cases be carried out, surely it is no fault of theirs.

In an article, the design of which is to suggest some of the ways by which the young may contribute to the happiness of their parents and their homes, my young readers will expect a prominent place given to the subject of domestic industry. Antiquated and unattractive as this subject may be in the estimation of a few unfortu-

nately constituted, or perhaps I ought to say mis-educated minds, no affectionate and ingenuous daughter will desire any stronger inducement than she already possesses to render herself useful in the highest possible degree in that home rendered so dear by parental and fraternal love.

And yet, strong and irresistible as these inducements must seem, how many, even of those from whom we might expect better things, appear almost if not quite regardless of them! Sad indeed is it, that the truth should be told; but how else shall the evil be remedied? For true it is, to an extent far too great, that the domestic avocations, so appropriate as they appear to the younger members of the family, are considered almost exclusively the duty of the mother; and this, too, in families without wealth, that are unable to employ more than a single domestic, and very often not even one. So that the mother is reduced to the stern necessity of performing the duties of both mistress and servant; and in too many instances, she is literally a servant to her own daughters. This is no exaggeration, as many mothers, if they did not blush to acknowledge it, would testify.

With the exception of some few trifling matters which induce little or no fatigue, and afford no essential relief to a mother's cares and labors, many of these 'young ladies' are as dependent and helpless in their paternal homes as strangers or visitors.

Now I have no doubt that some young person who may read these pages will be ready to congratulate herself, and effectually ward off any compunctious feeling with the reflection, 'My mother does not wish me to work; she often says, if I attempt to do any thing it makes her more trouble than to do it herself.'

I certainly shall not dispute your assertion, my young friend, particularly the latter part of it. I have often heard not only daughters, but mothers, use the same language. Indeed, I have sometimes heard a daughter, with evident feelings of *satisfaction and pride*, assert that she really was so ignorant and awkward in all housekeeping affairs, that her mother said she was only a hindrance to her, and preferred doing every thing herself.

I have heard mothers say, too, that they did not require their daughters to perform any of the family service; that they wanted them 'to enjoy life while young, for they would have to work hard enough when they should come to have families of their own.'

I am not writing to mothers, and hence shall say nothing about

the wisdom or kindness of such a course. Respecting such remarks of mothers, which are by no means unfrequent, I will simply say, they sometimes are the honest expression of a mistaken kindness, but oftener are employed as a guise to conceal a daughter's unwillingness. Whatever comfort any daughter can derive from this source, she will possess unenvied.

I once heard a lady, the mother of a young, interesting family, say to her own mother, 'I intend to bring up my daughters to understand house-work, and to do it as soon as they become old enough to learn; so that, if they ever have families of their own, they may not find it so difficult to know *how* to do, and so hard to do it, as I have done. 'Mother,' she added, 'you did not do right by me; you should have taught me how to work.' Her mother replied; 'Do you know the reason I did not teach you, my daughter? You were never willing to learn, and occasioned me so much trouble if I desired you to assist me, that I found it easier to do whatever was to be done myself.'

As both these ladies were superior women at the time of this conversation, and occupied important stations in the community, and as the younger one, I have learned from credible sources, was considered in her early days a very amiable young lady, I cannot suppose the case a singular one. It *appears* singular, only because the truth in such cases is so seldom revealed.

However mothers may decline the services of their daughters for what they may deem sufficient reasons, I do not remember to have seen one who was *unwilling* to receive their assistance when *cheerfully* rendered. To say the least, I think my young friends may safely make the experiment; for there can scarcely be a doubt that where one parent is displeased by a daughter's services, a hundred are rendered unhappy by their children's neglect.

It is not to be supposed that this neglect is the result of any intentional unkindness toward their parents on the part of the young. In a majority of cases it unquestionably results from a want of reflection. Did our young females consider — I may say did they know — how much the happiness not only of an affectionate mother, but of both their parents, depends upon the course they pursue in these respects, I am sure they would cheerfully contribute of the freshness and activity belonging to their years, to aid their parents and lighten their burdens.

In every well-conducted family, there is much, very much, to be done, belonging appropriately to its female members. Supposing the family to contain only a medium number of persons; if all the domestic employments devolve on one, the task becomes burdensome indeed. Whereas, by an equal distribution of them among some three or four, they cease to be a burden to any. How reasonable, then, that each should perform her full share in these daily duties. How delightful, too, they become, when thus shared by cheerful spirits and discharged by willing hands.

Especially should the mother be relieved. She has had her years of toil, and now needs rest. Happier, too, will be the daughter, who, by her own effort, lifts a burden from her mother's shoulder. Try it, my young friend, if you have any doubts in regard to the correctness of the latter sentiment. Make the experiment but a twelvemonth; and if you do not find more true happiness in thus ministering to the comfort of your parents than you have ever found in being ministered unto, then I will acknowledge that I have fallen into the error of overrating your filial character and feelings.

It is difficult to conceive the possibility that an affectionate child should see her mother toiling day by day in the performance of services to which she is fully adequate, or might be, if she would. And yet there are daughters who do so, without even rendering the assistance which some persons, sustaining a far less endearing relation, could hardly consent to withhold. But these same daughters would scarce pardon the intimation of a doubt respecting the fervor of their filial devotion. They appear to look at things through an inverted medium; and hence, seem to suppose that their parents were made for them, and not they for their parents.

I have spoken, my young friend, of the happiness of *both* your parents being promoted by your faithful performance of domestic duties. Do not suppose the happiness your *father* will derive from this source to be a *reflected* happiness *only*. Though that unquestionably is much, it is not the whole, or the chief gratification he will enjoy. There are few kind and judicious fathers, at least in our country, who do not feel their happiness greatly augmented by the industrious and well-regulated habits of their children, daughters, not less than sons. Strange, indeed, would it be, if such were not the fact.

Must it not be exceedingly disheartening to an industrious man,

laboring hard, as nearly all the fathers of New England do, from day to day, to be reminded on every return to his home, by the wearied aspect of his wife, that one half of his family is supported in indolence, or nearly so, at the expense of the other half? Can he, by any process of reasoning, convince himself of the necessity for such an immunity on the one part, and self-sacrifice on the other?

I am persuaded I shall have the concurrence of most fathers in the assertion, that with many of them, this state of things is regarded as a serious evil, and not seldom a source of actual discomfort to them. Cases are not rare, I speak from observation, in which it becomes a perpetually recurring trial.

Nor is it strange that it should be so; for however the mother may get along with it, (and to what will not a mother submit to screen her child, undeserving though it may be, from censure?) the father views the whole ground from a different position: it must of necessity present to him a very different aspect. By him, it may be presumed, the health and comfort of his wife will be considered as important an object as the gratification of his daughters; consequently, it must be a trial which, at times, he will very sensibly feel, that the former is toiling beyond her strength in the kitchen or the nursery, while the latter are at the same time engaged in making morning calls.

Beside, if he is a sensible man, he knows that early formed habits of industry, and a habitual sense of the responsibilities of life, which cannot be acquired too young, are indispensable to the highest good of his children, and will contribute to their immediate happiness, not less than to that of their parents.

Many young persons attach the idea of servility to these household employments, and turn away from them in disgust. Never do they fall into a greater mistake than this. But admitting them to be servile, degrading, if you choose so to name them, what then? The performance of them you know to be unavoidable. You also know that the disagreeable services must come upon your *mother* or yourself. Youthful reader, have you the feelings of a child, of a daughter? And can you deliberate a moment on the question, 'Who shall perform an unpleasant task, my mother or myself?'

Do you say, 'they are less irksome to my mother'? Indeed! *How came* they to be less irksome to her than to yourself? Is she

less refined in her tastes and feelings? Would it not be well, then, for you to imitate her in that particular? What! become less refined? By all means. If we possess a refinement which interferes with our daily duties, especially our filial obligations, we may be certain it is the refinement of folly and sin. If your mother feels no repugnance to the employments which you dislike, you must seek the cause of this difference in your feelings, in that ever-living and ever-active affection for you and the other members of her family, which enables her to find pleasure where you experience only disgust.

But can any employments be servile which necessity demands and affection prompts? Let them rather be considered, my young friend, as in truth they are, offices of kindness, contributions to the comfort and happiness of those loved ones, who are doing quite as much for you as your warmest gratitude will enable you to do for them. Are you willing to do less, to be outdone by them in labors of love? No, I am sure you are not, if you possess the heart which belongs to your sex.

I have noticed that most fathers seem particularly pleased with the services and kind attentions of their daughters. From their wives they have long been accustomed to receive and expect these attentions as a matter of course; but there is something in the voluntary, delicate services of an affectionate and grateful daughter, which it is evident is peculiarly gratifying to a father's heart. Here, then, my young friend, is a very strong inducement to cultivate a taste for these every-day occupations; for without becoming familiar with them, you cannot contribute to the happiness of your father in the pleasant way to which I have alluded, by administering to his comfort. You perceive I am very solicitous to impress upon you this duty of *doing* something to render your parents happy. I wish you also to consider it a *privilege* to find your own happiness in so doing; which you cannot fail to do, if you possess a spirit of filial gratitude and affection. Under no circumstances, perhaps, are duty and happiness more surely combined than in the endearing relations of parent and child.

Long as I fear some of my young readers may think this article is becoming, I cannot consent to lay aside the pen without alluding to one other method for rendering your parents and your homes happy. I refer to the interesting relation you sustain toward your brothers and sisters. You do not need to be told that the happiness

of parents necessarily depends largely upon the manner in which the duties of this relation are discharged by their children. Dear as you are to each other, you are far dearer to them. One of the most effectual means, therefore, by which to make them happy consists in doing all in your power to secure the happiness of each other.

This interesting part of our subject is of itself sufficiently important to fill a volume; but all I can say here must be embraced in a few brief paragraphs. It will be impossible, therefore, to do any thing more than glance at a theme upon which my heart is full.

Permit me, then, kindly to inquire, what are you doing in your intercourse with your brothers and sisters to make them happy? Are you more solicitous to promote their gratification than your own? Can you *cheerfully* forego your individual wishes and plans to advance theirs, even when self-love is not flattered by their consciousness and approbation of the sacrifice? How do you bear with their unkindnesses and faults? Is the criminating word, the petulant tone, always withheld? The impatient look and feeling always suppressed? Are you studious of their comfort, and tender of their feelings? These you may think close questions, and rather severe tests; but, my dear young friend, they are important ones.

In a relation so intimate as yours, and where they who sustain it are brought in contact with each other continually, it cannot be otherwise than that their plans and wishes should often conflict. In this there can be nothing wrong; nor is it *necessarily* any cause of unhappiness. It is only when the opposing purposes are pertinaciously adhered to, each refusing to yield or compromise in favor of the other, that any unpleasant consequences need arise in the most intimate relations. If, therefore, you are really solicitous to render your sisters and brothers as happy as possible, you will often forego the gratification of your own desires, and find pleasure in doing so. Yes, believe me, you will invariably be the gainer in point of happiness by so doing. I have no hesitation in asserting it to be impossible, that a person voluntarily and cheerfully relinquishes his own wishes from love to another, without securing to himself a far greater amount of happiness than he could have obtained by the gratification of those wishes. Hence, you will see how certainly a selfish spirit must defeat its own aims. You will always find those persons not only the least beloved, but the least happy, who insist most upon the indulgence of their own desires. It cannot be otherwise; and our

benevolent Creator, in so constituting our natures, has not only dealt wisely by us, but kindly. In so doing, He is but assimilating us to Himself. Whatever may be your condition, whatever its difficulties or trials, think of this: 'The Son of God came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' 'I am among you,' is his condescending language, 'as he that *serveth*.' Oh! with such an example before you, can you find it in your heart to insist upon the indulgence of all your selfish desires? Can you consent to carry about with you a disobliging, unyielding spirit?

Do not be alarmed by the supposition that some great sacrifice to which you are quite inadequate is to be demanded of you; as though you were expected to surrender every thing, and receive nothing in return. I refer chiefly, in these remarks, to those little things, which, however, as they are constantly occurring, contribute largely to the happiness or unhappiness of every-day life. It is seldom in our power to make great sacrifices of feeling or interest for our friends; and whenever the opportunity for doing so does occur, it probably requires far less effort to make the greater sacrifice, than it often does to make the less. I shall not deviate from my immediate object to inquire into the cause of this seeming paradox, but leave it for your own minds to explain. Suffice it to say, these *little* things, continually recurring, accumulate by numbers what they lack in magnitude, until they at length become formidable enough to undermine the very foundation of our happiness, our home delights.

Your sister requests your assistance in performing a difficult piece of work, which you understand better than she; but you wish to spend the half-hour which it would require to aid her, in making a pleasant call on a favorite acquaintance. It may seem to you a little matter, a very small unkindness. You may say, 'By employing a little more time and trouble, my sister can do the work as well without me; or if not quite as well, well enough; or she can defer it until another time, when I may be at leisure.'

You are engaged in reading an interesting book; your brother desires you to sew a rip in his glove, or a button on his collar. 'Why should I leave my reading,' you may ask, 'for so small a matter? Surely the glove can be worn another day, and the button may be put on to-morrow, or both may be done by some one else.' I grant you, my young friend, these are little matters; but a little jar in a delicate instrument produces a great discord. Beside, do

you not see that you have deprived yourself of one of the highest degrees of happiness of which the highest natures are susceptible?

You would think it a strange question were one to ask if you wished to retain your hold upon that brother's heart. Perhaps he has just returned from the pursuits of the day, and, as he passed one group after another of restless spirits in pursuit of pleasure, the attractions of one spot grew stronger and stronger. With a spirit less gay, but more tender, than usual, he promised himself a far happier evening than would be found by any of them, in the company of his mother and sister at *home*. His mother, unhappily for him, has just been called away to attend a sick neighbor, and you, during his absence, had been planning a walk to some favorite resort; or it may be to attend a Lyceum lecture, and he must accompany you. He tells you, it may be, as soon as he enters, that he has come to spend the evening at home; or you discover his purpose in the significant arrangements of exchanging the boot for the slipper, a token so pleasant to some sisters, that it could not fail of being noticed at once. At another time, the walk or the lecture would be pleasant; but to-night he feels that home is the happiest place in the world. Now, young sister, what will you do? Insist upon his going out with you, and perhaps meet his objections with censure, until simply for the sake of *peace* he reluctantly yields to your importunity? Or, should he persist in his refusal, and you be compelled to remain at home, will you resolve to show your resentment by treating him coldly the rest of the evening; or, seeking your own amusement elsewhere, leave your brother to entertain himself as he can? And will you call this, too, a little matter?

It may be you are an older sister, and some three or four young brothers and sisters are looking up to you for example. Next to your parents they certainly do confide in you, and make your conduct the model of their own. It is not improbable that during their childhood they will be more frequently influenced by your example, than by that even of your parents. It comes more nearly within their reach, because they regard you as one of themselves. Perhaps no one who has not sustained the relation of the younger can fully know how potent is the influence of the elder sister. And if her influence is great, her responsibilities are proportionably great. So, too, are her privileges; for it is in her power to do much toward

lessening the cares of her parents, particularly of her mother, by her kind and almost maternal attentions to the younger children.

There is scarcely a more beautiful sight than to see a gentle and ingenuous-hearted girl standing just upon the line which separates childhood from mature youth, surrounded by a group of blithesome little beings, each deriving its happiness from her, and all attracted by her sweet spirit to looks, and words, and deeds of love. Such a sister, and such there are, exerts an influence second in degree and importance only to that of a mother's. Happy will it be for our land, when every sister feels her responsibilities, and exercises an influence such as this.

I hesitate to sketch the opposite picture, too often seen, alas! where the elder sister, taking advantage of a few additional years to make a show of authority, exercises a control over the younger members of her mother's family, amounting to little less than tyranny. A sister of this disposition will sometimes obtain a reluctant submission from the half-resisting little creatures within her power, and compel them to subserve her wishes during a mother's absence; but *love* her they never can. Oh! what sister can feel willing to elicit the fear rather than the love of those little trusting hearts, which she may bind so closely to her own, as to lead them with a thread of gossamer!

Be it yours, my young reader, to cultivate their affections, and teach them how to become happy by being good. Second your parents in all their efforts for this object, and let them see the precepts you inculcate, illustrated and enforced by your daily practice. Never allow an irritability of spirit to betray you into any appearance of unkindness toward them. Try at all times to be patient with their faults. To help you in this difficult attainment, consider with how many and much greater faults of yours, your parents have borne so long. Overcome, as far as possible, their petulance with your own gentleness, their unreasonableness with your condescension. Sympathize with them in all their little trials, remembering that they appear great to them, just as your own difficulties, which seem trifling to those who have encountered the severer ills of life, look formidable to you. Encourage them in making attempts for their own improvement, and aid them by every suitable means; but on no account reproach them for their failures, or expose their faults

*needlessly* to your parents. In short, convince them by all your conduct that they may ever find a friend in you.

In the commencement of these remarks, I spoke of the happiness of parents being greatly dependent upon the manner in which their children discharge the duties of the fraternal relation. Can any of my young readers think of a *pleasanter* way by which to render their parents happy than this mutual exercise of kindness and affection among themselves? Next to the favor and blessing of their heavenly Father, which they cannot fail to obtain, can any thing be richer than the threefold reward they thus secure to themselves? Does any one ask for, or can any one have a higher inducement to cultivate, and, at all times exercise, the spirit of that beautiful precept, 'Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another?'

But I must not any farther enlarge upon a subject, which, although it cannot be exhausted, I fear the youthful reader may think already prolonged. Still, I cannot but hope that many of them will be disposed to carry out in their own minds, and in their practice, too, suggestions which could be but glanced at here. If any thing I have written shall be followed by such a result, on the part of a single daughter and sister, so that herself and her home shall be made better and happier than they otherwise would be, I shall indeed feel that I have received my reward.

In conclusion, then, my young friend, let me say to you most affectionately, cultivate habitually the spirit of filial confidence and love. The first will lead you cheerfully to conform to the wishes of your parents, even when they happen to conflict with individual preferences and plans; the latter will prompt you to relieve them of their cares and minister to their comfort.

And is that too much, think you, for a kind parent to expect from a grateful child? Is it more than your parents have done all your life, and are still doing, for you? Go back to the period of helpless infancy, and reckon up, if you can, the days of care and self-denial, the nights of anxiety and painful watchings, which nothing less than their deep love for you could have enabled them to sustain.

True, you cannot remember those days and nights when you were too young and feeble to know the faithful hand which unremittingly ministered to your wants; but you can learn what they have done for you by observing what they now do for your younger sisters and

brothers still in infancy. And is their love less valued because exercised when you were not only too helpless to repay, but too ignorant even to know, your benefactors? Oh! do not seem ungrateful for a love which you can never fully requite.

But have you contracted no debt since the period of forgetful infancy? How has it been since your remembrance? How is it now? I will not ask you to number their days of incessant, uncomplaining toil, the expenditure of means, health and life, to supply your present necessities, and provide for your future wants; but think, if you can, of their many devices to render you happy from day to day; of their frequent self-denials to gratify your wishes; think of their patience with your inadvertences; their forbearance with your faults.

Upon this last you cannot dwell too long. Can you recall the many instances of waywardness of which you have been guilty, of dissatisfaction with their requirements, of impatience under their reasonable restraints? Can you think of no instances of actual disobedience? Have no feelings of resentment ever been indulged, though you might have felt compelled to suppress their expression? Or, possibly, they may have been expressed, and each word became a thorn in the bosom which cherished for you a love stronger than life.

With all this, and much more than this, their love has borne. Well is it for you if it can still survive. Let me assure you, no human love but that of a parent can thus suffer and thus forgive. Ah! my young friend, you know not, you can never know, while your parents are still with you, what is the value of a friendship such as theirs.

A parent's love, like all our other blessings, is never fully appreciated while possessed. But let that parent's eye, which ever beamed on you with tenderness, be turned toward you, for the last time, from the pillow of death! Oh! then, how precious will that love appear!

Place yourself, youthful reader, by the side of that dying bed, and imagine, if possible, what would be your reflections. Or if emotion should be at such a time too overwhelming for reflection, go, after a few months, when time has chastened and in a measure subdued the violence of that emotion, and visit the quiet resting-place of that beloved parent. There, you will not only weep over the present,

but review the past. And as faithful memory and more faithful conscience do their duty, say, what is the testimony of your bereaved heart? There you will recall the unkindness of youth, as surely as the perverseness of childhood; the dutiful act omitted, not less than the undutiful act performed. And, believe me, no sorrow in after life can compare with that you will experience, should the pangs of self-reproach mingle with the grief you feel for the loss of those beloved parents, if you are called in early life to weep over their graves.

At the grave of an affectionate parent, the most dutiful child will often feel constrained to adopt the language of the heart-broken penitent, and exclaim in his touching lament, 'Spirit of my departed parent! could I recall the season when it was in my power to honor you, how different should be my conduct! Oh! were not the dead unconscious of the reverence the living pay them, I would disturb the silence of your tomb with nightly orisons, and bedew the urn which contains your ashes with perpetual tears!'

But if you have been undutiful, heedless of their admonitions, and careless of their comfort, if you have done little to make them happy, and, as I fear is true of too many, much to grieve them, oh! be assured, unless your heart has become steeled against every generous impulse, so that you deserve not the filial name, be assured, no tears will be able to obliterate the remembrance of your unkindness, and no agony of feeling furnish an atonement for it.

Oh! did you know how many orphaned hearts are at this moment yearning with unuttered and *unutterable* longings for the homes and friends of their infancy, for a mother's sympathy and a father's love, which they knew just long enough to feel their worth when lost, — could you for one brief hour feel as they feel for years, how would you cherish the love of those whom God has spared to you, with more than a miser's avarice; and how careful would you be to deserve it by doing every thing within your power to honor and to bless them!

Do thus, my beloved young friend, and the kind promise which your heavenly Parent has made to a faithful observance of his fifth commandment will be abundantly fulfilled to *you*.

*Bangor, Me.*, 1846.

Written for the Mother's Assistant.

## ON THY KNEE.

BY LYMAN W. HALL.

CHRISTIAN soldier! keep thy watch-tower,
Never flee,
Cautious, guard the heart's weak portal
On thy knee;
Christian, let thy hopes of heaven
Brighter be.

Look to God who reigns above,
Perfect in his holy love;
Throw away thy boding fear,
Hope thy aching bosom cheer,
Days of bliss and richer blessings
You shall see.
Christian, claim the promised mercy
On thy knee.

Ransom at a price was purchased
On the tree,
And the gracious boon is offered
Ever free;
Precious blood, to seal redemption,
Shed for thee.

Though the surge of life runs high,
Howls the tempest o'er the sky,
Death thy comfort layeth low,
Filling up thy heart with woe;
Still there 's offered grace and pardon
Rich and free;
Christian, claim the promised mercy
On thy knee.

Earthly sorrows now are rolling
Like the sea;
Turn the fearful billows backward
On thy knee;
Faith shall show a glorious token
Unto thee.

There is more of joy than grief,
Every woe will have relief,
Transient sorrows soon will cease,
All will end in final peace.
Saints, a Saviour's face in glory
All shall see.
Christian, claim the promised mercy
On thy knee.

Let the toils of life, though heavy,
Welcome be;
From earth's bondage, wish not rashly
To be free;
Soon thou 'lt join the throng that 's shouting
Jubilee!

Freely come, then, toil and pain,
For ye 'll bring the greater gain;
Struggling through the vale of life,
Cautious, shun each angry strife;
From forbidden ground with trembling
Quickly flee;
Christian, claim all promised mercies
On thy knee.

*Ravenna, Ohio, Dec.*, 1846.

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## SWISS INTEGRITY AND SIMPLICITY:

A PEASANT, named Frantz, came in one evening to look for Gasper, who was mowing a meadow, and said, 'My friend, is this my harvest? Thou knowest that we have a dispute about this meadow; to decide this question I have collected the Judges at Schwitz; come, then, to-morrow with me before them.'

'Thou seest, Frantz, that I have mowed the meadow; I cannot be absent.'

'And I cannot send away the Judges, who have fixed on this day; indeed we should have known to whom it belonged before it was mown.'

They had some little controversy on the subject; but at last Gasper said, 'I will tell thee what thou shalt do. Go to-morrow to Schwitz, give the Judges mine and thine, and I shall save the trouble of going myself.'

On this agreement, Frantz went to plead for and against himself, and threw out the reasons on both sides as well as he could. When the Judges had decided, he went to Gasper, and said, 'The meadow is thine, the sentence is in thy favor.'

## LEADING CHILDREN TO GOD.

PARENTS can never be too deeply impressed with the importance of early leading their children to God, and fixing in their infant minds a sense of his presence, and of their dependence. If the following shall induce one parent who reads it to make more prayerful efforts to train up his children for God and heaven, our labor will not be in vain.

A mother, sitting at her work in her parlor, overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bed-room, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, 'No, I do n't want to say my prayers; I do n't want to say my prayers.'

'How many church members, in good standing,' thought the mother to herself, 'often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal even from themselves the feeling!'

'Mother,' said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlor door; the tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

'Good morning, my child!'

'I am going out to get my breakfast.'

'Stop a minute; I want you to come here, and see me first.'

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward.

'Are you pretty well this morning?' said she, in a kind, gentle tone.

'Yes, mother; I am very well.'

'I am glad you are well. I am very well too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me.'

'Did you?' said the boy, in low tone — half a whisper. He paused after it — conscience was at work.

'Did you ever feel my pulse?' asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking him down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.'

'No, but I have felt mine.'

'Well, do n't you feel mine now? — how it goes, beating.'

'Y-e-s!' said the child.

'If it should stop beating, I should die.'

'Should you?'

'Yes, and I can't keep it beating.'

'Who can?'

'God.'

A silent pause.

'You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you; and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?'

'I do n't know,' said the child with a look of anxiety; and another pause ensued.

'So when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me. I hope he will take care of me, and all of us.'

'Did you ask him to take care of me?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'Because I thought you would ask him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves.'

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance showed that the heart was reached.

'Do n't you think you had better ask him for yourself?'

'Yes,' said the boy readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his own simple and broken language a prayer for the protection and blessing of Heaven.

Suppose another case. Another mother, overhearing the same words, calls her child into the room. The boy comes.

'Did not I hear you say you did not want to say your prayers?'

The boy is silent.

'Yes, he did,' says his sister behind him.

'Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back now, and say them like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again.'

The boy goes back, pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of mortified pride, vexation, and ill will. — *N. Y. Evangelist.*

# LITERARY NOTICES.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY. — Messrs. G. & C. Merriam, of Springfield, Mass., have in press, a new, stereotype edition of Webster's American Dictionary, unabridged, in one volume, crown quarto. The entire work has been carefully revised by Professor C. A. Goodrich, of Yale College, assisted by several distinguished literary gentlemen.

Several thousand words have been added, making the number in all more than 100,000.

The publishers state that the work will contain from two to three times the amount of matter of any other dictionary ever compiled in this country, and will be sold at the low price of $6. The first edition of Webster sold at $20, and the second at $13 50.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE is a weekly publication of great interest and great merit. Each number contains 48 pages, making in a year four volumes of 624 pages each.

Waite, Peirce & Co., Boston.

MANUAL OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE. — This valuable work, published by E. C. & J. Biddle, Philadelphia, is a translation from the German of Eschenburg, by Prof. Fiske, of Amherst College.

The object of this work is to furnish both teachers and learners with a general introduction to the reading of classical authors, and a help in understanding and explaining them. It embraces treatises on the following subjects: Classical Geography and Topography, Classical Chronology, Greek and Roman Mythology, Greek and Roman Antiquities, Archæology of Greek and Roman Literature, Archæology of Art, History of Greek and Roman Literature.

The volume contains nearly 700 pages, embracing a vast amount of condensed information, illustrated by fifty-four plates. There is also an index of Greek words, one of Latin words, a geographical index, and a general index.

This work has been introduced into some of the most distinguished colleges and literary institutions in this country, and, in our opinion, is indispensably necessary to the rapid and easy advancement of the student in classical literature.

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1. Morning light is com - ing; Stars now fade a - - way;
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Duett.
La la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la.

2. Nature's feathery songsters
Loud their notes resound;
Lovely flowers are spreading
Odors all around.

3. See the silvery dewdrops
Gleaming on the grass;
Bees begin their labor,
Humming as they pass.

4. Morning light! I hail thee,
After peaceful rest;
Let the song of gladness
Swell my grateful breast.

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